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THE  
**LAND WE LIVE IN.**

A

PICTORIAL AND LITERARY SKETCH - BOOK

OF THE

BRITISH EMPIRE.

VOL. III.

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JAMES THORNE.

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# THE BARONIAL HALLS OF KENT.

"OUR writings," says old Burton, "are so many dishes, our readers the guests:" wherefore, as he very reasonably lucubrates, it is only becoming that we should endeavour to have them in some measure suitable to the time and the occasion. For this winter season, a culling from the old Baronial mansions of England, seems a not unseasonable dish to set before our friendly guests,—the readers of 'THE LAND WE LIVE IN.' Those stately halls are beyond almost every object provocative of recollections of that large and hearty Christmas hospitality which was so eminently characteristic of England in the olden time. The very shadow of it has fled away long since; but even to recal to our memory that such things were, is neither without profit nor pleasure.

Yet in truth it needs no apology of the season for introducing such a subject in our work. We should have a very incomplete series of sketches of our noble land, either pictorial or literary, if we had none of those old mansions which form so noticeable a feature in it. Nor is the subject merely an ornamental one: a history of our chief country mansions would form a theme of rich and various interest. Even to trace the history of some one at sufficient length, and in a genial spirit, would afford abundant information as well as amusement: the weather-beaten walls, and the dusty family records, would alike furnish matter which the wand of fancy might transform into vivid and speaking realities. The different parts of the building would recal and illustrate the varying phases of public and domestic life: the embattled towers would tell of those ruder times when the feudal chief might have to call around him his retainers and tenants, and prepare against the approach of some hostile band; the huge halls and capacious kitchens of ancient state and hospitality; the graceful bay-windows of the growth of elegance and security; while all would display the progress of architectural skill and taste. How distinctly, too, would the apartments and their garniture record the shifting habits of social life—changing slowly and almost imperceptibly from year to year, but showing so vast a difference between the present time and that when the foundations of the house were laid, it may be some four or five centuries ago! And then in the fortunes of its owners—often the mighty, the famous, the unhappy—how impressive a story might be read! To most who visit these ancient halls some such thoughts occur; and some such history of them might, without extraordinary labour, be written. Of course that cannot be attempted here. We are to look lightly over two or three of these old buildings which lie at a few miles distance from each other, and in one county: and whilst strolling through the rooms we shall, without much regard to order, speak of such matters as we meet with, or as the objects we see may recal to the memory.

## HEVER CASTLE.

Kent is a beautiful county, and one full of all kinds of interest. Few counties can display so ample a variety of pleasing scenery, and few possess more objects that will repay the examination of the curious tourist. In old baronial and manorial residences it is especially rich; and they, with the fine parks that generally appertain to them, contribute in no small measure to the beauty and interest of the county. From them we select a few that have more than the ordinary amount of historical or other value, and that may serve at the same time as examples of the several kinds of structures that are characteristic of ancient baronial domestic architecture.

We may begin with the rudest-looking and oldest. Hever Castle is a tolerably perfect example of a castellated mansion of the earliest date. Though called a castle, that is an improper designation: it retains in part the form and character of a castle, but it was erected in an age when comfort as well as security was sought after; when, though it was deemed needful to build so as to be secure from a sudden attack, defence was no longer the first thing thought of and provided for. During the sway of the Norman monarchs, castles were raised all over the land. It is affirmed that above eleven hundred were erected in England, in the reign of Stephen. In the strong language of the 'Saxon Chronicle,' "Every rich man built his castles and defended them, and they filled the land full of castles. And they greatly oppressed the wretched people, by making them work at these castles; and when the castles were finished, they filled them with devils and evil men." Henry II., however, put a stop to the mischief by making it unlawful to erect a castle without the Royal licence—which he but seldom granted.

The Norman castle was a large and enormously strong building. The walls, which were of immense thickness, were surmounted with battlements, and usually further fortified by small projecting towers or bastions. Where the nature of the ground did not render the approach nearly inaccessible, a moat encompassed the walls, and across it was thrown a drawbridge. The entrance gateway was flanked by towers: there were several thick doors; and portcullises were fitted into grooves, so as to be easily dropped in case of surprisal, and to prevent the danger which might arise from the application of fire. There was also near the centre of the castle a great keep, to which the garrison might retreat if the castle itself should be forced. No more efficient stronghold than the Norman castle could well have been contrived for withstanding the assaults of an army in the then state of warfare: but it made at best but a gloomy and uncomfortable abode,—every external aperture was of the smallest size, the rooms were confined and inconvenient, the whole wore a stern and forbidding air. It



was not, however, till the splendid victories of Edward III. had ensured peace and safety in the land, that the English nobility thought of erecting for themselves dwellings of a more homely character. It was in the reign of Edward III. that domestic architecture may be said to have arisen in England; but even then, as has been mentioned, although comfort and elegance were sought after, security was not neglected. The result was the construction of that class of buildings which has received the name of castellated mansions.

Hever Castle is of this kind, and of this date. William de Hever, lord of the manor, obtained a license of Edward III. to erect his manor-house at Hever, '*more castelli*,' with towers, battlements, and machicolations; and in virtue of this grant he built the castle we are now to examine. Hever Castle does not remain as it was originally erected; alterations, additions, and modernizations have been made at different times, but in its general form and character it is pretty much as he left it.

It is situated about three miles south-east of the Edenbridge station of the South-Eastern Railway. There is a pleasant walk to it from the village of Edenbridge, along by-lanes and field-paths. Little is seen of the castle till you come close upon it, owing to its lying in so low a spot. The site was chosen, no doubt, from its proximity to the river Eden, affording so much facility for surrounding the building by a moat. When fairly seen the appearance of the castle is rather striking, as well as picturesque. (Cut No. 1.) The building is quadrangular, enclosing a court-yard. The place of the original draw-bridge is supplied by a fixed wooden one; but the moat remains undrained. The principal front, which presents itself to the view on approaching the castle, is the fortified part. It consists of a large and lofty gate-house, flanked by two square towers. It is built of stone, and is evidently of great strength, answering in some measure to the keep of the Norman castle. As this was the only entrance to the castle, the architect has expended upon its defences all his skill. Over the gateway impend bold machicolations from which missiles might be poured on the heads of assailants. The towers are pierced with oilets and loop-holes, through which arrows might be discharged, without chance of reprisal. Three stout gates and as many portcullises are arranged one behind the other, within the gateway. In the gate-house are guard-rooms: the chambers above were provided with furnaces for melting lead and pitch; and all other defensive appliances were carefully provided. The strength of the castle, however, does not appear to have been tested. It owes its celebrity to other than warlike recollections. It has been the abode of two of the many wives of Henry VIII. It was the birth-place and the residence of Anne Boleyn; and here it was that she dwelt a part of the tedious six years, during which, to borrow the words of Mr. Sharon Turner, she patiently listened, "to the solicitations and aspirations of a Royal and interesting admirer." Several of this "interesting admirer's" still-existing love-letters (or as Mr. Turner prefers to call them, "con-

genial billets,") were addressed to her here, and her answers are dated from hence; and hitherto that "interesting admirer" used often to come whilst she "was in patient waiting for the nuptial tie."

Poor Anne! hers was indeed a hard lot. The sorrow and wrong she had brought upon another were with fearful interest returned into her own bosom. Hardly is the lofty eminence she had so long panted for attained, ere clouds gather around, and she sees darkness and danger on every hand. The "interesting admirer" is changed into a brutal tyrant; in place of love and hope, come alienation and misery. Then follows that hideous mockery of a trial, where the womanly ear is outraged by every insult which the depraved imaginations of coarse old men can, at the bidding of a reckless master, shape out of the vile tales of shameless attendants: and then that graceful form is, without trace of compassion, consigned to the blood-stained hands of the common executioner. But her husband was not her only—hardly her worst—persecutor. Even in the grave she has not been suffered to rest at peace. Her miserable doom has failed to excite a merciful consideration of her failings. It has been her fate to be the object of more and angrier controversy, and more bitter vituperation, than ever was any other English-woman,—except her daughter. Down to our own day she has been subjected to the grossest accusations which even theological rancour could inspire; and only in the case of her daughter, where to theological rancour national enmity is superadded, has the persecution been as long continued and as unrelenting.

Hever Castle was purchased by William Bullen, the great-grandfather of Anne. He was a wealthy silk-mercator in London,—of which city he was, in 1459, elected lord-mayor: but the Bullens (for so they spelled their name) were an ancient and honourable Norfolk family. Upon the death of the father of Anne Boleyn "without male issue," the manor accrued to the crown. After his divorce from Anne of Cleves, Henry granted Hever Castle and manor to her for life, or as long as she should remain in England: and in Hever Castle were spent the remaining days of that most fortunate of the tyrant's unhappy wives. She died here in 1536, after a quiet sojourn of sixteen years. Shortly after her death the estate was sold by Royal commission. It has since passed through many hands; but nothing of interest has occurred in connection with it. It is now the property of a family named Medley. Hever Castle has become a farm-house.

The gate-house by which you enter is the original stronghold. It is in capital preservation, and retains to a great degree its primitive appearance. The only alteration of any consequence is the insertion of some windows of Tudor date. On the front is some rather elegant tracery; but as you enter the gateway, the bold impending machicolations and triple portcullises, render it a sufficiently formidable-looking structure. The rooms inside this building are also in tolerable preservation. The principal is the great hall, the original state-room of the castle: this is a noble apart-



ment, and very handsomely fitted up. The room is large and lofty; and is provided with a music-gallery, withdrawing-room, and the other appurtenances of an old hall. The walls are covered with carved oak panels; the roof is also panelled. The fire-place has some good carving of the arms of the Boleyns and their alliances, supported by well-designed figures of angels: on one of the shields the arms of Henry VIII. are empanelled. This hall seems to have been remodelled after the castle became the property of the Boleyns. A few years back it was carefully repaired and refitted, and is now the most completely-furnished room in the whole edifice. When it was 'restored' what remained of the old Boleyn furniture was collected and placed here, and contributes not a little to the general effect. The chairs and sofas are not only of antique form, but retain their original covering of that needle-work for which the English ladies of Anne Boleyn's day were so famous. There is a feebly supported tradition that some of these covers are of Anne's own embroidery. At one time the furniture of Hever must have been of rare value, but the costlier articles were scattered by the auctioneer. Some of the curious fire-dogs, with other relics, are now at Knole. We must not quit the hall without mentioning that there are several portraits on the walls. One is pointed out as the family portrait of Anne Boleyn, and it is added that it was painted shortly before her execution. To us it seems to bear little resemblance to the authentic portraits of her: we do not believe it is even a copy of her portrait—we need hardly add, that it is not an original. The other portraits are worthless as pictures—but they help the general effect of the room.

We might be led to repeople the old hall with its early tenants; to fancy the Hevers or the Boleyns sitting here in their dignity, at a court-baron, or as sheriffs of Kent, or presiding at the banquet, or listening to some goodly interlude and merry: or place the bluff monarch in the chair of state to receive the homage of the surrounding 'squires:—but our guide spoils the fancy, if we venture to utter it aloud, by the assurance that the old dining-room was on the other side of the court-yard; and that as for the king, he always saw company up in the long gallery. We cannot say nay to this, and so we will pass on, only intimating that this hall was probably the state dining-room of the Hevers, as the other may have been the ordinary one of the Boleyns. This hall is reached by a winding staircase in one of the towers: the visitor may, if he pleases, ascend by it to the battlements on the summit of the tower, but owing to the lowness of the site there is little prospect; he must not, however, descend the stairs without stepping into some one of the little chambers in order to see the way in which they were contrived for the annoyance of an enemy. The loopholes he will observe were well-adapted for discharging arrows through. The guard-rooms are also worth looking into; and on returning to the gateway, it will be well just to notice the portcullises, and some other of the original fittings which yet remain in their proper

places. Altogether, this gatehouse affords a very good idea of the stronghold of a baronial mansion.

On emerging from the gateway we find ourselves in a stately quadrangular court-yard, surrounded by buildings, evidently not all of equal antiquity, but yet having all somewhat of an antique aspect. The whole is in good repair, but not in its ancient state. The fronts were once fancifully painted; but no trace of painting is now visible. We cross the court-yard (which in passing, we notice, retains the old red-brick pavement) and enter the gateway directly opposite to that we have just quitted. On the left is the dining-hall: this is a room fit for the ordinary refectory of a noble family before ancient hospitality was given up. Not so stately as the older hall we have recently come from, it is yet a goodly room; and while the master of the house with his family and his guests have places apart, there is ample room for the numerous domestics, and also for the humble dependent or stranger who may be a casual participant at the plenteous board. The room is large, and of proportionate height: the ceiling is rather elaborately ornamented. On one side is a huge fire-place. The long tables may have served when the Earl of Wiltshire was lord of Hever Castle. But the ancient hangings are gone; no banners float over head; neither arms, nor helmets, nor broad antlers hang upon the walls. As the old castle is degraded into a farm-house, so the old hall is made to serve as the farm-house kitchen. Yet there is some good even in this use of it: a bright fire is ever burning in the huge fire-place, and its cheerful blaze lights up the old walls in a way that contrasts quite gratefully in comparison with the ungenial chill that pervades the ancient halls which are kept merely for show in so many a lordly dwelling.

Passing through the hall, we proceed up what is called the 'Grand Staircase,' to the Long Gallery, or ball-room. This is a noticeable apartment: it is very long, but narrow, and the ceiling is low. The sides are of panelled oak; the ceiling is also divided into panels. The floor is of oak, rather too rudely put together, we should fancy, to be pleasant to ladies' 'twinkling feet.' On one side, at equal distances apart, are three recesses: one of them is a large bay window, the middle one is for the fire. Altogether the room will probably remind the visitor of the Long Gallery at Haddon, to which it bears a very marked resemblance. The three recesses there, however, are all bay windows. The long gallery at Hever is in its present state evidently of the Tudor period. It was doubtless the construction of a Boleyn, —perhaps of Anne's father. In her day it was at any rate in its greatest splendour; and, filled with such a company as sometimes were assembled in it, must have presented a striking spectacle. We might be sure, if tradition were silent respecting it, that Anne's lover—the great master of revels—would have

"A noble and a fair assembly  
Some night to meet here—he could do no less,  
Out of the great respect he bore to beauty—  
. . . . . and entreat  
An hour of revels with them."





1.—HEVER CASTLE.

And we can easily fancy how the little maiden's heart would flutter when the king "took her out" to lead the brawls.

Tradition has fixed chiefly on the bay window for the scene of its tales of Anne and her lover. Here, it relates, she sat and watched, when she anticipated his coming. A lattice is shown, from which she used to wave her handkerchief what time her royal admirer sounded his bugle when he had reached the summit of the hill, some half-mile off, where first the towers of Hever become visible from the road; or when sorrowing over his departure she caught the last glimpse of his portly form. It hardly needs tradition to tell that here was the fond pair's favourite seat; the seat in a sunny bay is, we know,

"For whispering lovers made."

In this bay-window, too, we are assured, was placed Henry's chair of state when the neighbouring gentry were admitted to a levée. At the end of the room a trap-door is pointed out, which opens into 'the dungeon'—a gloomy chamber which, you are told, was intended for a hiding-place in time of trouble. As if to counterbalance the bit of sentiment in which she had indulged at the bay-window, Tradition repeats another story of rather a grim character. When the king, she tells, was smitten by the charms of Jane Seymour, he

became perplexed how best to rid himself of poor Anne Boleyn. To have two divorced wives living, was rather beyond what he liked to venture on. To cut off the head of one had not yet suggested itself to him. He determined to try whether starvation would not answer his purpose. Anne was sent down to Hever and consigned to the dungeon. When her keeper thought time enough had elapsed, he opened the door and brought out her body. She appeared to be dead, but after a brief space, she revived, and his heart failed him. Instead of replacing her in the cell he carried her to London; and then the king took a more legal course.

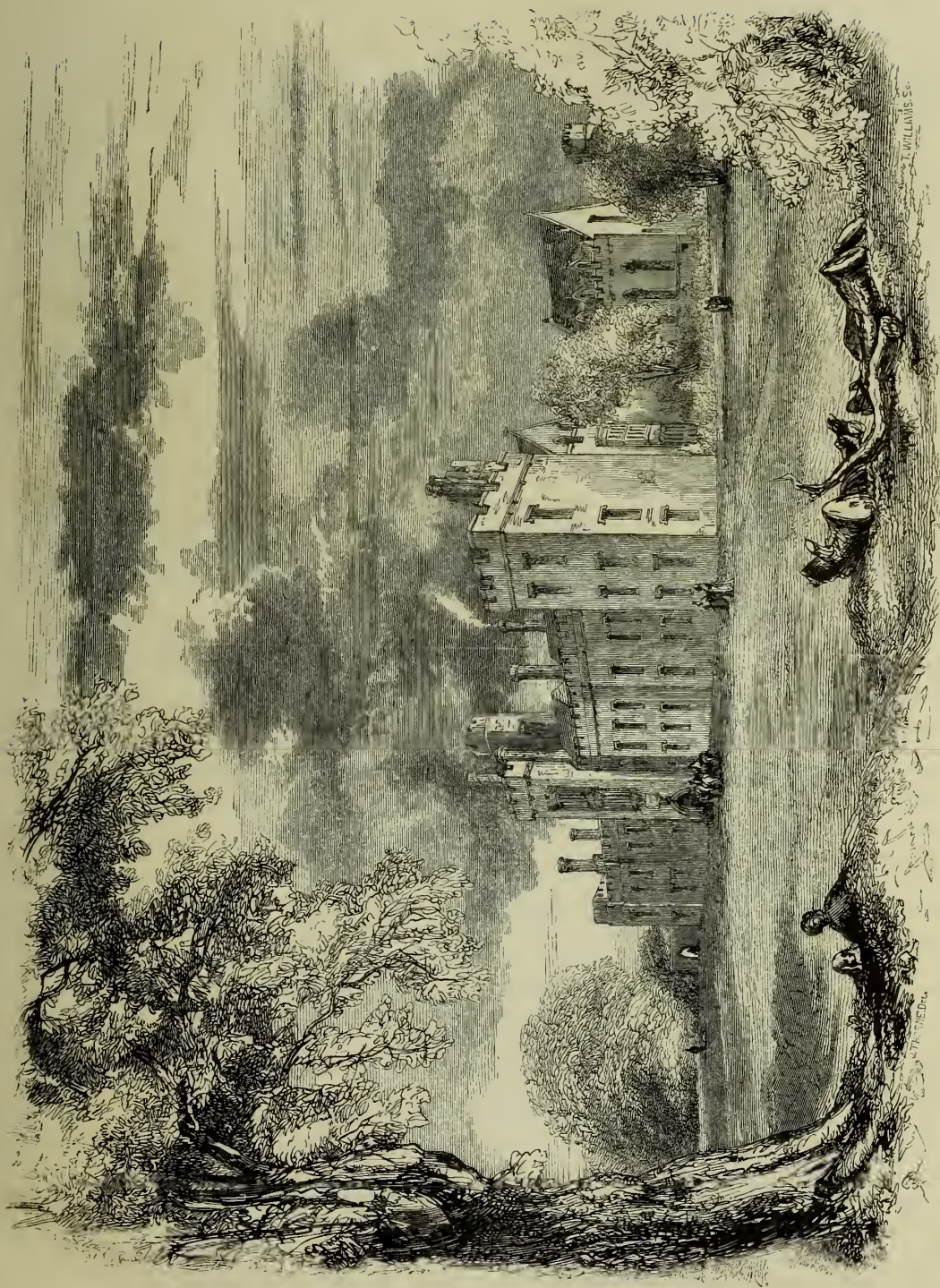
They don't repeat this legend at Hever now. Visitors are grown critical, and guides taciturn.

Another room will be shown the stranger:—Anne Boleyn's bed-room. It is worth seeing: it is but scantily furnished, but what furniture it has is ancient. The bed is affirmed to be the veritable one she slept in. It is an antique-looking one, with heavy yellow hangings. The chairs and tables, and a strong carved oak chest, are said to have belonged to the Boleyns.

Write your name in the visitor's book,—and let us away.

There is nothing to attract the visitor in the village of Hever, which is, in fact, merely a gathering on a hillside of a few very sad-looking cottages; but he should remember that by every old baronial hall, as by every





2.—PENSHUTSL.



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old abbey, the neighbouring church is almost sure to deserve inspection. The keys can always be easily attained, and he should spend a quarter of an hour in looking over it. Hever Church is but a humble one, yet some few features that will repay the search for them, and a few monuments of the lords of Hever, will be found there. The altar tomb, to the memory of Anne's father, the Earl of Wiltshire, has upon the top of it a brass, representing the earl in the full costume of a knight of the garter, which is a very superior example of the incised work of the sixteenth century.

In front of the little village inn hangs a dismal portrait of King Harry's head. Why he should be chosen to 'predominate' over a hostel here is rather hard to guess. Was it made to swing here from admiration or abhorrence?—or, as we heard suggested, as a warning to the wives of Hever?

#### PENSHURST PLACE.

We are now to visit a place of more pleasing associations, and in every sense of greater interest. Penshurst is one of the most cherished spots all over our land :

"For Sidney here was born ;  
 Sidney, than whom no greater, braver man,  
 His own delightful genius ever feigned,  
 Illustrating the vales of Arcady  
 With courteous courage and with loyal loves."—  
 (*Southey.*)

Other associations it has of rare worth, but Sidney's is the ruling memory. His name recurs to the recollection whenever Penshurst is spoken of; and when we visit the place, everything there serves to deepen the impression. It is Sidney's Penshurst.

Very difficult would it be to select a more pleasant spot for a day's holiday. The railway carries you within a couple of miles of the house and village; the rooms occupy an hour or two in the best manner; the park is full of beauty, and not devoid of special attractions; and there are charming walks about the surrounding country. You may find enough to occupy without satiety or weariness, the longest summer's day; and after a day spent as delightfully as profitably, you can return by the evening train speedily, and without fatigue. Penshurst is only three or four miles distant from Hever, and they may both be easily examined on the same day.

Come with us now and spend a day at Penshurst. Tempting are the lanes we pass through, and more tempting the peeps we get from them. But we linger not till we arrive at a somewhat elevated spot, from which we see stretched before us the long front of the mansion, and the divided stream of the Medway lying just below it. We enter the park by an avenue of noble elms, and behold the mansion just before us. (Cut, No. 2.) As we look more closely at it, we notice that its several parts are plainly of very different ages and architectural character. The older portions, which we see at the sides, are broken into not unpleasing irregularity: the

chief front, with its central entrance-tower and corresponding wings, is more recent though still old; in appearance it is stately from its extent, but very formal. We remember what Ben Jonson says of it, and are satisfied :

"Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show  
 Of touch or marble; nor can boast a row  
 Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold:  
 Thou hast no lantern whercof tales are told;  
 Or stair or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,  
 And, these grudg'd at, art revenc'd the while.  
 Thou joy'st in better marks, of soil, of air,  
 Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair."

The early owners of Penshurst would supply an entertaining history. Not here, however, can it be told. It must be enough to say that shortly after the Conquest it belonged to a family named Pencestre. Great men dwelt here before the Sidneys. The Duke of Bedford, who was regent during the long minority of Henry VI., one of the bravest and best men of his age; and his brother, the "good duke Humphrey" of Shakspeare, and rendered illustrious by his patronage of literature and its followers, both resided at Penshurst. How it came into the possession of the Sidney family is told by the inscription we read over the gateway of the entrance-tower: "The most religious and renowned Prince, Edward the Sixth, King of England, France, and Ireland, gave this House of Pencester, with its manors, lands, and appurtenances thereunto belonging unto his trusty and well-beloved servant, Sir William Sydney, Knight Banneret, serving him from the time of his birth unto his coronation in the offices of chamberlain and steward of his household. In commemoration of which most worthy and famous king, Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, Lord President of the Council established in the Marches of Wales, son and heir of the aforementioned Sir William, caused this Tower to be builded, and that most excellent prince's arms to be erected, Anno Domini, 1585."

Penshurst has long ceased to be the property of a Sidney. The direct line became extinct on the decease of the last Earl of Leicester, who bore that name. Upon his death, arose protracted and expensive litigation among the several branches of the family. It was at length settled by a compromise, but a good part of the estate was consumed in the strife. The daughter of the person to whose share Penshurst fell, a lady named Parry, carried it by marriage to one of the Shelleys of Sussex, who assumed the name of Sidney. Sir John Sidney (the uncle of the poet Shelley) laid claim to the barony of L'isle, which had formerly been held with the earldom of Leicester by the Sidneys: but the House of Lords decided against his claim. His son, the present owner of Penshurst, however, had the title of De Lisle conferred upon him on his marriage with the daughter of William IV. The earldom is altogether lost to the family, having been, as will be recollected, conferred some few years since, on Mr. Coke, of Norfolk.

It is yet too early to enter the mansion. We will



avail ourselves of the morning air for a stroll through the park. Ben Jonson, in the lines immediately following those we have already quoted, has sounded in sonorous strains its most celebrated attractions as well as its beauty. He says—

“Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport :  
Thy mount, to which the Dryads do resort,  
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made,  
Beneath the broad beech and the chestnut’s shade ;  
That taller tree, which of a nut was set,  
At his great birth, where all the Muses met ;  
There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names  
Of many a sylvan taken with his flames ;  
And thence the ruddy satyrs oft provoke  
The lighter fawns to reach thy Lady’s oak ;  
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage thou hast there,  
That never fails to serve thee season’d deer,  
When thou would’st feast or exercise thy friends.”

These things may be seen here still: Sidney’s oak—

“That taller tree, which of a nut was set,  
At his great birth, where all the Muses met ;”

the most attractive of all these objects, there is indeed some doubt concerning. Gifford says it was cut down by mistake, in 1768; and is properly indignant that such a *mistake* should have been possible. The oak which was felled was one known among the peasantry as ‘The Bare Oak;’ and the belief is constant at Penshurst that it was not ‘that taller tree,’ but the other, which Jonson has celebrated as the ‘Lady’s Oak.’

Indeed, it hardly seems possible that, even in 1768—although any Vandalic deed may be credited of that period—Sidney’s Oak could have been destroyed by mistake: at any rate, there is no doubt at Penshurst that it is yet standing; and the tree so named agrees well with the accounts published previously to 1768 of the Sidney Oak. We accept the tradition.

Let us walk first to Sidney’s Oak. It stands apart in a bottom, close by Lancup Well, a fine sheet of water, which might almost be called a lake. The oak is a very large one, and has yet abundant leaves, though the trunk has long been quite hollow. At three feet from the ground the trunk measures 26 feet in girth: a century ago, it measured 22 feet. The engraving (Cut, No. 3,) will, better than words, show its form. Though not to be compared with the Panshanger Oak, nor with some others known to fame, it is yet a handsome tree, and would be noticeable apart from its associations. The tree has other poetical celebrity besides that which the verse of Jonson has conferred. Waller has tried to impress his love to Saccharissa upon it:

“Go boy, and carve this passion on the bark  
Of yonder tree, which stands, the sacred mark  
Of noble Sidney’s birth.”

He was thinking of Jonson’s lines, and forgot that the bark of a full-grown oak is hardly fit for such an inscription. The tree has gained nothing by this association. It is hardly worth while to recal lesser poets’



3.—SIDNEY’S OAK.





4.—FIRST COURT-YARD, PENSHURST.

musings here. As long as it lasts, the oak will continue to be visited by those who are drawn by the fine affinities which the poetic mind no less than the prosaic, recognizes in those sensible objects that are associated with the personal being of the gifted of foregone days: and when the tree shall have perished, the spot itself will be visited; the feeling will remain, which led Southey to speak thus of it, believing that the oak was destroyed:

“Upon his natal day the acorn here  
Was planted; it grew up a stately oak,  
And in the beauty of its strength it stood  
And flourish’d, when its perishable part  
Had moulder’d dust to dust. That stately oak  
Itself hath moulder’d now; but Sidney’s name  
Endureth in his own immortal works.”

The ‘Lady’s Oak,’ as we said, is gone. The ‘copse, too, named of Gamage,’ remains, or rather three or four shattered trees remain, which are pointed to as ‘Barbara Gamage’s Copse:’ but it has for a long while failed ‘to serve the seasoned deer.’ The copse is said to have received its name from Barbara Gamage, Countess of Leicester, taking great delight in feeding the deer there. At no great distance was a beech grove that had won the name of ‘Saccharissa’s Walk,’ from being the place where the lady whom Waller celebrated under that most unpoetical of poet’s names, used to walk, and Waller to woo her. Of it only a very few trees are left standing. To our thinking one of the most noteworthy groups of trees in the park is the fine avenue which stands on the eastern side of the mansion.

The visitor to London picture-galleries will remember the noble picture which Mr. Lee painted of it a few years since.

Penshurst Park is of considerable extent, but was formerly of much greater. The surface gently undulates, and it is richly wooded. Several of the oaks are of large size and noble form. Beeches abound, and many of them are also very large; but the soil does not seem to be so well adapted for them. Some are very lofty and handsome trees, but they begin to decay rather early. From the higher parts of the park the views are very extensive and very beautiful. In the more thickly-wooded parts there are as delicious shady spots as on a summer’s day could be desired. It is a place full of delights for the poet and the painter, and for the lover of nature.

But it is noon; we must return to the mansion. The door of the entrance-tower swings open, and the attendant is summoned. While we wait for her, we pass through to the ‘First Court-yard.’ (Cut No. 4). We are here by the oldest part of the building. The First Court-yard presents one of the most picturesque architectural combinations at Penshurst. Directly before us is the original chief entrance: with its battlements, its bold buttresses, and the handsome window over the door, and the turret at the angle, in itself a fine object. Behind it is the hall, its high roof rising far up against the dark blue of the sky. On the right, lying in deep shadow, are some of the Tudor buildings. A few roots of ivy have affixed themselves to the walls in front; a good-sized tree casts its branches before the wall, on our



left. The whole is rich in effect, yet wearing the sobriety of character that is proper to age. Prout or Roberts might paint it without needing to alter a feature—unless it were to replace the louvre on the hall-roof, and thereby complete the play of outline, and add the crowning finish to the composition.

We enter the old porch, and are led at once to the Hall; it is an admirable and almost perfect specimen of a great hall of the fourteenth century, when the hall was the chief room in the mansion, and was not only the audience-chamber on occasions of state and ceremony, but the ordinary refectory wherein the lord at the head of his family, and perhaps a hundred retainers, with as many guests as chance had brought together, assembled daily at the dinner hour. Though not so large as some other ancient halls still remaining in lordly mansions, it is a really noble room, and sufficiently spacious for all the requirements of old hospitality in its best days; and it is one of the least injured. The lofty walls support a remarkably fine high-pitched open roof of dark oak, having well moulded arched braces, resting on boldly carved corbel figures. At the farther end of the hall is the dais—a platform that is carried across the room, and raised a step above the rest of the floor; here the master and mistress of the house sat with their chief guests, as Chaucer tells in his ‘Marriage of January and May.’

“And at the feste sitteth he and she  
With other worthy folk upon the deis.”

The high-board, as the table at which they sat was called, still occupies its proper place on the dais: the other tables range along the sides of the hall. Across the lower end is a carved oak screen, supporting the minstrels’ gallery. In the centre of the hall is the hearth, with the great fire-dog, or andiron, which supported the huge logs of wood that were burning on the hearth; but the louvre, or open lantern, that was placed on the roof, immediately over the hearth, for the smoke to escape by, was removed many years ago. If in its present desolate condition the old hall is striking and interesting, how imposing must have been its appearance on some high festival in the good old times!

Let us try to realize a Christmas in the Penshurst Hall of Sir Henry Sidney.

We must look in on Christmas-eve, for the festivities begin on the vigil of the holy day. The hall has its ordinary decorations; the arras hangings upon the walls; arms and armour, and the spreading antlers of deer captured after some memorable huntings, are suspended around; banners glittering with many a gaudy emblazoning float overhead; but, in addition to these, every part from floor to roof is decked with bay, and rosemary, and laurel, and other evergreens, but chiefly holly: ivy is not there, though sometimes it is placed at this time in the churches:

“Nay, ivy, nay, it shall not be I wis—  
Let holly have the maistery as the manner is:  
Holly stondeth in the Hall faire to behold,  
Ivy stond without the door; she is full sore acold.”

There is little company in the hall. Sir Henry and my lady are on the dais, and a few friends are standing by them; but they are not the rulers of this night’s merriment. A Lord of Misrule has been appointed (as is “the custom at the house of every nobleman and person of distinction”), whose office it is to see that all goes gaily during Christmas-tide, and he is supreme now. The ladies, and the chief part of the guests who would be entitled to a seat at the high-board, are in the music loft, where they can most conveniently witness the night’s revelry. The hall-fire is not lighted yet, but a vast heap of faggot-wood, and some stout branches lie ready on the hearth; a loud noise is heard outside; presently the sound of music mingles with the boisterous shouting; there is a busy movement of expectation in the hall. The hangings are held aside from the doors under the music gallery, and the Lord of Misrule himself, clad in a quaint showy habit enters, accompanied by his band of proper officers, dressed each in a fantastic livery of green and yellow, upon which is their chief’s cognizance, and further bedizened with such “scarfs, ribbons, and laces, hanged all over with gold rings, precious stones, and other jewels,” as their own stores can furnish, or the almoner will trust them with, or they can “borrow of their pretty Mopsies and loving Betsies.” Thus gallantly attended, the ‘master of merry disport’ advances with affected state into the middle of the room, when turning round he waves his staff with much ceremony, and repeats with stentorian voice the formulary, which a poet of the following century rendered into flowing verse:

“Come, bring with a noise,  
My merry merry boys,  
The Christmas log to the firing;  
While my good lord he,  
Bids ye all be free,  
And drink to your heart’s desiring.”

The trumpets sound, and the yule log—the trunk of one of the largest trees of the year’s felling—is dragged in, a score or more sturdy yeomen lending their arms to the ropes that are fastened around the huge tree, and as many more pushing at the sides and behind, all striving with might and main to speed its progress. Following it is a motley crowd of both sexes, including all those who are to share in the ensuing sports.

With so many willing assistants the log is soon duly poised on the andiron, and the lighter wood heaped around it; and now, at Misrule’s bidding, the brand that was quenched last Candlemas, and then carefully and with a little mystery stored away, is produced, and lighted by the steward, who applies it to the heap. The dry boughs crackle and blaze, and wrap the old hall in a ruddy glow. Few among the revellers however care to notice how brilliant and sparkling is its appearance, as the flashing light glances upon the coats of mail and burnished shields, and shining weapons, and from beam to beam of the roof, gay with gilding and heraldic emblazonry, along the many-coloured banners, and plays about the shining holly bunches, and amongst the merry assembly that now fills the hall—lords and ser-

vants, fair and noble-born ladies, and humble tenants, all mingling there, gentle and simple, without restraint or envy. It is no time to think of such things, for at the cry 'the yule log is lighted,' which is raised as soon almost as master steward applies the brand, there is a fresh flourish of trumpets, and a hearty Kentish hurrah is given; the wassail-bowl is brought forth and passed briskly around, amid shouts of 'was-hael,' and 'drink-hael;' and the master of the feast bids them aloud 'be merry,' and drink 'success to the firing.' The shouts and the music are renewed, till the old hall re-echoes, and the 'rafters ring again.' 'Merry Christmas' is begun. For a moment there is a lull, while Misrule delivers a short but pithy speech, as a prelude to the toast his herald proclaims, 'of health and prosperity to the Lord of Penshurst,' a toast that is responded to with a hearty devotion, which tells, louder than the trumpets that accompany the cheering, of the affectionate regard with which this unrestrained intercourse unites the lord to his dependents.

Few and brief are the ceremonies, for the feast to-night is especially devoted to the servants and tenants, whose mirth ceremony would rather damp than enkindle. Misrule, as host, passes from table to table with continuous admonitions of 'drink, my masters; drink and be merry,' an injunction that in both its parts appears to be most loyally observed. Some of the choicer voices sing a three-part song, and one and another ballad succeeds. As a fresh brewing of the 'spicy nut-brown ale,' the strongest October, with sugar and spices and roasted apples in it—the 'Christmas lamb's-wool'—is brought in, one of the revellers leads off with the popular ditty:

"Back and side go bare, go bare,  
Both hand and foot go cold;  
But belly, God send thee good ale enough,  
Whether it be new or old,"

and all join with mirthful gravity in the chorus.

Misrule sees that the mirth will go on without him, and he has other sport to prepare. He and his followers withdraw as the song ends, taking care to repeat as he reaches the door his old 'be merry.' Master Silence, of Doubledone Grange, down by the Eden (a descendant of the Silences of Gloucestershire), who has left his wife at home sick of the ague, after having sat hitherto in quiet attendance on the bowl, catches at Misrule's parting words, and breaks forth in a rhyme that has been carefully preserved in the family from the time of his ancestor, the Justice Silence of immortal memory:

"Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all,  
For women are shrews, both great and small:  
'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Christmas."

My lord's fool sidles up at the unwonted voice, but the joke he is about to break at Master Silence's expense is interrupted by a loud smack that resounds from the lower end of the hall, followed by a sudden bustle and outburst of obstreperous laughter. A dozen

young men have just returned from the wood where they had gone to 'fetch the mistletoe,' and they have slyly suspended from the gallery a goodly bunch of it, directly over the heads of a group of buxom maidens who happened to be chatting together there, and upon whose rosy lips instant assault was made. The usual rushing and struggling succeeds, and it is long before the light-hearted lads and lasses tire of this frolicking. There follows a noisy round of rustic games; and before the rougher jollity begins to flag, my lord and lady and their privileged guests take their seats on the dais, the musicians appear in the gallery, the attendants call out 'room there, places, places!' while the whisper passes round, 'here be the Mummers.'

The middle of the hall is speedily cleared, and something approaching silence obtained. All eyes are directed to the door, where appears to be some little scuffling; but after several gruff repetitions of 'Stand back, stand back, I say!' the intruder makes good his entrance. He is a burly figure with along white beard, and locks of the same colour hanging down his shoulders. His dress is a robe of sheep-skins, in his hand he carries a long staff, on his head is a coronet of holly. This portly personage advances, expostulating with the door-keepers who still retain hold of him, till he reaches the fire, when he turns to the company and tells the purpose of his coming. Ben Jonson has preserved his speech for us, with some trifling alterations, which we take leave to remove. Hear his oration:

"Why Gentlemen, do you know what you do, eh? would you keep me out? Christmas, old Christmas, Christmas of Kent, and Captain Christmas? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Misrule, I'll not be answered else: 'Tis merry in the hall when beards wag all: I ha' seen the time when you'd ha' wished for me, for a merry Christmas; and now you ha' me, they would not let me in: I must come another time! a good jest, as if I could come more than once a year. Why I'm no dangerous person, and so I told my friends o'the gate. I'm old Christmas still, and though I come from the Pope's Head, as good a Protestant as any i' the parish. The truth is, I ha' brought a masque here, out o'the country, o' my own making; and do present it by a set of my sons, that comes out of the lanes of Kent, good dancing boys all. Bones o'bread, his lordship! son Rowland, son Clym, be ready there in a trice."

The mummers so called upon quickly come capering in; they are the best of Misrule's jovial crew, with two or three light-heeled damsels; and all are daintily attired in accordance with their several characters. After them enters a motley crowd, who have disguised themselves under the direction of the almoner, a special master in the craft of mumming and interlude-making. Some are clad in Lincoln green, and represent Robin Hood and his merry men, not omitting friar Tuck and maid Marian; others appear as St. George and King Alexander. But the major part are content with little more than a change of clothes as complete as they can devise, and so much disguising of the face as they



ean effect with burnt brands and red ochre. The chief object is to be as unlike themselves as possible: six-foot men are arrayed therefore in the gowns and kirtles of the servant-wenchies, or the cast-off finery of the mistress; the women have donned retainer's jerkins, or wagoner's gaberdines; children have long beards and crutches, and old men have been forced into giant bibs, and other infantile attire, while the transformed children are holding them by leading-strings. And "the hobby-horse is *not* forgot." He is the most popular actor in the mumming, and care has been taken to find a proper person to play the part: one who knows the reins, the careers, the pranks, the ambles, both rough and smooth, the false trots, and the Canterbury paces; and can manage his pasteboard half with any player in the county. Next the hobby-horse in rank and favour is the dragon, the master 'Snap' of famous memory, who continued to make his annual appearance in the Norwich pageants till about a dozen years ago, when, after having survived him a full century, he followed the last hobby-horse to the limbo appointed for all such vanities. The chief mummers deliver some short complimentary verses to the master of the house, and dance some fanciful rounds; the hobby-horse does his best amblings, while my lord's jester adds some odd tricks and extempore jokes and rhymes to the intense relish of the not over-fastidious audience: and amid the loudest clamour of sackbuts, cornets, and kettle-drums, the mummers, after marching in purposely uncouth procession three or four times round the hall, take their departure.

"Marry now, does not Master Nimble-needle play the hobby most bravely?" asks a ruddy farmer, somewhat past the middle age, of a rather sour-looking junior who sits beside him. "Nay, forsooth," replies the person so addressed, "I like not such harlotry and ethnic antics. Your hobby-horse and dragon I cannot away with, and these bawdie pipers and thundring drummers who strike up this devil's dance withal—verily they are an abomination to me!"—borrowing, by anticipation, a portion of a most irate denunciation which good Master Philip Stubbes, some half-century or so later, uttered against what he called "this heathenish devilrie." "Now, surely, friend Thumplast," returns the other, "this dancing be none so wicked a thing: David, you know, danced; and, as Sir Tobias our good master's chaplain asked, in his sermon, only last Sunday, 'Doth not the motion and the music help to cheer the spirits, and chase away melancholy phantasies, and so comfortably recreate both body and mind?'" "Now, in troth, neighbour Snayth, this is a most profane comparison of thine, to liken this pestiferous dance about this idol calf—this Philistine Dagon—to such a dance as David danced before the ark withal. But for health's sake, I grant you, dancing may be both wholesome and profitable, so it be practised as Master New-light the silenced preacher adviseth—'privately and apart, every sex by themselves'—and then, mayhap it might be accompanied with pipe and timbrel, and there should yet be in it neither wantonness nor popish heathenry." ;

Three or four treble voices are heard, from behind the screen, singing one of those carols that are so impressive and even solemn, in their primitive simplicity of phrase. It is intended to recal the listeners to a remembrance of the sacredness of the season; for our forefathers had an unsuspecting habit of mingling religious thoughts with their wildest mirth, and cheerfulness with their devotion, in a way that seems very strange, and even profane, in these later and more enlightened times. Thus runs the carol:

"As Joseph was a-walking,  
He heard an angel sing,  
'This night shall be born  
Our heavenly King!

"He neither shall be born  
In housen nor in hall,  
Nor in the place of Paradise  
But in an ox's stall," &c.

There is a religious silence while the hymn is singing, but it only for that while delays the mirth, which is renewed as soon as it has ceased. The games and dances go on, and the cup passes round till midnight, when a soberer joy succeeds. A full choir ranges along the end of the hall, and that most favourite of all old English carols is chanted and listened to with a sweetness and earnest devotion which the sublime anthem often fails to excite:

"God rest you merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay;  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour  
Was born upon this day,  
To save us all from Satan's power  
When we were gone astray.

"Now to the Lord sing praises  
All you within this place,  
And with true love and brotherhood  
Each other now embrace.  
This holy tide of Christmas  
All others doth deface."

And all present, from the oldest to the youngest, do sing together with at least a passing feeling of love and faith, and brotherhood, joining with all their heart in the refrain:

"O! tidings of comfort and joy;  
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day."

Very different is the appearance of the old hall on Christmas morning. The dinner-hour is an early one: the sun is yet high in the heavens, and his rays stream through the stained-glass windows, working a wild confusion of pattern and colour upon the tables and floor, and causing the yule log, which is yet consuming on the hearth, to burn dim. The company, which includes almost all those who were present last night, are ranged at the tables, which are placed lengthwise down the body of the hall. The lord and his friends enter and take their seats at the high-board, which stands on the dais across the hall: my lord has the chief seat, which is in the centre of the board, the arras being drawn over it so as to form a sort of canopy; the others, both ladies and

gentlemen, are seated according to their rank. All being thus ordered, the first course is brought in; the principal dish, the boar's head, being carried by the steward, while the other officers of the household follow, each bearing a dish: the music plays loudly all the time of this service, while there is chanted *ore rotundo*, the song which, with some variations, was sung in every hall in England when the first dish was brought to table on Christmas day.\*

*"Caput Apri defero*

*Reddens laudes Domino.*

The Boar's head in hand bring I,

With garland's gay and rosemary;

I pray you all sing merrily

*Qui estis in convivio.*

"The Boar's head, I understand,

Is the chief service in this land,

Look wherever it be fand,

*Servite cum Cantico.*

"Be glad, Lords, both more and lass,

For this hath ordained our steward,

To cheer you all this Christmas,

The Boar's Head with mustard."

There is an over-abundant supply of every kind of flesh and fowl, but fish is not there, that 'being no meat for feast days.' The rarer dishes are brought to the high-board, and from thence a regular gradation may be traced down the tables, to the plainer and more ordinary but substantial meats at the lower end of the hall; but the distinction is a usual one, and no feeling of abasement is occasioned by what is considered as much a mere matter of etiquette as the arrangement of places. Every course is served like the first, with music, but no other dish calls for a carol, not even the Christmas pie, the plum porridge, the pudding, or the mighty baron. After dinner, hippocrass and confects are served at the dais, a spiced bowl of less costly wine at the upper tables, and the plain English beverage at the lower end. All as they are bid make themselves merry as best they may. There are more and merrier Christmas sports for the young and the active than in these duller days can easily be fancied; while the seniors and the less lively take to tables and shovel-board, and other of the common games. Each end of the hall has its own amusements. At the upper part something of state is maintained, even in the wildest play. The jester there helps on the mirth, but his wit is of a caustic and comparatively polished kind. At the lower end the merriment is ruder, the jest coarser. There the wit flows from rustics, who, having gained a village celebrity, on this grand occasion put forth their mirth-moving powers with as keen a rivalry as modern wits, whose feet are under the polished mahogany; and if they have less *esprit*, they have perhaps more good-nature. One tells a tale provocative of broad laughter; another strains his powers of mimicry; while a third is so ready with a

\* It is still sung with undiminished zeal, though with innovations, in the hall of Queen's College, at Oxford, (see vol. ii., p. 57). The version given above is printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

clenching quirk, that an admiring listener is tempted to exclaim, "Truly, Maister Jeremiah, an' thy wit groweth at this rate, thou mayest e'en come to be made my lord's fool—save the mark!—some day." "I dare warrant now," chimes in a second, who, by right of serving as parish clerk on Sundays, speaks as one having authority in all matters of wit and scholarship, "I dare warrant now, Maister Jeremie there thinketh he hath wit enow already to serve the turn, should he suffer such preferment; but I trow an' that is a cut above thy reach, Jeremie: 'let every man be satisfied with that God hath given him, and eschew all vain aspirings,' as sayeth the crooked letters over Maister Dominie's desk in our revestry; but come, man, speak out, dost thou not conceive thy wit would serve thee to retort all the gibes and the fleers, the quirks and the floutings, the ruffs and the mopes, and the gullings thou would'st have put upon thee at yonder high-board. Sure I think thou would'st look like a noddie, Maister Jeremie; thy little wit would'st forsake thee, and thou would'st be fain to cry out like thy namesake, in the Lesson, 'Behold, I am dumb; I cannot speak, I am like a child before thee'—eh, Jeremie, what sayest thou?" "Why, marry I say, only let my lord make me his fool, and then show me the man would dare question my wit—or folly either, Maister Leatherlungs!"

But the ears of those who sit at the dais are not shocked by the ribaldry. Only the boisterous unchecked bursts of laughter now and then ascend from the bottom of the hall, and provoke once and again a lighter laugh of sympathy. But in truth if some unrefined pleasantry should reach the high-board, it would not greatly offend:—perhaps it would hardly shock the nerves of the ladies seated there—to say nothing of the lords.

When the sports have gone on a fair space, there is a motion made to clear the hall. My lord's minstrels, with a company of players who have come by invitation to Penshurst for the occasion, are to show their skill. The dais is yielded to them, and they proceed to make their preparations behind a curtain which is drawn in front of the platform. But we have no space left to describe their doings. Suffice it that a new interlude both "goodly and merry," has been prepared for this evening; that the players go through their parts to the content of my lord and the more critical part of the assembly, and to the unbounded delight of the remainder; that after the play, the minstrels sing their ballads of "knightly deeds and ladies' love," for the edification of the gentle; and Clym of the Clough, Chevy Chase, and Robin Hood for the simple: that the joculars hold conversations with voices on the roof and under the floor; and transfer handkerchiefs and rings and purses from the hands and the pockets of their owners to the pockets or the persons of honest people in other parts of the room, and do other deeds of no less magical a character, till the rustics fancy the lights burn blue, and look with undisguised terror on the conjurors: that the tumblers throw summersaults, and poise chairs, and plates, and straws, and cast up knives and balls



three or four at a time, just as the tumblers do now—days in the back streets of London, and to still more admiring spectators.

After players and minstrels, with their humbler brethren the jocolators, have gone through their devisings, the forms are removed, the tables drawn close to the wall, and the dancing—"the damsels' delight"—commences in earnest. My lord leads off the brawls with a fair guest, or the daughter of one of his tenantry. The first dances are of a stately kind, and they grow gayer and freer as the night advances. As Selden has expressed it, in an unmatchable sentence:—"First you have the grave measures, then the corrantoes and the galliards, and this is kept up with ceremony; at length to French-more, and the cushion-dance, and then all the company dances,—lord and groom, lady and kitchen-maid, no distinction. . . . Omnium gatherum, tolly-polly, hoity come toity." We may drop the curtain:

"England was merry England when  
Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;  
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;  
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer  
A poor man's heart through half the year."

(Scott.)

We have tried to picture Penshurst Hall in its palmiest days. Ben Jonson, in a succeeding generation, thus sings the praises of its every-day hospitality: the lines are deserving regard on many accounts:

"Penshurst, whose liberal board doth flow  
With all that hospitality doth know,  
Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat  
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat:  
Where the same beer, and bread, and self-same wine  
That is his lordship's shall be also mine:  
And I not fain to sit (as some this day)  
At great men's tables and yet dine away.  
Here no man tells my cups; nor standing by  
No waiter dost my gluttony envy;  
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat;  
He knows below he shall find plenty of meat.  
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day;  
Nor when I take my lodgings need I pray  
For fire, or light, or livery—all is there  
As if thou then wert mine."

On the lines—

"Where comes no guest but is allowed to eat  
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat,"

Gifford observes, "This, and what follows, may appear a strange topic for praise to those who are unacquainted with the practice of those times. But, in fact, the liberal mode of hospitality here recorded, was almost peculiar to this noble person [Sir Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester]. The great indeed, dined at long tables (they had no other in their vast halls), and permitted many guests to sit down with them; but the gradations of rank and fortune were rigidly maintained, and the dishes grew visibly coarser as they receded from the head of the table. No reader of our old poets can be ignorant of the phrase, *below the salt*: it is the

natural consequence of feudal manners. In England the system was breaking up when Jonson wrote, and he notices it with his usual good sense. It is to the honour of Penshurst that the observation was made there."

All this is undoubtedly true: but the innovation, excellent as it is in itself, very materially assisted in breaking up that old-fashioned hospitality which assembled the several ranks in the same Great Hall. When all partake of "the lord's own meat, of the same bread, and beer, and self-same wine," it is evident that the guests will be fewer than when each was served in accordance with his rank and place: the banquet would be too costly else; and it is probable that the guests will be of a different grade: the humble dependant and plain country tenant would hardly be served in such a fashion. The lord may sit at the head of the long table, (not at the centre, as in olden times,) and the guests below the salt may fare as well as those above it; but the 'simple folk,' who were formerly glad of a seat at the lower end of the hall, with a trencher of plain beef, or brawn, and a cup of ale, will hardly be called to a seat near the lord, and to share in his venison and claret. The change will bring others in its train: the 'vast hall' itself will seem an uncomfortable place to dine in, when the floor of it is empty, and all the company are on the dais. Accordingly, we find that at this very time, the great were beginning to dine in other rooms; in fact, a Royal proclamation was issued in 1626 against the practice:—"Whereas, sundry noblemen, gentlemen, and others, do much delight and use, to dine in corners and secret places, not repairing to the High Chamber, or Hall, &c." But the change was not thereby stayed; and a few years later, the old custom of dining in the great hall was as much spoken of as a bygone thing as it would be now. Selden notices the consequence of the change with his usual sagacity; but his manner of expression shows how entirely the old custom had already become a matter of tradition. "The Hall was the place where the great lord used to eat, (wherefore else were the halls made so big?) where he saw all his tenants and servants about him. He eat not in private, except in time of sickness; when once he became a thing cooped up, all his greatness was spoiled. Nay, the king himself used to eat in the hall, and his lords sat with him, and then he understood men." He is right: when there was more of social intercourse, the great did better understand men, and in return were better understood by them. Much of the mutual suspicion and ill-feeling that so unhappily exists between the different classes of society, in the country as well as in the town, may be traced to insufficient knowledge of each other,—the result of the mutual isolation in which each dwells, as far as the other is concerned.

We have made a rather long stay in this hall; and yet in good truth there are half a score more things we ought to repeat concerning it, from Jonson's description of another pleasant old custom he was here a witness to, down to the last reparation. The old hall is desolate now. No fires burn on the hearth: the damp

hangs heavily on the naked lime-washed walls. All that it contains are the long tables that are nearly rotten with age, and a few mouldering breast-plates and matchlocks that lie upon them, and two or three rusty tilting helmets; but one of these,—a very curious one too,—is said to have been worn by Sir Philip Sidney.

The state apartments, those which are open to public inspection, are not very remarkable on their own account, nor very beautiful: it is their contents that are the chief attraction. Yet with their antique furniture, and the quaintly attired family pictures on the walls, they serve to place before the visitor with uncommon distinctness, the domestic life of a former age, and to illustrate obsolete habits. The first room into which the visitor is conducted, on quitting the hall, is the ball-room, which retains to a considerable extent the furniture and fittings it was provided with on occasion of the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Penshurst. The two small odd-looking chandeliers, and the alabaster plates on the table, are said to have been presented to Sir Henry Sidney by her majesty. There are some portraits here, that as works of art will repay examination—especially those by Vandyke; and some are also valuable on account of the persons they represent. The miscellaneous pictures are of small account, though one will attract a moment's notice when it is pointed out as the work of Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester. The smaller room adjoining contains objects of far greater interest. One is a portrait of himself by Rembrandt, broad, massive, forcible. There are some other pictures here by eminent painters, chiefly of the Italian schools; and there are also some more good old English portraits. On a table is a Sidney relic: Sir Phillip's two-handed sword; a sufficiently formidable weapon no doubt in skilful hands; but withal rather unwieldy. It is a rather curious example of this kind of sword, but that is a point for the antiquary. There are several other noteworthy things in this room, but we must pass on.

The next room is the most perfect and the most interesting, called Queen Elizabeth's drawing-room, on account of its having been furnished by her when about to visit Sir Henry: it still retains its furniture unaltered, save as time alters every thing, since she was its occupant. The room is very spacious, and the furniture, as may be supposed, magnificent; yet not so magnificent as perhaps would be expected. English workmen had not then attained any very great skill in upholstery. The chairs and couches are covered with richly embroidered yellow and crimson damask—the embroidery being, it is affirmed, the work of the Queen and her maids, worked by them in order to do especial honour to Sir Henry, who was a highly esteemed and favoured servant of hers, as he had been of the two preceding monarchs. A table in this room has an embroidered centre-piece, which is related to have been wholly wrought by the Queen's own hand. There are a good many pictures in this room on which we might linger. One or two are of a rememberable character. But the paintings, which are chiefly valuable as works of art, we must

pass unnoticed, notwithstanding that there are some which bear the name of Titian, and of other famous masters. Generally, however, it may be admitted that the pictures at Penshurst are not of a high class. The attention is chiefly claimed by the portraits; and those of the Sidneys are, of course, the most interesting. In this room the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney—a very striking one—claims the first place; but there is to our thinking a still more attractive portrait of our English Bayard in the gallery we shall visit presently. Another noticeable portrait here is that of the lady immortalized in Jonson's famous epitaph as 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.' From these we turn to the representation of a somewhat later Sidney. The portrait of Algernon Sidney was taken shortly before his execution for his alleged participation in the 'Rye House Plot.' There can be no doubt that the principles of Algernon Sidney were entirely opposed to those of the Government, nor indeed that they were ultra-republican; but there can at the same time be as little hesitancy in affirming that his trial was a mockery, that his condemnation was unjust, or that his execution conferred eternal dishonour on the profligate and unworthy monarch. The portrait is undoubtedly authentic; the period when it was taken is indicated by a representation of the block and executioner in the background, added when the picture was finished, after the death of the illustrious sitter. The face well accords with the character which his contemporaries have left of him: stern, haughty, enthusiastic, impatient of contradiction, but of consummate ability, and unwavering resolution; without any of the poetry of character, or lofty chivalry that rendered the other Sidney the object of such general admiration and devoted attachment, he, perhaps, had even higher qualifications for public life.

In the next room, called the Tapestry Room, from two immense pieces of Gobelin tapestry which are suspended in it, is a portrait of the mother of Sir Philip Sidney; she has pleasing, yet strongly marked features, and much resemblance in character, as well as contour of face to her distinguished descendants. A curious contrast in every respect to the matronly grace and modest dignity of the mother of the Sidneys, is another female portrait also in this room—Nell Gwynne, by Lely, who has here exposed that frail lady's charms even more freely than he usually does in his innumerable representations of her. In the little ante-room attached to this are a few more pictures of different degrees of merit and interest; and also a relic that never fails of devotees. This is a fragment of Sir Philip Sidney's shaving glass, which being concave, of course shows the face considerably enlarged: one may fancy from it that the good knight was rather curious about having a smooth chin.

The Long Gallery will require some time in its actual examination: here it must be passed over hastily. Among the paintings are some of considerable excellence. They claim the hands of Titian, Da Vinci, Caracci, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Holbein, and others of the great names of different ages and schools: not all



of them, however, will sustain a scrutiny into their claims. Still, as hitherto, the portraits chiefly interest the general visitor. Among the portraits we may give first place to the lady whom Waller made so widely known as Saccharissa, under which delectable name he wooed her favour and celebrated her beauty. As is well known, the lady rejected his suit, and he bore his fate with most exemplary but very unpoetical fortitude. She does not appear very charming in her picture; but she had sufficient charms to attach the affections of a far more worthy man than her poetic admirer, and sense enough to prefer him. In another room there is a portrait of the Earl of Sunderland, the successful lover of Lady Dorothy Sidney. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (who it will be recollected was the uncle of Sir Philip Sidney), is also here; and here is the portrait of Sir Philip, to which we before alluded. It is a quaint, hard production; but the painter, Mark Garrard, has somehow contrived to impart uncommon *naïveté* and character to his work. Sir Philip is represented with his arm round his younger brother Robert (the lord of Penshurst whom Jonson celebrates), and both the brothers, while they are remarkably alike in features, have decided individuality of expression.

Since Horace Walpole published his deprecatory notice of Sir Philip Sidney, a good many smaller wits have given utterance to their ill opinion of him. Walpole's scoff is easily accounted for. He delighted in paradox; was an habitual sneerer; frivolous and lax in mind and practice: cold, flippant, heartless; of all men least fitted to appreciate or even understand the lofty poetic seriousness of Sir Philip's character. His censure of the writer is sufficiently refuted by the unanimous opinion of every one who, having the smallest spark of poetry in his soul, has read Sidney's works. His condemnation of the man has an answer in the universal admiration of his contemporaries: and such contemporaries! He whose early death a nation mourned; whom the greatest minds praised with a devotion and lamented with an earnestness without parallel in his generation; and of whom so gifted a man as Lord Brooke, the favoured of sovereigns, so thought, as to cause to be placed on his tomb, as his highest eulogy, that he was "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney"—surely could not have been "a person of the slender proportion of merit" Walpole represents.

We must leave Penshurst. Many more things in these apartments might fairly claim notice, but we have already made too long tarriance here. When he returns to the park, the visitor will no doubt again look around the exterior of the building; at any rate, he should do so, as he will then more readily perceive the purpose and connection of the several parts. There is a passage in the first book of the *Arcadia*, in which Sidney appears to have been describing his family mansion; and as it has not been quoted in connection with the place which it characterises in so pleasant a manner, the reader will probably not be sorry to see it here:

"They might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all

such necessary additions to a great house, as might well show Kalander knew that provision is the foundation of hospitality, and thrift the fuel of magnificence. The house itself was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors, and stairs, rather directed to the use of the guest, than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, yet the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful."

The beauty of the country about Penshurst has been already mentioned. Instead of now attempting to describe it, we shall again turn to the *Arcadia*, and borrow a passage, which is a sufficiently accurate sketch of the scenery in all its permanent features; while the landscape derives fresh delights from the exquisite old-world air it breathes. This first picture may be understood to depict the park, which, it will be remembered, was in his time far more extensive than now:—"It is," he says, "truly a place for pleasantness, not unfit to flatter solitariness; for it being set upon such unsensible rising of the ground, as you are come to a pretty height before almost you perceive that you ascend, it gives the eye lordship over a good large circuit, which, according to the nature of the country, being diversified between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, another more darksome, it seems a pleasant picture of nature, with lovely lightness and artificial shadows."

The following embraces the vicinity. It would be idle to praise the painting, (by the way, Master Izaak Walton has copied some parts of it,) but we may just point attention to the skilful introduction of the human and other accessories, or, as a landscape painter would call them, "the figures:"—there be no such Idyllic shepherds and shepherdesses to be met about Penshurst now:—"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers: thickets, which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so, too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds: each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dams' comfort: here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old: there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. As for the houses of the country, (for many houses came under their eye,) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour: a show, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness."







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## KNOLE.

Our notice of the remaining manor-houses must be very brief. Knole park is immediately contiguous to the quiet old market-town of Sevenoaks, and about six miles from Tonbridge. You enter the gates opposite the church, and shortly arrive at a long avenue, which leads you in time to the mansion. It is an admirable way of approach. The road, or a path you may take after following it some distance, conducts you up a gentle elevation, from the summit of which you for the first time gain a view of the house, with a wide stretch of open park in front of it. Before you quite enter upon the open space, some splendid beeches make a frame to the picture, and add not a little to its pleasing effect. (Cut No. 5.) Knole House is an imposing structure, rather from its extent, however, than from any particular grace or grandeur. The principal front is plain in style, having little other ornament than the gables which appear in the upper story. This front consists of a lofty central gatehouse, embattled, and having square towers at the angles; and two uniform wings. The buildings are very extensive, covering an area of above three acres. The principal parts form a spacious quadrangle, behind which the inferior buildings are arranged irregularly.

In the reign of Henry VI. Knole was purchased by Fiennes, Lord Say and Sele, whose tragical fate during Jack Cade's rebellion forms so ludicrous an episode in the story of the Kentish captain's momentary triumph. Lord Say's son sold Knole, in 1456, to Thomas Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury; to whose successors it appertained till Cranmer found it necessary to make a *voluntary* surrender of it to the rapacious Henry VIII. It was transferred from, and forfeited to the crown several times after this, before Elizabeth, about 1569, granted the reversion of it to Thomas Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset; whose family have since retained possession of it—though for a while the freehold was alienated.

The mansion is of different dates. At what time the oldest portions were erected is not known: Bouchier is said to have rebuilt the house about the middle of the 15th century, but an examination of it leads to the belief that some portions of the older edifice were merely altered. The principal front is supposed to have been added by Archbishop Morton, towards the close of the 15th century; and the great hall by the first Earl of Dorset, in the 16th century. Since 1604, no material change has been made: some tasteless "improvements" of the last century have been of late judiciously removed, and the whole is now in an excellent state of preservation. (Cut No. 6.)

That part of Knole which is so generously and freely opened to the public is of such extent that it will be quite impossible here to go through the rooms; and if we could do so, it would be a tedious labour alike to writer and reader. Generally we may state that the rooms are more spacious than those of Penshurst, and from the house having been always occupied by the descendants of the first earl, the rich furniture has been

much better preserved. Though now merely "show-rooms," the apartments at Knole are in perfect condition, and, better than almost any others that are open to the public, exemplifying the magnificence of the English nobles of Elizabeth and James. The great hall is, as has been seen, of some two centuries later date than that at Penshurst, and very different from it in style: it is a magnificent room, and in excellent condition—only the ugly close stove that stands out in the room (like the more hideous one at Hampton Court) interfering with its antique appearance. A long table, which was formerly used for the game of Shovelboard—our primitive billiards—still occupies its place on one side of the hall. Probably when this table was erected the custom of dining in a common hall was already passing away: but the "houskeeping" was on at least as expensive a scale, though probably it did not, as in former time, "win great favour of the commons." The third Earl of Dorset, for example, lived at Knole in great splendour: from household books, quoted by Bridgman, we can form a conception of the state maintained by a nobleman in the reign of James I. He says: "At my lord's table sat daily eight persons; at the parlour table twenty-one, including ladies-in-waiting, chaplain, secretary, pages, &c.; at the clerk's table in the hall, twenty, consisting of the principal household officers; in the nursery, four; at the long table in the hall, forty-eight, being attendants, footmen, and other inferior domestics; at the laundry-maid's table, twelve; and in the kitchen and scullery, six—in all a constant household of one hundred and nineteen persons, independently of visitors."

Perhaps the state bed-rooms at Knole are as striking examples of the enormous sums expended at this time on grand entertainments, as anything well can be. One is called the King's bed-room, from having been expressly fitted up for James I., and only used by him. The state bed alone is said to have cost £8,000; and the room altogether £20,000—a sum of course relatively very much larger than a like sum would be now. Of course where so much was spent upon the room in which he was to sleep, the entertainments prepared for the King would be on a proportionate scale. As may be conceived, the furniture of this room is very splendid; the bedstead itself is covered with furniture of gold and silver tissue, lined with richly-embroidered satin; and the chairs and stools have similar covering. The tables, the frames of the mirrors, and the candle sconces are of chased silver. There is also a chased silver toilet service, but it is said that it did not form part of the original furniture. The walls are hung with tapestry, and altogether the room is a splendid example of the taste of the age. Besides the articles mentioned, it has many other silver ornaments, and also a couple of ebony cabinets; one of which is very curious, and contains some pretty little feminine nick-nackeries. Another state bed-room has furniture also of this time, but it did not belong originally to Knole, having been presented by James I. to the Earl of Middlesex. This, which is called the Spangled Bed-room, though inferior





6.—KNOLE.

to the other, is also a splendid apartment. There is yet another that will bear looking at, even after them; it was prepared for James II.; but he did not visit Knole, and it now bears the name of the Ambassador's Room, from its having been slept in by Molino, the Venetian Ambassador. The coverings of the furniture here are of green velvet, and there is a larger display of carving. There is a dressing-room *en suite*, in which are some good paintings; among others, several portraits by Reynolds (one of which is a fancy portrait of 'pretty Peg Woffington'), and a portrait by Mytens, of 'Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery,' of epistolary fame.

Many of the other apartments are also both magnificent and interesting. The Retainers' Gallery is one of the most curious, with its singular carved-oak roof and panelling. The principal apartments are the Leicester Gallery, the ball-room, and the crimson drawing-room: all have antique furniture (though, of course, not all of the original furniture of the rooms), and consequently wear a very pleasing old-fashioned air. Much of this furniture is of a very costly description, and will repay examination. The 'fire-dogs' should not be overlooked: Knole is very rich in these curious old articles. Some of them are of richly chased silver; that in the hall has the badge of Anne Boleyn: it was bought at the sale at Hever. In the Leicester Gallery are two immense parchment rolls of the pedigree of the Sackvilles; they are mounted on stout oak stands, and unrolled by a winch. In all these rooms, and indeed all throughout the house, the walls are thickly hung with pictures. Some of them are by the great masters, undoubtedly genuine, and of a very high order of merit; and Knole would amply repay a visit, were there nothing beyond the pictures to see in it. The chief paintings are in the drawing-room, where are some by the old masters; a charming portrait of the fifth

Countess of Dorset, and some others, by Vandyke; and several of the more famous of the productions of Sir Joshua Reynolds—among others, the 'Ugolino,' the 'Fortune Teller,' the 'Robinetta,' and a 'Samuel.' Our English master holds his place well amidst the older men of renown. The ball-room is devoted to family portraits, in many respects a noteworthy collection. The Leicester Gallery has some splendid Vandykes; one of them,—the portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby—worthy to be placed alongside the famous Gevartius in the National Gallery: it ought not to be permitted to hang in its present wretched position. The Countess of Bedford is one of his graceful female portraits. There are also in this gallery several portraits by Mytens, who was much patronized by the Earl of Dorset: the most noticeable is a large full-length of James I., painted during his visit here. It is a marvellous work: the broad silly stare is hit off to perfection, and yet with an evident unconsciousness on the part of the artist that he was doing anything extraordinary. It, and the 'Fortunes of Nigel,' will give as lively an idea of our British Solomon as though we had talked with him. The Cartoon Gallery is a room, so called from its containing a set of copies made by Mytens of the Cartoons at Hampton Court. In it is one of Lawrence's portraits of George IV. We may pass over the hundred and one portraits in the Brown Gallery (though the visitor will not); but we must not pass over those in the Dining-parlour, which is filled entirely with the portraits of poets or other eminent literary characters. The Sackvilles have themselves a poetic fame: the first earl was the author of 'Gorboduc' and the designer of the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' to which he wrote the Induction; both works of great importance in the history of English dramatic poetry, and containing—the latter especially—passages of very powerful genius. Had he devoted his life to literature



instead of public employments, he would probably have stood in a foremost rank. Charles, the sixth earl—

“Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muse’s pride”—

owes more to the lavish praises of the poets who had experienced his generosity than to his own verses: yet they are always lively and agreeable, and they aimed at being nothing more. His liberality to literary men was indeed profuse, and he appears to have bestowed his bounty with a frankness that was very agreeable to the recipients. Dorset not only patronized the poets of his day, but he delighted to have them share his social hours. A very good story (if true) is told in connection with one of Dryden’s visits to Knole. During an interval in the conversation, when the wine failed to loose the tongue, it was proposed that the company should try which could write the best impromptu, and the poet was appointed judge. While the others applied themselves with due gravity to their task, Dorset merely scrawled a few words carelessly on his paper, and handed it to Dryden. When the other papers were collected, Dryden said he thought it would be useless to read them, as he supposed no one would doubt, when he heard it read, that the earl’s was best.

It ran thus: “I promise to pay Mr. John Dryden, on demand, the sum of £500. Dorset.”

Among the portraits in this room is that of “Glorious John,” by Kneller. Dorset himself, by the same artist, is also here: as are portraits by him of Newton, Locke, and Hobbes. Several of the most interesting of Sir Joshua Reynolds’ portraits are in this room, including himself, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Johnson—all excellent and characteristic, but the last savouring a little too strongly of those peculiarities which tempted the doctor to complain that his friend had made him look like “Blinking Sam:” “It is not friendly, Sir,” he growled, “to hand down to posterity the imperfections of any man.” This is a duplicate of the Duke of Sutherland’s picture. One or two of the portraits are attributed to Vandyke. Waller, Addison, and some others, are by Pope’s ‘Jarvis.’ Among the minor pictures is a portrait of Tom Durfey, and a “Conversation piece,” by Vandergucht, representing Durfey, the artist, and some of the household at Knole, carousing. Tom Durfey deserves a place here among his betters. In his lifetime he had an apartment allotted to him at Knole, and he rendered his company very agreeable to the earl and his friends by his con-



7.—COBHAM HALL.



vivial talents. Poor Tom was one of the sprightliest of the small wits of his day, and he has contrived to irradiate the very worst of his occasional pieces with some scintillations of his unfailing liveliness; and some of his songs are a good deal above the average standard of song merit. He was not forgetful of Knole, or its master: he has praised his patron with as good heart as any of his flatterers; and he has commemorated his stay at the house by a song on "the incomparable strong beer at Knole." "Such beer," he says, "as all wine must control:"

"Such beer, fine as Burgundy, lifts high my soul  
When bumpers are filled for the glory of Knole."

He merited a place in Knole's Gallery of Poets.

Knole park is on a higher site, more varied in surface, and even more beautiful than Penshurst. It is very extensive, abundantly stocked with deer, and richly wooded. The beeches are perhaps hardly elsewhere to be equalled for number, size, health, and beauty. One near, what is called the Duchess's Walk, is very remarkable: the trunk is of prodigious girth, and ascends to a great altitude; whilst the branches overshadow a vast space. It is quite sound and flourishing, in every respect the finest beech we remember to have seen. Not far from it is a very large oak, said by Mr. Brady to have been known two centuries ago as 'The Old Oak': the trunk, which is now a mere shell, is thirty feet in circumference. The stranger should, if he have time, stroll awhile about the park—the paths across it are freely open. At any rate he should endeavour to reach the end of the noble avenue, which leads to the high-ground at the south-western extremity of the park, for the sake of one of the finest prospects in Kent—a county famous for its splendid scenery. We wish him a fair day for the view.

This is a very imperfect sketch of Knole, but we have the less compunction in offering it because, if we have succeeded in indicating its character, the visitor can easily fill up the details, by providing himself with the excellent 'Guide to Knole, by J. H. Brady, F.S.A.'

We may just mention while here, that Mote House, at Ightham, about five miles from Knole, is another specimen of a moated manor-house of a date not later than that at Hever. It has never been so important a building as Hever Castle, but it is well worth seeing. The hall and chapel are remarkably fine.

#### COBHAM HALL.

Cobham Hall is about four miles south-east of Gravesend. Very beautiful is the approach to it; and especially refreshing after newly escaping from the smoke of London, and Gravesend's dusty highways. Outside the limits of the park, proper, is a woody tract which has gained wondrous beauty from a few years' judicious neglect. The road lies through this wood, under a thick canopy of luxuriant foliage—affording a delicious stroll on a fine autumnal day. When you reach the end of the wood, it will be well to ask,—if you can see anybody to ask,—for Brewer's Gate, that being the gate strangers are directed to pass through when they visit

the house: where to find it they are not told. From the broken ground along the outskirts of the park you get the first glimpse of the Hall, which from this distance looks very well (Cut No. 7). The road from Brewer's Gate leads by a magnificent cedar, on passing which you find yourself close to the mansion.

The building is different in date, arrangement, and appearance from those we have yet visited. Though the later parts of both Penshurst and Knole are almost without defensive appliances, it is not so with the earlier portions. Cobham is entirely domestic in character: even the entrances are without battlements. They too are built of stone, Cobham of brick. The main building consists of two extensive wings, with lofty octagonal turrets in the middle and at the extremities. These wings bear on them their respective dates of erection, 1582 and 1594. They are united by a central building, designed by Inigo Jones; the ground plan of the edifice being thus in the form of a capital H. As a whole it is both striking and picturesque. The arrangement allows of bold masses of light and shadow; while the numerous turrets, the many stacks of variously-carved chimney-shafts, the quaint gables, and handsome bay windows, produce great richness of effect, and a very pleasing play of outline.

But before we enter, we must just recal the names of a few of the owners of Cobham. From the first year of the reign of John till the ninth of Henry IV. it belonged to a series of male descendants of a Norman knight, hight Cobham. It then passed to a lady, who transferred the manor in succession to five husbands, all of whom she outlived. Her fourth husband was the celebrated Lollard martyr, Sir John Oldcastle, who assumed the title of Lord Cobham on his marriage with her. This formidable lady left a daughter, whose descendants retained the estate till the reign of James I., when it was forfeited to the crown by the last of them, the wretched Lord Cobham, whose evidence condemned Raleigh. He saved his life by his cowardly compliance with the king's desire, but he saved nothing else. Cobham was left to drag on a degraded existence in the deepest poverty; fain, if we may trust a contemporary, to beg scraps from a trencher-scraper to save himself from starving, while the king gave the estate to his kinsman Darnley, Earl of Lennox. The Earl of Darnley, the present owner of Cobham, is the descendant of a gentleman named Bligh, who in 1714 married the heiress of the Lennoxes.

The rooms which are shown at Cobham have little of the air of antiquity which was so attractive in those we have hitherto visited. In the early part of the present century the whole house underwent a Wyattvillian improvement; when, as far as the interior is concerned, almost all the original character was improved away. The rooms were, however, rendered more convenient, and more consonant to modern habits; many of them are very elegant apartments, and they are furnished with considerable splendour. The dining-room, into which the visitor is first led, will give him a favourable impression of modern style; it is chastely



fitted up, by which the effect of the pictures is considerably enhanced. The next, the music-room, is the most magnificent in the house, and indeed is said to have been pronounced by George IV. 'the finest room in England'—a decision we take leave to demur to. This is one of the apartments erected by Inigo Jones, who had ever a good eye for picturesque effect. It is large and lofty, and well proportioned; the walls are to some height of polished white marble, with pilasters of sienna marble; the walls above, and the roof, have bold relief ornaments, richly gilt, off a ground of dead white. The fire-place has a very high chimney-piece of white marble, of elaborate sculpture, the work of Sir R. Westmacott, R.A. The floor is of polished oak; at one end of the room is a music gallery, in the centre of which is an organ—a present, we believe, from George IV. The chairs, ottomans, &c., are of the richest description, and like all else profusely gilt. All this gilding and marble undoubtedly produces a very rich effect; and most likely, when the room is brilliantly lighted and filled with fair ladies and well-dressed men the splendour is very much increased. But we confess to thinking it too fine, at least for daylight.

But after all, the pictures are what are most worth seeing at Cobham. In this music-hall there is a very fine full-length, by Vandyke, of the two sons of the Earl of Lennox, who were killed when fighting for Charles I. against the Parliament. In the dining-room are several other of Vandyke's portraits; they are not among the finest of his works, but they possess much of the quiet grace and dignity which so emphatically distinguish him; the best, perhaps, is that of the second Duke of Lennox. There are also in this room portraits by Lely and Kneller worth looking at, though hardly worth describing. There is elsewhere a room-full of portraits, of which this mention may suffice. On the staircase are several large paintings; one of which, a Stag Hunt, by Snyders, full of life and fire, deserves to be hung where it could be better seen.

The chief and most valuable paintings are assembled in the Picture Gallery. It is a fine collection, spoiled by the arrangement. One would fancy that some upholsterer had been commissioned to arrange them, as he would the tables or the curtains in a room. The only principle followed seems to have been that of hanging them as though they were mere furniture, and were to be placed where the *frames* would produce the best effect. Some of the choicest pictures are in the worst positions, and almost all are put beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. There is one exception, however: Rubens' grand picture, 'The Head of Cyrus brought to Queen Tomyris,' which hangs at the farthest end of the gallery, catches the eye as you enter, and is so brilliant as almost to illumine the room. It is one of his most glowing pieces of colour; indeed, the power and harmony of the colouring more than atone for the entire disregard of all propriety of costume and character. It was purchased from the Orleans collection. There is another very good painting, by Rubens, here—a Boar Hunt—very animated and vigorous; but falling

far short of the power displayed in the other. Several small but very spirited oil sketches by him should also be examined. The Guidos, of which there are several, are generally considered among the choicest paintings in the collection: the Herodias with John the Baptist's Head is the best. By Titian there are two or three, hung where it is not easy to judge of their merit. The two historical pictures by Salvator Rosa, which the connoisseurs admire so much, appear to us very uninteresting. The only English paintings that we remember are some two or three, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; one is a repetition of the 'Samuel,' differing a good deal from that we saw at Knole; another is a female head, very gracefully painted. There are a few small paintings that deserve examination; and a few portraits.

The park extends over an area of some 1,800 acres; well diversified with hill and valley, and broad smooth glades, and bosky dells. Some parts of it afford the most beautiful little closed-up spots of woody scenery that can be desired; others afford wide and noble prospects. The park contains many very large trees; the chestnuts being especially famous. One, known as the Four Sisters, is some five-and-twenty feet in girth.

The stranger must not quit Cobham without visiting the Church. In it are several very interesting monuments of the Cobhams: among them is a very fine altar tomb, with a recumbent statue of the Lord Cobham who was executed in the first year of the reign of Mary, for his participation in Wyatt's rebellion. But what the church is mainly visited for, is the series of thirteen monumental brasses of the Cobhams. Eight of them represent knights, five ladies: they vary, of course, in execution, but they are probably the finest and most perfect series of incised slabs in Great Britain.

#### CHARLTON HOUSE.

By way of completing the series of manor-houses, we add an engraving and short notice of Charlton House, between Greenwich and Woolwich, one of the buildings erected when the old English domestic architecture was about to be supplanted by what was then thought to be a purer style. (Cut, No. 8.)

At the accession of James I., the manor of Charlton was the property of the crown. The needy train of courtiers who followed that monarch to the rich south, were clamorous for provision, and James was nothing loth to supply the necessities of his loving countrymen. Charlton he assigned, the year after his accession, to the Earl of Mar. That nobleman sold it, in 1606, to one of his countrymen, Sir James Erskine, for £2,000. Sir James, in like manner, parted with his bargain the following year, for £4,500, to Sir Adam Newton, another of the king's northern knights. The traffic stopped there: Sir Adam kept the estate; in 1607 he commenced, and about 1612 completed, the present mansion. The present owner and occupant is Sir T. M. Wilson, Bart.

Inigo Jones is commonly said to have been the architect of Charlton House. He was at the time



architect to Prince Henry, and is very likely to have been employed by his tutor. The building is of brick, with stone quoins and dressings. In form it is an oblong, with projecting wings, and a central porch projecting somewhat less than the wings: the ground-plan being nearly that of a capital E. At each end there is a tall square turret. The style is the extremely florid one then in vogue. When first erected, its appearance must have been very different from the soberer structures of a preceding age; but time has taken off a good deal of its extravagancy, and it is now rather a pleasing, though it cannot be termed a graceful building. The chief labour is expended upon the centre, which, as was Jones's custom, is very elaborately ornamented. The arched doorway has plain double columns on each side; over it is a niche, in which is a female bust. The first story has quaintly-carved columns; and above them a series of grotesque-sculptured brackets. To this succeeds another story, and another row of similar brackets. Along the entire summit is carried a rather singular balustrade. A somewhat similar balustrade originally divided the terrace in front of the house from the garden. In the interior are some very handsome rooms. The entrance-hall is large, considerably ornamented, and has a deep central pendant hanging from the ceiling. There is also a grand saloon, which seems by its bold and profuse ornamentation to claim the parentage of Jones. Another of the more striking features is a gallery, seventy-six feet in length, very similar to that in Charlton House, Wiltshire, which is known to have been constructed by him. Indeed, the resemblance is so strong between these two houses (which

are of nearly the same date) as to leave very little doubt that they are the work of the same architect. The grand staircase is made a prominent object, and it is a very effective one in the design. In the various rooms are a good many pictures and articles of vertu; and some very showy and costly sculptured chimney-pieces; but as they cannot be seen by the stranger, it is not worth while to describe them.

To the reader who may desire to visit any of these places, it will be useful to know the days on which they can be inspected; it is a surpassing annoyance to make a holiday for the purpose, and then, after a journey perhaps of thirty miles or more, to be told you have selected the wrong day, and denied admission. Hever Castle is occupied by a farmer, who readily permits it to be seen on any week-day. Penshurst can only be viewed on Monday or Saturday. Penshurst and Hever may, as we mentioned, be easily examined on the same day. The Countess Dowager of Plymouth, who owns Knole, and constantly resides in it, very handsomely permits the readiest access to the state-rooms on any week-day. Cobham can only be seen on Fridays, between the hours of eleven and four, and the visitor must be careful to provide himself beforehand with a ticket (or if there be more than one in the party, with a ticket for each), that may be obtained of Mr. Caddell, bookseller, Milton-road, Gravesend, or at the stationers at Rochester, on payment of one shilling each; no fee is allowed to be taken at the hall. The interior of Charlton House is not shown at all, the rooms being in the ordinary occupation of the family.



2.—CHARLTON HOUSE.

RY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS





BATH, FROM THE BEACON HILL.



# BATH.

## EARLY HISTORY OF BATH.

It is very rarely the case that the history of a city is carried back to its very source. In most instances the extreme distance is lost in the haze of fable, through which we catch vague glimpses of men and things assuming almost gigantic proportions. The good people of Bath, however, see clearer than their neighbours, and run back the line of their city's history until they at last arrive at a founder who counts only the thirtieth in descent from Adam himself! We question if any city in the Principality would desire a more respectable pedigree. Still more extraordinary is their belief that the most polite city in England owes its very existence to the sagacity of a herd of swine! Bathonians notoriously put faith in the story of king Bladud, and why should not we? They place his bust over the door of one of their principal banks, as though to give a golden currency to the tale: we cannot then be accused of literary "smashing," for doing our little to pass the somewhat apocryphal coin on to posterity.

According to the most approved accounts of the origin of Bath, Bladud, son of the British king Hudibras, was so unfortunate in his youth as to contract a leperous disease; and as in those times they were not quite so humane as they are now, he was, on the petition of the nobles, banished from his father's court, lest the loathsome affliction should spread to themselves. The queen, with a true woman's affection, however, presented him with a ring, as a token by which she should know him again in case he should ever return cured. The prince departed, and after wandering some time in exile, hired himself to a swineherd, whom he found feeding his pigs not far from the site of the future city. The Royal swineherd was so unfortunate, however, as to infect his charge with his own disease; and fearing that the fact would become known to his master, he separated from him, and drove his pigs towards the vast forests that at that time crowned the Lansdown and Beacon hills. The swine, however, taught by nature to medicine their own distempers, made straight for the spot whence issued the hot-springs, and here wallowed in the marsh caused by its overflowing waters. This kindly oblation soon cured them of their disease; which Bladud perceiving, he applied the same remedy, with the like good effect, to his own person. Thus cured, he appeared again before the old herdsman, his master, informed him of the miraculous cure that had been performed upon himself and pigs; and added further to his astonishment, by proclaiming that he was a king's son. To convince him of this fact, he led him to his father's court, and seizing an opportunity when the king and queen banqueted in public, he dropped into the royal goblet the ring his mother had given him. As the queen drank (and they did more than taste the rim

of the cup in those days), she perceived at the bottom the glittering token, and thus became aware of the presence of her son. Bladud afterwards succeeded to the throne, and rewarded his old master by granting him a handsome estate near the hot-springs, and building him a palace and outhouses for his followers. These together made a town divided into two parts, the north town and the south town, to which the swineherd affixed the name of the animals that had been the cause of his good fortune; and even now the north part of the town is called Hogs Norton, but by some Norton Small-Reward, from a tradition that the king's bounty was looked upon by the swineherd as a small reward for what he had done for him. The king himself, it would seem, terminated his career in a very unfortunate manner; for, being of an aspiring disposition, like Rasselas he made an essay at flying, and was even more unfortunate than that prince of romance, for he fell down upon the tower of Salisbury Cathedral, and broke his neck! Puerile as is this tradition, yet would it be a golden one if it should have given Shakspeare a hint for his 'Cymbeline,' and if in Bladud he should have found his Polydore.

It seems very doubtful whether the hot-springs of Bath were made use of by the Britons; and in all probability no settlement existed here until that made by the Romans under the Emperor Claudius, who conquered and took possession of the neighbouring country about half a century before the birth of Christ. As Roman Bath lay wholly in a valley, such a situation must have been chosen by that people for other than military purposes; and there can be no reasonable doubt, addicted as they were to the use of the warm-bath, that the hot-springs were the chief attraction of the spot. These they collected, and erected over them buildings which even the Bath of the present day cannot rival. An excavation that was made in 1755, near the abbey, exposed to view a series of Roman baths of the most perfect and magnificent description. The following account of them, given in the 'History of Somersetshire,' will show how far beyond us they were in the construction of such buildings:

"The walls of these baths were eight feet in height, built of wrought stone lined with a strong cement of terras: one of them was of a semicircular form, fifteen feet in diameter, with a stone seat round it eighteen inches high, and floored with very smooth flag-stones. The descent into it was by seven steps, and a small channel for conveying the water ran along the bottom, turning at a right angle towards the present King's bath. At a small distance from this was a very large oblong bath, having on three sides a colonnade surrounded with small pilasters, which were probably intended to support a roof. On one side of this bath were two sudatories, nearly square, the floors of which



were composed of brick, covered with a strong coat of terras, and supported by pillars of brick, each brick being nine inches square, and two inches in thickness. The pillars were four feet and a half high, and set about fourteen inches asunder, composing a hypocaust, or vault, for the purpose of retaining the heat necessary for the rooms above. The interior walls of the apartment were set round with tubulated bricks or panels about eighteen inches long, with a small orifice opening inwards, by which the stream of heat was communicated to the apartments. The fire-place from which the heat was conveyed, was composed of a small conical arch at a little distance from the outward wall; and on each side of it, adjoining to the above-mentioned rooms, were two other small sudatories of a circular shape, with several small square baths, and a variety of apartments which the Romans used preparatory to their entering either the hot-baths or sudatories; such as the *Frigidarium*, where the bathers undressed themselves, which was not heated at all; the *Tepidarium*, which was moderately heated; and the *Eleothesion*, which was a small room, containing oil, ointments, and perfumes. These rooms had a communication with each other, and some of them were paved with flag-stones and others were beautifully tessellated with dies of various colours. A regular set of well-wrought channels conveyed the superfluous water from the baths into the Avon." These sumptuous buildings were upwards of 240 feet in length, and 120 in breadth.

Once these baths must have witnessed a thousand diversified scenes, as they were the great places of resort of the Roman people. The poet here recited his last composition, and the athletes excited the luxurious bather with a thousand feats of strength; and the song and the loud laugh caught the ear of many an old warrior as he anointed himself luxuriously with the precious ointments then in use, and little did the busy crowd beneath its portico imagine that a few centuries would bury it deep in the earth, and that the conqueror who was to come after them would inter their dead over the very spot that once contributed to the vigour of the living. Yet so it was: these baths were found full twenty feet below the present level of the soil, and four feet above them were discovered a number of stone coffins, evidently Saxon, thus denoting that the place was used by our ancestors as a place of sepulture.

In the immediate neighbourhood of these baths arose the stately porticos of temples to Minerva and Apollo and other deities of the Roman worship. Some of these must have been of a very imposing size, as portions of Corinthian pillars, measuring nearly three feet in diameter, have been exhumed, and are now preserved in the Literary Institution. Large and massive pieces of pediment have also been rescued from the depths in which they had been submerged; and in one instance the pieces have been placed together, until we see before us the façade of some highly-sculptured building.

The Bath, (or *Aquæ Solis*, as it was then called,) of

fifteen centuries ago, must have presented a beautiful appearance. Where the heart of the present city stands, dimly seen through its canopy of smoke, in that distant age the columns of the temples shone white against the dark blue of the surrounding hills, and many a noble-browed pediment seemed to watch majestically over the fortunes of the grand people who worshipped at their shrines. Here, too, in the morning sun, shone the beautiful gilt statue of Apollo, or the evening twilight dwelt upon the calm brow of some imaged Minerva. In those days there was little or no coal smoke to obscure the beautiful details of the classic city; and the whole stamped itself as sharply and distinctly upon the surrounding background of hills as did any of the antique towns of Italy herself.

But the sumptuousness and grandeur of *Aquæ Solis* served other purposes, according to Tacitus, than merely to minister to the wants and to please the sensuous eye of the Roman colonists. To this city flocked the Britons of the surrounding country, and, by participating in the luxuries of the place, gradually sunk beneath its sensualities and sacrificed their liberty at the altars of pleasure. "By these insidious means," says the historian, "the people were more effectually subjugated than by the Roman sword."

*Aquæ Solis* remained a place of great resort during the whole period of the Roman occupation; and even after their departure, which event took place in the year 400, the half-civilized Britons maintained it with a diminished splendour: and it was not until the coming of those rude workers, our Saxon ancestors,—who destroyed but to sow the germ of a more healthful state of things,—that the glory and beauty of the place were levelled to the dust.

All that remains of this once splendid city is now stowed away in the vaults and passages of the Literary Institution. As you pass along them to read the 'Times' of a morning, or to cut open the wet sheets of 'Blackwood,' your coat brushes against votive altars, wrought by the hands of this antique people. As you wander along the basement-rooms of the building your eye catches mouldering fragments, which the learned have placed together upon conjecture, as the child despairingly builds up its puzzle. Upon the tables are scattered about fragments of drinking-vessels, out of which the soldiers of the twentieth legion once pledged each other; and by stepping into the lecture-room, you will see upon the mantel-piece, amid a crowd of modern ornaments, the gilt head of the *Apollo Medicus*—a fragment of the grand statue of the deity who watched over the city, and who endued the springs with all their healing powers. The beautiful face of the god once so venerated, now claims no more respect (except as a piece of antiquity) than the bronze letter-weight that stands beside it!

To return, however, to the history of the city: after the departure of the Romans, and during the early part of that bloody struggle which took place between the Britons, and the Saxons whom they had invited over to their assistance, *Aquæ Solis* remained in comparative

peace. In the year 493, however, the city was besieged by a Saxon army, under Ella and his three sons, when there doubted King Arthur came to its assistance, and defeated the invaders with terrible slaughter. Again, in the year 520, this legendary hero evinced his prowess by defeating Cedric and his powerful army on the scene of his former victories, killing with his own hand, it is said, no less than four hundred and forty Saxons! After such sharp work as this, his famous brand, Excalibur, must have deserved a thorough grind. As King Arthur without doubt carried his round table among his baggage, who shall say that he did not set it up in the rescued city, and that the voices of Lancelot du Lake and of the other redoubted knights, did not make ring again its ancient walls?

The Saxons, in the year 577, became masters of the city and the neighbouring country, and the Latin name of *Aquæ Solis*, or City of the Sun, was changed to the homely, but more appropriate, *Hat Bathun*, or *Hot Baths*. During the Saxon period there can be no doubt that the hot springs were carefully attended to; as the tepid bath was considered by our ancestors as an absolute necessary of life. The succeeding history of the city, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, might be turned over without disadvantage. A place of no military strength, scarcely any event of importance occurred in it during the wars of succession of our early English kings; and during the great Rebellion it made but a sorry figure, the Royalist commandant giving up the place to the Parliamentarians in the most ignominious manner. He, according to the famous Prynne's representations in Parliament, "upon the approach only of two dragoons to one of the city gates, discharging their dragoons and setting some straw on fire before the gate, and the sight of twenty men brandishing their swords upon Beechen Cliff, presently sent out for a parley, and making conditions only for himself and his officers to march away with their bag and baggage, and live quietly at their own houses without molestation, valiantly quitted the city without the least assault. \* \* \* The captain then leaping over the wall for haste, and running away into Wales for shelter, before any other forces appeared to summon this strong fortified city, leaves all the common souldiers and citizens to their enemies' mercy, who were thereupon imprisoned, pillaged, or fined."

If much prowess was not shown by the commandant of the city, however, the neighbouring hill of Lansdowne has found a place in history from the bloody battle that was fought upon it on the 5th of July, 1643, between the forces of Sir William Waller and those of the Prince Maurice and the Earl of Carnarvon, in which both parties claimed the victory.

In this action Sir Arthur Hazelrig's *Regiment of Lobsters*, as they were called from being encased in iron plates, were first brought into service, and completely routed the king's horse, who fled through amazement at such a terrible-looking foe. The Cornish musqueteers, under Sir Beville Granville, managed to

retrieve the day, with the loss of their gallant commander, however, who was slain in their impetuous charge. To commemorate his loss, a monument was erected to his memory, in 1720, by the Honourable George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, on the very spot upon which he fell. This monument is handsomely built of freestone, and on its north tablet is the following inscription, written by Cartwright, in the laudatory style of his day:

"When now th' incensed rebels proudly came  
Down like a torrent without bank or dam,  
When undeserv'd success urged on their force,  
That thunder must come down to stop their course,  
Or Granville must step in; then Granville stood,  
And with himself opposed and checked the flood.  
Conquest or death was all his thought; so fire  
Either o'ercomes, or doth itself expire.  
His courage work'd like flames, cast heat about,  
Here, there, on this, on that side, none gave out;  
Not any pike in that renowned stand  
But took new force from his inspiring hand:  
Soldier encouraged soldier, man urged man,  
And he urged all; so far example can.  
Hurt upon hurt, wound upon wound did fall,  
He was the butt, the mark, the aim of all:  
His soul, the while, retired from cell to cell,  
At last flew up from all, and then he fell!  
But the devoted stand, enraged the more  
From that his fate, plied hotter than before,  
And proud to fall with him, swore not to yield,  
Each sought an honour'd grave, and gain'd the field.  
Thus he being fallen, his actions fought anew,  
And the dead conquer'd whilst the living flew."

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Bath, in common with Bristol, and many other places in the west of England, was the seat of an extensive woollen trade; but during the Stuart period these manufactures declined, and the city became by degrees a place of resort for health-seekers.

Pepys visited the city in 1668, and leaves us the following account of it in his Diary:—"Having dined very well, 10s., we came before night to the Bath; when I presently stepped out with my landlord, and saw the Baths with people in them. They are not so large as I expected, but yet pleasant; and the town most of stone, and clean, though the streets generally narrow. I home, and being weary, went to bed without supper; the rest supping." Pepys, however, only saw the fair outside of things. Wood, the famous architect, takes us behind the scenes, and shows us domestic Bath up to the beginning of the eighteenth century. "The boards of the dining-rooms," he tells us, "and most other floors, in the houses of Bath, were made of a brown colour with *soot and small beer*, to hide the dirt as well as their own imperfections; and if the walls of any of the rooms were covered with wainscot, it was such as was mean, and never painted. The chimney-pieces, hearths, and slabs, were all of freestone; and these were daily cleaned with a particular kind of white-wash, which, by paying tribute to everything that touched it, soon rendered the brown floors like the starry firmament. . . . With Kidderminster stuff, or



at best with chene, the woollen furniture of the principal rooms was made; and such as were of linen consisted only of corded dimity or coarse fustian; the matrons of the city, their daughters, and their maids, flowering the latter with worsted during the intervals between the seasons, to give the beds a gaudy look. Add to this, also, the houses of the richest inhabitants of the city were, for the most part, of the meanest architecture, and only two of them could show the modern comforts of sash-windows." The city seems to have stood still at this point for a century at least; for between the years 1592 and 1692, it had only increased by seventeen houses!

#### MODERN BATH.

From such an abject condition as we have described, the city was destined to be raised to the highest degree of magnificence, and to be made the resort of the 'quality' of the land by the genius of two men—Beau Nash and Wood. Those individuals might be said to have supplied the very soul and body of modern Bath: the former by the elegant social life he infused into it; and the latter, by his superb reconstruction of its buildings.

To Richard Nash, however, Bath must mainly attribute the rapidity with which it sprang from an insignificant place, into the focus of fashionable life, and the most 'pleasurable' city in the kingdom. His genius for trifles, his taste, and his shrewdness, serving him better than more profound abilities would have done in erecting a kingdom of his own, and in governing it in so absolute a manner as he did. Nash commenced life in the army, but speedily becoming tired of the profession he turned to the law,—that is, he entered his name on the books at the Temple, and spent his time as a man about town; and his genius for gay life, and his love of intrigue, soon led him into the society of the young bloods of the day. It was a mystery to all his acquaintances, however, how he managed to support the various extravagances he was led into, as he was known to be without fortune. In these days we should look for the secret sources of income of such a person in the columns of the broad sheet, or in the poetical epistles of a puffing tailor; but Nash seems to have been suspected of a much more direct method of replenishing his exhausted purse. His friends, indeed, charged him with procuring money by robbery on the highway! We might guess the state of society when such an accusation could even suggest itself. Nash, full of indignation, replied to the charge, and cleared his honour (!) by handing round to his accusers a *billet doux* he had just received, enclosing a large sum of money. Having, for some reason or other, got sick of the law, as he had done of his Majesty's service; not, we apprehend, because he "found his mind superior to both," as Dr. Oliver, one of his fulsome eulogists, absurdly hath it, but most probably, that his inclinations suited neither. In a lucky hour he retired to Bath, and there found a pathway to fame

which he would have never reached by the study of 'Coke upon Littleton.'

The condition of the city upon the advent of the Beau, which took place about 1703, was peculiarly favourable to the development of his particular talent. Its accommodations were most contemptible: its houses and public places lacked those elegances and amusements which are calculated to attract those who seek for passing pleasure, or are mainly desirous to kill *ennui*. The only place where the amusement of the dance could be enjoyed was upon the bowling-green, where a fiddle and a hautboy formed the whole band: the only promenade was a grove of sycamore trees. Of the varied appliances of the gaming-table Bath was then innocent; but the chairmen were so rude, that no respectable female durst pass along the street unprotected, in the evening. The Pump-house was without a director; "and," says Goldsmith, in his 'Life of Nash,' "to add to all this, one of the greatest physicians of his age (we believe it was Dr. Radcliffe) conceived a design of ruining the city, by writing against the efficacy of its waters. It was from a resentment of some affront he had received there that he took this resolution; and accordingly published a pamphlet, by which, he said, *he would cast a toad in the spring.*"

Nash, at this auspicious moment for his fortune, arrived at Bath, and made a hit at once by assuring the people that he would charm away the poison, as the venom of the tarantula was charmed—by music. He only asked for a band of performers, to make the Doctor's toad perfectly harmless. His proposition was at once agreed to, and the Pump-room immediately received the benefit, by attracting a full and fashionable company; and the spirit of the man so gained their goodwill, that he was speedily voted Master of the Ceremonies—or King of Bath.

Nash commenced his reign by repairing the roads of the city,—a strange duty for a master of the ceremonies to discharge, but one which speaks volumes as to the condition of the thoroughfares at the beginning of the last century. The company, which had hitherto been obliged to assemble in a booth to drink tea and chocolate, or to game, were, under his direction, accommodated with a handsome Assembly-room—the first ever erected in the city. He now set about composing a code of laws for his new subjects; and the conditions he drew up for the observance of a polite society were doubtless intended to smack of wit; but we must confess that, viewed in this light, they fully justified his own admission, that the pen was his torpedo,—when ever he grasped it, it benumbed his faculties. This composition, which was hung up in a conspicuous place in the Pump-room, strongly savours of the Beau's idiosyncrasies.

#### *Rules to be observed at Bath.*

1. That a visit of ceremony at first coming, and another at going away, are all that are expected or

desired by ladies of quality and fashion—except impertinents.

2. That ladies coming to the ball appoint a time for their footmen coming to wait on them home, to prevent disturbance and inconveniences to themselves and others.

3. That gentlemen of fashion never appearing in a morning before the ladies in gowns and caps, show breeding and respect.

4. That no person take it ill that any one goes to another's play, or breakfast, and not theirs;—except captious by nature.

5. That no gentleman give his tickets for the balls to any but gentlemen.—N.B. Unless he has none of his acquaintance.

6. That gentlewomen crowding before the ladies at the ball, show ill-manners; and that none do it for the future—except such as respect none but themselves.

7. That no gentleman or lady take it ill that another dances before them;—except such as have no pretence to dance at all.

8. That the elder ladies and children be content with a second bench at the ball, as being past, or not come to perfection.

9. That the young ladies take notice how many eyes observe them.—N.B. This does not extend to the *Have-at-alls*.

10. That all whisperers of lies and scandals be taken for their authors.

11. That all repeaters of such lies and scandal be shunned by all company;—except such as have been guilty of the same crime.

*N.B. Several men of no character, old women, and young ones of questioned reputation, are great authors of lies in these places, being of the sect of levellers.*

Goldsmith says of these rules, rather sincerely (if his fine nature might be considered capable of a sneer), “were we to give laws to a nursery, we should make them childish laws; his statutes, though stupid, were addressed to fine gentlemen and ladies, and were probably received with sympathetic approbation.”

The public balls, now under his management, were conducted with the greatest decorum. They commenced at six, and concluded at eleven: this rule he maintained so rigidly, that the Princess Amelia once applying to him for one dance more after his authoritative finger had given the signal for the band to withdraw, was refused, with the remark that his laws were like those of Lycurgus, which would admit of no alteration without an utter subversion of all authority. Nash had some difficulty in regulating the dress to be worn at the Assembly; but he went boldly to work, and chid even the most exalted in rank, when they departed from his rules. On one occasion he signified his dislike of the practice of wearing white aprons at the Assembly, by stripping the Duchess of Queensberry of one valued at five hundred guineas, and throwing it at the hinder benches, amongst the ladies' women. The duchess begged his Majesty's pardon, and made him a present of the obnoxious article of apparel,—to our



1.—PORTRAIT OF NASH.

mind a rather keen method of retort. He found the gentlemen, however, not so easily controlled. He tried, in vain, for a long time, to prevent the wearing of swords, on the plea that they tore the ladies' dresses; but, in fact, to put a stop to the numerous duels which arose out of the intrigues of gallants, or disputes at the gaming-table. With a deep insight into human nature, Nash gave out that he wanted to hinder people from doing *what they had no mind to*. It was not, however, until an encounter took place, in which one of the combatants was mortally wounded, that he succeeded in abolishing the use of the sword in the city of Bath; henceforward, whenever he heard of a challenge, he instantly had both parties placed under arrest.

The gentlemen's boots made the most determined stand against him. The country squires in those days, who must have been a brutal set,—we have a very good type of them, no doubt, in Squire Topehall, with whom Roderick Random had the famous drinking bout at Bath,—would come to the balls in their heavy boots. Nash tried all sorts of stratagems to shame them out of their boorishness, and, among others, he wrote a song in which the rhyme is about equal to the severity, as the reader will perceive:

*Frontinella's Invitation to the Assembly.*

“Come one and all, to *Hoyden* Hall,  
For there's the assembly this night;  
None but servile fools  
Mind manners and rules;  
We *Hoydens* do decency slight.



"Come trollops and slatterns,  
Cock'd hats and white aprons,  
This best our modesty suits;  
For why should not we  
In dress be as free  
As Hogs-Norton squires in boots?"

Finding that his verses told, he followed up his success by inventing a puppet-show, in which 'Punch' comes in, booted and spurred, in the character of a country squire. Upon going to bed with his wife, he is desired to pull off his boots. "My boots," replies Punch, "why, Madam, you might as well pull off my legs! I never go without boots; I never ride, I never dance, without them; and this piece of politeness is quite the thing in Bath." At last his wife gets so tired of him that she kicks him off the stage. There was some real point in this contrivance of Nash's, and the squires were soon shamed out of their boorishness. Sometimes, however, a gentleman, through ignorance or haste, would appear in the rooms in the forbidden boots; but Nash always made up to him, and bowing with much mock gravity, would tell him *that he had forgotten to bring his horse.*

Beau Nash, like other potentates, had his crown: the old German emperors fumed and fretted under an iron diadem: the king of Bath wore a white hat, which he wished to be taken as an emblem of the purity of his mind! He might be considered to have reached the apogee of his reign between the years 1730-40. Within that time, Bath was honoured with the visits of two royal personages—the Prince of Orange and the Prince of Wales, both of whom he managed to turn to account. Those who have visited Bath have doubtless been struck with the prevalence of obelisks in that city, the peculiarly mournful form of which seems to give a character to the place. The stranger who views them would little think that these monuments, which breathe such a solemn spirit, were the handiwork of such a frivolous specimen of humanity as the Beau: such, however, is the case. The obelisk in the Orange Grove was erected by him, to commemorate the visit of the Prince of Orange to the city for the benefit of his health, in 1734. Nash, who appears to have combined a most ecstatic loyalty with a shrewd eye to the benefit of his little kingdom, was so overcome with the miraculousness of the Prince's recovery, that he immediately had this building erected, inscribing a seasonable puff upon it of the virtues of the Bath waters.

Again, in 1738, when the Prince of Wales visited Bath, Nash run up another obelisk in Queen Square, and in order to make it all the more worthy of the personage it was dedicated to, he asked Pope to write its inscription. The poet's answer is a master-piece of irony: the monument he was pressed to dignify with his composition is not more cutting and severe in its outline, as the reader will perceive.

"Sir,—I have received yours, and thank your partiality in my favour. You say words cannot express the gratitude you feel for the favours of his R. H., and yet you would have me express what you feel, and in

a few words. I own myself unequal to the task; for even granting it possible to express an inexpressible idea, I am the worst person you could have pitched upon for this purpose, who have received so few favours from the great myself, that I am utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they like best. Whether the P—— most loves poetry or prose, I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can." (Signed "A. POPE.") Nash, who doubtless took the very ambiguous compliment at the conclusion of the letter in its most favourable aspect, still pestered the poet until he got the inscription out of him, and a very ordinary affair it is, as might have been expected, from the writer's contempt of both Nash and his "R.H."

We cannot help regarding these obelisks as "standing advertisements" for the town; and Nash evidently used up the two princes in the same manner that Professor Holloway, of Ointment notoriety, does the Earl of Aldborough in the columns of the 'Times.'

But turn we again to the magnificence of Nash in his day of pride. Behold him going forth upon a progress to the colony of Tunbridge he has founded, in his post-chariot and six grays, with outriders, footmen, and French horns; and at the side of his equipage his famous running footman, Murphy, who thought nothing of going a message for his master to London in a day. Had not Bath reason to be proud of a king who kept such sumptuous state? It might be asked how Nash managed to support all this extravagance, as he received no remuneration in consideration of his office as Master of the Ceremonies. One word will explain all—*play* filled his overflowing purse.

If, under his auspices, the resources of the city for restoring health were fully developed, it cannot be denied that he fostered the vices that ruined the mind; and thousands that came hither to recruit the body did not leave it until they were morally ruined.

Hazard, lansquenet, and loo, were the milder forms of excitement in which the ladies joined; and, according to Anstey, who lashes the folly of the day in his famous 'New Bath Guide,' had a pretty way of their own of cheating:

"Industrious creatures! that make it a rule  
To secure half the fish, while they *manage* the pool:  
So they win to be sure; yet I very much wonder  
Why they put so much money the candlestick under;  
For up comes a man on a sudden slapdash,  
Snuffs the candles, and carries away all the cash;  
And as nobody troubles their heads any more,  
I'm in very great hopes that it goes to the poor.

The sterner sex indulged in more desperate games, and an incredible deal of money was lost to the sharpers who made the city their head-quarters during the dead metropolitan season. To such a height was gambling carried, that at last the Government interfered, and by Act of Parliament suppressed all the games of chance of the day. Public gaming thus being checked, the whole source of Nash's income was cut off at once. He managed to recover it, however, for a time, but

with a total loss of all honour, and a great portion of that consideration with which his Bath subjects had hitherto treated him. He received this fall through entering into a confederation with the keepers of a new game, called 'E.O.,' set up on purpose to evade the law, a certain portion of the profits of which he pocketed, in consideration of the company he drew to it. Poor Nash was not a bit more corrupt than the mass of society at the time; but his position made it necessary for that society to turn its back upon him to save its own honour! The moral condition of Bath about the middle of last the century, was, we confess, at the lowest ebb, and its intellectual life was melancholy indeed. One forcible contrast will perhaps show the depravity of the period better than a thousand words.

In the year 1760, subscription-rooms were opened for prayers at the Abbey, and gaming at the rooms. At the close of the first day the number of subscribers for prayers was *twelve*, and for gaming *sixty-seven*. This circumstance occasioned the following lines at the time:

"The Church and Rooms the other day  
Open'd their books for Prayer and Play;  
The Priest got *twelve*, Hoyle *sixty-seven*;  
How great the odds for Hell 'gainst Heaven!"

Not only in the universal love of gambling was the vice of the period exhibited, but in the shameless intrigues which were carried on, but which Beau Nash—we must do him the justice to say—exerted all his influence to put a stop to. He was the Marplot of Bath; in fact, whenever a clandestine marriage was on the *tapis*, and as far as lay in his power, he acted as the conscientious guardian of those young ladies of fortune around whom the swindlers of the place constantly gathered. His manner of warning parents was sometimes *brusque* enough. On one occasion he highly offended a lady of fortune at the Assembly-room, by telling her *she had better go home*: this speech he continued to repeat to her; and at last, piqued and offended, she did go home, and there discovered the meaning of his apparently rude advice in a coach and six at the door, which some sharper had provided to carry off her daughter. As for the manner in which the company got through the day, a description of it is melancholy enough. The bath occupied the morning; the noon was spent (by the young) in making-believe to drink the waters in the Pump-room, but really in flirting, according to the ingenuous Miss Jenny of Anstey's poem, who admits that the springs she never tastes, but that her chief delight is

"Near the Pump to take my stand,  
With a nosegay in my hand,  
And to hear the Captain say,  
'How d'ye do, dear Miss, to-day?'"

whilst the old tabbies

"Come to the Pump, as before I was saying,  
And talk all at once, while the music is playing:  
'Your servant, Miss Fitchet:' 'Good morning, Miss Stote';  
'My dear lady Rigglelam, how is your throat?'"

'Your ladyship knows that I sent you a scrawl  
'Last night, to attend at your ladyship's call;  
'But I hear that your ladyship went to the ball.'  
—'O Fitchet!—don't ask me—good Heaven's preserve  
'I wish there was no such a thing as a nerve:  
'Half dead all the night, I protest—I declare—  
'My dear little Fitchet, who dresses your hair?  
'You'll come to the rooms; all the world will be there!'"

Out of such materials as these Nash managed to construct that social life which made Bath so famous in the last century, and which led to its material reconstruction by the genius of the architect Wood.

We have before dwelt upon the insignificant appearance of the city at the beginning of the eighteenth century: at that time, it contained but two houses fit to receive any personages of condition; but before its close it was one of the most splendidly-built places in Europe. In the few minutes' breathing-time which is allowed at Bath, in the rapid rush from London to the West, the traveller has, from the platform of the railway-station, a splendid view of the city. The foreground he sees filled with spires of churches—the Abbey sitting like a mother in the midst; the back-ground closed in by the Lansdowne hills, up which terrace and crescent climb, until they appear almost to kiss the sky. Amid this splendid scene, however, he singles out one mass of buildings immediately beneath his eye, which stands with an air of great dignity, and seems to carry with it recollections of bygone glory. The North and South Parade, which we allude to, was one of the earliest works of Wood. Its broad and ample terraces,—where now but a few invalids catch the warmth of the sunny South, or breathe the bracing air of the Downs; in the time of Nash, and still later, was the resort of all the fashion of the land. What a sidling of hoops, a clapping of delicate red-heeled shoes, a glistening of sword-hilts, a raising of cocked hats, and a display of black solitaires, and patches *à la Grecque*, was there once here,—of which a dusty death has long swallowed up all! Wood commenced these buildings about the year 1730; and soon after, Queen Square, with its very marked and noble style of architecture, the Circus, and a crowd of other elegant buildings, which we shall notice hereafter, followed, displacing meaner erections, spreading far out into the then country, and supplying that architectural magnificence which the wealth and fashion now filling the city demanded.

Nash died in 1761, and for some time no dispute as to the succession arose; but in 1769, a civil war took place, in consequence of two Masters of the Ceremonies being elected. The partisans of the rival monarchs, among whom the ladies were most prominent, actually came to blows in the Pump-room, whose walls witnessed the most extraordinary scene that perhaps ever took place in a polite assembly. Imagine, good reader, a crowd of fashionables of the present day falling to pulling noses, and tearing caps and dresses! Yet such deeds took place among the 'mode' in Bath, not seventy years ago:



"Fair nymphs achieve illustrious feats,  
 Off fly their tuckers, caps, and *têtes* ;  
 Pins and pomatum strew the room,  
 Emitting many a strange perfume ;  
 Each tender form is strangely batter'd,  
 And odd things here and there are scatter'd.  
 In heaps confused the heroines lie,  
 With horrid shrieks they pierce the sky :  
 Their charms are lost in scratches, scars,  
 Sad emblems of domestic wars !"

And it was not until *the Riot Act had been read three times*, that the fury of the combatants was appeased !

The social condition of Bath, which we have been mainly following, continued pretty much the same as Nash left it, until the end of the last century ; from that period, however, to the present time, a marked change has slowly been taking place in it. The public life of the city has gradually subsided, and is now pretty well extinct. The gambling spirit of old times has degenerated into shilling whist at the Wednesday night card-assemblies ; and the public balls, those magnificent reunions which, in the old time, under Nash, always commenced with a minuet danced by the highest people of 'quality' present, although still well attended, yet shine with a diminished lustre. Bath, in fact, from a place of resort for the valetudinarian, and for the pleasure-seeker during the winter season, has become a resident city of 80,000 inhabitants, in which the domestic life has gradually encroached upon the public life that once distinguished it. Private parties have taken the place, to a considerable extent, of the subscription-balls, and friendly visits between families have emptied the Pump-room of much of that crush of fashion and galaxy of beauty which once trod its floors, when the city was a nest of lodging-houses, and the inhabitants a set of loungers, or a flock of incurables, who only visited it to air themselves in the eyes of the genteel world, or to wash themselves out with the mineral waters before making their final exit.

Another reason why the public amusements of the place have fallen off so of late years is to be found in the religious spirit which has developed itself. The modern history of Bath is but an amplification of the life of many of its fine ladies of old : beginning their career with all kinds of dissipation, progressing amid scenes of scandal and intrigue, and ending by becoming a devotee : what changes the individual underwent within the human pan society has repeated during the flight of a century and a half.

As one passes along the streets and looks into the booksellers' windows, the ascendancy of the evangelical church-party in the city is manifest by the portraits of young clergymen everywhere meeting the eye, and the multitudes of religious books, with 'third,' or 'fourth,' edition of the 'tenth,' 'twentieth,' or 'thirtieth' thousand inscribed upon their title-pages.

Many of the publications issued in Bath, when in the heyday of its fame, were lewd and gross in the extreme : we ourselves have seen many volumes which any Holywell Street publisher of the present time would

be prosecuted for attempting to vend, so grossly indecent were they : yet in those days they were perused openly by maid, wife, and widow,—and doubtless without raising a blush upon the hardened cuticle of the eighteenth century. Without being too pharisaical, the city might compare her present with her past moral condition with much complacency. The tone of manners is immeasurably purer, and the life more moral ; than it was in times of old.

#### THE HOT BATHS.

The Medicinal Baths of this city, so famous in the time of the Romans, appear to have lost all their attractions about the middle of the sixteenth century, mainly owing to the breaking-up of the monastery, in the prior and monks of which they were vested. So little were these baths known throughout the kingdom, and so few did they attract to their healing waters, that Dr. Turner, who wrote a treatise upon the 'Properties of the Baths of England,' in 1562, and which he dedicated to the Duke of Somerset, says, that it was only after visiting the baths of Italy and Germany, "*that I hard tel that there was a natural bathe within your father's dukedome :*" and farther on, he denounces the "*nigardishe illiberallite*" of the rich men of England, for not bettering and amending them. "I have not hearde," he tells us, "that anye rich man hath spent upon these noble bathes, one grote these twenty years." The Doctor's reproaches do not seem to have had much effect, for we find that during the reigns of Elizabeth and James the most extraordinary disorder existed in them. The baths, we are told, were like so many bear-gardens, and as for modesty, it was a thing which had no existence in them. *The custom of both sexes bathing together in a perfect state of nature* existed even a century before. Bishop Beckyngton having endeavoured, in 1449, to remedy the evil by issuing a mandate forbidding men and women to bathe together without "decent clothing ;" his efforts, however, did not prove of much effect, for in 1646 we find the scandal grown so great, that the corporation was obliged to interfere and enforce the wearing of bathing-clothes.

The filthy condition of the bath was almost as bad as the morals of the bathers : "dogs, cats, pigs, and even human creatures, were hurled over the rails into the water, while people were bathing in it." By the rigid enforcement of by-laws the corporation amended the nuisance, and the good effect of their interference was seen in the crowds of people who flocked to the city from different parts of England, both for the purpose of bathing and drinking the waters. Pepys, who visited the city in 1668, and of course pried into the baths, did not think them particularly clean, in consequence of the great resort to them. His gossiping sketch is full of interest : "13th (June) Saturday, up at four o'clock, being, by appointment, called up to the Cross Bath, where we were earried one after another, myself, and wife, and Betty Turner, Willet, and W. Hewer. And by-and-by, though we designed to have

done before company came, much company came ; very fine ladies ; and the manners pretty enough, only methinks it cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water. Good conversation among them that are acquainted here and stay together. Strange to see how hot the water is ; and in some places, though this is the most temperate bath, the springs are so hot as the feet not able to endure. But strange to see, when women and men here, that live all the season in these waters, cannot but be parboiled, and look like the creatures of the bath ! Carried away, wrapped in a sheet, and in a chair, home ; and then one after another thus carried, I staying above two hours in the water, home to bed, sweating for an hour ; and by-and-by comes music to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere : 5s."

What an amiable picture this ! the Clerk of the Acts (an officer filling the post of a modern Secretary to the Admiralty), his wife, and male and female servants, all dipping into one bath together ! Somehow or other, the social liberty of those days of despotism was greater than that which exists at present, notwithstanding our free institutions. Fancy a fine lady of 1848 treating her waiting-maid on the like equal terms.

The fashion of ladies and gentlemen appearing in

the same bath continued down to the present century. Anstey has a fling at the custom in his satirical poem :

"Oh ! 't was pretty to see them all put on their flannels,  
And then take the water like so many spaniels :  
And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,  
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter ;  
'T was a glorious sight to see the fair sex  
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks ;  
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl,  
In a great smoking kettle, as big as our hall ;  
And to-day, many persons of rank and condition  
Were boil'd, by command of an able physieian !"

The bath for a long time was a fashionable amusement for the ladies. A foreign traveller, who visited England towards the end of the last century, speaking of those in this city, says, " In the morning the young lady is brought in a close-chair, dressed in her bathing-clothes, to the Cross Bath. Then the music plays her in the water, and the women who attend her present her with a *little floating-dish like a basin*, into which the lady puts a handkerchief and a nosegay, and of late a snuff-box is added. She then traverses the bath, if a novice, with a guide ; if otherwise, by herself ; and having amused herself nearly an hour, calls for her chair and returns home." The while the lady thus amused herself with her little floating-dish, she was well



2.—BRIDGE AND RAILWAY.



aware of being "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" for the gallery of the bath was generally the resort of young gentlemen who ogled the fair to their heart's content. There is a story told of a gentleman once looking at his wife while she was bathing in the King's Bath, and who was so charmed with her increase of beauty that he could not help complimenting her upon it, which a king of Bath hearing, he instantly took him by the heels and hurled him over the rails into the water—by way of marking, we suppose, his sense of the impropriety and *mauvais ton* of admiring one's own partner.

The *public* baths of the city are four in number—the King's Bath, the Queen's Bath, the Hot Bath, and the Cross Bath. The King's Bath is the largest and most important of them all, and royalty has on many occasions disported in its waters. A remarkable circumstance is related to have occurred in it while Queen Ann, consort of James I., was bathing here. A flame of fire, it is said, ascended to the top of the water, spread itself into a large circle of light, and then became extinct. This so frightened her Majesty that she immediately departed for the New Bath, close at hand; which ever afterwards went by the name of the Queen's Bath. Another circumstance, still more singular in connection with it, is mentioned by Stukeley in his 'Itinerarum.' "It is remarkable," says he, "that at the cleansing of the springs, when they set down a new pump, they constantly found great quantities of hazelnuts, as in many other places among subterraneous timber." The comment of this old author upon the circumstance is, however, a thousand times more strange than the thing itself. "These," he adds, "I doubt not to be the remains of the famous and universal Deluge, which the Hebrew historian tells us was in autumn; Providence by that means securing the revival of the vegetable world." (!)

The dimensions of this Bath are 65 feet wide by 40 broad, and it contains 364 tons of water; the heat at the springhead is 116° of Fahrenheit. In the centre of the Bath there is a statue of the favourite Bladud, and the bather stands astonished as he reads the following inscription in copper upon it:

BLADUD,

Son of Lud Hudibras,

Eighth king of the Britons from Brute:

A great philosopher and mathematician,

Bred at Athens,

And recorded the first discoverer and founder of these baths,  
Eight hundred and sixty-three years before Christ;

That is,

Two thousand five hundred and sixty-two years

To the present year,

One thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

In connection with the King's Bath is a spacious tepid Swimming Bath, designed by that true artist and master of the classic style of architecture, Decimus Burton. The Cross Bath has of late years been converted into a Tepid, Plunging, and Swimming Bath, the price of admission to which brings it within the

means of the "great unwashed." The temperature of the water is about 95°. The Hot Bath is so named from the great heat of its springs, the thermometer standing in it as high as 116°: a temperature so great that it seems almost to scald the skin upon the first immersion. In addition to these public baths (which belong to the Corporation), there are a number of private bathing-establishments, fitted up with every elegance and improvement that the present day has suggested. There are also the Abbey Baths, likewise very commodious, and situated upon the site of the old Roman Thermæ. In 1833, an analysis was made, by the Oxford professor of chemistry, of the gas emitted by the waters, and he found that within the twenty-four hours 222 cubic feet was given off, which contained a variable quantity; viz., from 4½ to 13 per cent. of the whole; and the rest consisted of 96 per cent. of nitrogen, and 4 per cent. of oxygen. The learned professor, we are also told, drew the inference so comfortable to Bathonians, that their city owes its hot springs to the action of a volcano immediately beneath it!

This is a mere conjecture, however, as philosophers are still entirely in the dark as to the causes of the internal heat of the globe. The old Bathonians had an opinion of their own on the subject: they attribute the springs themselves to the Royal necromancer, Bladud; and their composition, and the origin of their heat, is set forth in rhyme, which, five centuries ago, was held to be very good reason: we quote the following lines as far as they bear upon the subject:

"Two tunne ther beth of bras,  
And other two maked of glas;  
Seven salts there beth inne,  
And other thing maked with giinne;  
Quick brimstone in them also,  
With wild fire maked thereto.  
Sal Gemme and Sal Petræ,  
Sal Anonak then is eke;  
Sal Alford and Sal Alkine,  
Sal Gemmæ is mingled with brine;  
Sal Conim and Sal Almetre bright,  
That borneth both day and night.  
All this is in the tonne ido,  
And other things many mo,  
All borneth both night and day,  
That never quench it we may.  
In your well springs the tounes laggeth,  
As all the philosophers us saggeth.  
The hete within, the water without,  
Maketh it hot all about."

This, translated into modern English, means that the redoubtable Bladud buried deeply in the earth at Bath two tons of burning brass and two of glass,—the latter of which contained a composition of seven salts, brimstone and wildfire, which precious composition being set potwise over the four springs, fermented, and thus caused that great heat which now exists, and is to last for ever! Modern chemists would like to be able to produce perpetual heat on the same terms; it would be finding a motive power at a very cheap rate

--indeed it would solve the problem of perpetual motion without more ado.

The waters are reported to be beneficial in *all* chronic distempers, with the exception of those arising from diseased lungs, or from hæmorrhage and inflammation. Gout, stone, rheumatism, indigestion, palsy, and bilious obstruction (this accounts, we suppose, for the multitudes of liverless old Indians to be found in Bath;) and cutaneous diseases are said to be benefited by the use of these springs, whether administered externally or internally. A collection of all the treatises which have been written upon the efficacy of the Bath waters would make a very decent-sized library, as in former times such works were the means by which young physicians introduced themselves to practice. It is not a little amusing to look over the more antique of these productions, published in the days of Brobdignagian type, oceans of margin and rude initial letters, and observe how the old practitioners managed to hide their real ignorance of internal complaints by generalizing them under such appellations as "the grosser humours of the body," or "the vapours which arise to the brain," and which these waters were to drive forth. We do not wonder at Dr. Radcliffe's threat "to cast a toad into the spring," when we consider the outrageous manner in which their waters were quacked by the physicians of a past generation.

#### A WALK THROUGH BATH.

The high level at which the Great Western Railway passes through the suburbs enables the traveller to take in a very comprehensive view of the city. It lies before him almost like an Ordnance map, a very dirty corner of which he crosses; for however handsome the all-prevalent free-stone is in appearance in buildings of any pretension to architectural effect, yet when employed in the meaner buildings of the artisans it has a very grim and mean appearance, quite melancholy to witness. Across a perfect nest of courts and alleys, the traveller, as we have before said, is hurried, and he cannot witness the wretched poverty at his feet without bitterly contrasting it with the palace-like erections of the Lansdowne Hill-side.

If we approach Bath by way of the old bridge which crosses the Avon, we shall gain a juster knowledge of the city than by any other entrance. This bridge, in old times, was quite sufficient for all the traffic which passed over it; but with railroads a new epoch has commenced, and its ancient piers are now made to carry a wooden roadway overhanging on either side. A little higher up the stream, the railroad crosses the river by a skew-bridge, in which Brunel seems to have courted a difficulty merely to vanquish it. As the eye wanders over the complication of iron girders and ponderous beams of which it is composed, it assumes an aspect of daring power, that seems to typify the dauntless spirit of the present age as contrasted with the old bridge which slowly creeps across the river on five cumbersome arches. (Cut, No. 2.) Southgate Street, which in the

old coaching time resounded throughout the day with the rattle of the stages and mails running between London and the West, gives the stranger no idea of the beauty of the modern town. The gable ends of the houses, the country-town like character of the shops, and the appearance of the inhabitants, presents another world to that which exhibits itself in Milsome Street.

As we proceed along Stall Street, architectural beauties begin to unfold themselves. The Pump-room, the crescent-shaped Piazza which commences Bath Street, the King's Bath, and the Colonnade, through which the beautiful west-front of the Abbey is seen, furnish a number of effects all charming in themselves. At this spot the genius of Bath still seems to linger: the chairmen hang about, reminding one of old times, and the lounge, too, seems to love it. The Pump-room, which was built upon the site of the old one, in 1796, presents, in combination with its two wings, the King's Bath and the Colonnade, a very beautiful appearance. Its interior, which is 60 feet long by 56 wide, is noble-looking and elegant. The band, long famous for its performance of ancient music, still attracts much company on Saturday—the fashionable day of the season. (Cut, No. 3.)

At the bottom of the room a statue of Nash used to stand, between two busts of Newton and Pope. Lord Chesterfield, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, let fly an epigram upon the incongruousness of the juxtaposition; the last stanza of which is biting enough:

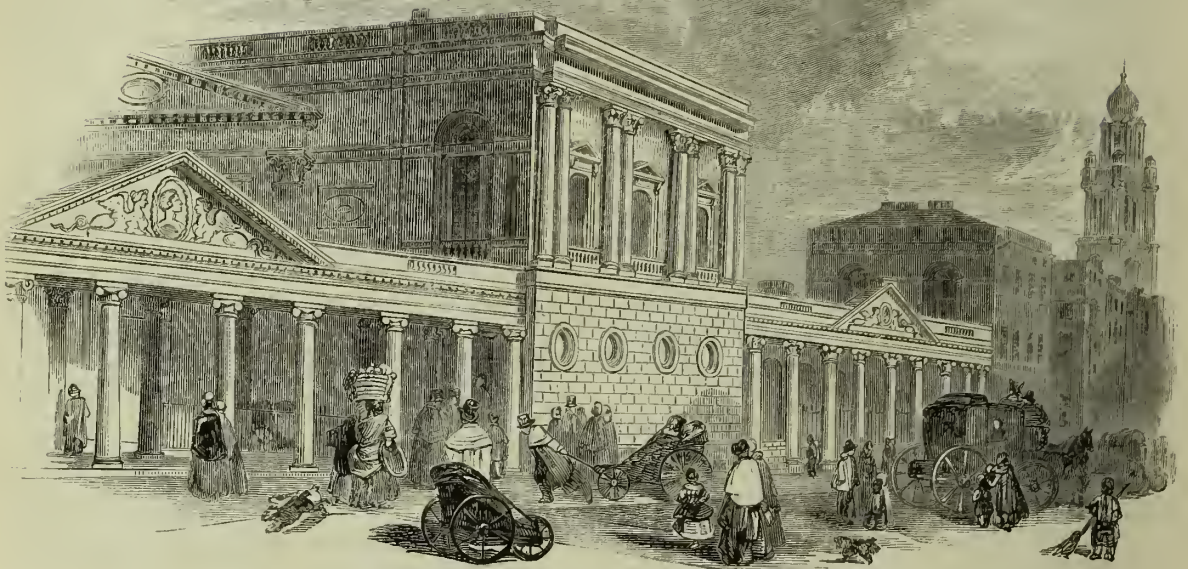
"The statue placed these busts between  
Gives satire all its strength:  
*Wisdom and wit are little seen,  
But folly at full length.*"

This keen shaft had the effect of separating the trio; the poet and the philosopher have been banished, and the Beau now holds an undivided reign, not exactly over the scene of his former triumphs—for that vanished with the old room—but still over the spot where the genius of the city still dwells.

The modern rooms have few associations. Old Queen Charlotte, when she visited Bath, in 1817, held her morning levees here, at which the chief company of the city and neighbourhood were presented to her. Madame D'Arblay, in her interesting 'Diary,' gives us an affecting picture of the presentation of her husband to her Majesty, and of the exhaustion of the sufferer, who was in the last stage of disease, when the interview was over. The old king was to have accompanied the queen on this visit, and three houses had been taken for them in the Royal Crescent; but just as he had arranged for the excursion he was afflicted with blindness, and then, as Madame D'Arblay says, he would not come; "for what," said he, "was a beautiful city to him who could not look at it."

It was whilst her Majesty was sojourning in this city that the melancholy news arrived of the death of the Princess Charlotte, which event hurried her off to Windsor; but she did not much love her Royal grandchild, and three weeks saw her again drinking the Bath waters.





3.—KING'S BATH AND PUMP-ROOM.

The waters issue from the mouth of a marble serpent, situated on one side of the room, where the poor valetudinarians gather to quaff out of glasses tintured, by the medicinal qualities of the water, a deep yellow colour. During the season a fee is demanded of strangers who visit the room while the band is playing, but at all other times it is open as a public promenade.

As we leave the Pump-room, our footsteps are naturally led towards the Abbey Church, the richly-embellished west-front of which the eye wanders over with delight. There was a monastery situated here at a very early date, and a church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, which was elevated into a bishopric in 1090, and granted to John de Villola, bishop of Wells, for the purpose of enlarging that see; and the two Abbey Churches and dioceses have ever since remained united under the same episcopal head. This building having fallen into decay, the present church was commenced in 1495, by Oliver King, bishop of the diocese, who, it is asserted, was prompted to the good work by a vision he beheld in his sleep, wherein he saw the Holy Trinity with angels ascending and descending by a ladder, to which was a fair olive-tree supporting a crown. This dream the prelate construed into a command from Heaven to restore the Cathedral Church; which he immediately set about, but did not live to see it completed. (Cut, No. 4.)

Viewed from beneath the Pump-room Colonnade,

and amid the bustle of Stall Street, this poetical idea of the ascent and descent of angels upon the ladder, sculptured in enduring stone on each side of the great west window, seems to realize some Scripture dream of one's youth, and to lead one back to those days when the white-robed angels, with the brightness of the celestial mansions still surrounding them, descended upon earth and formed a link between the Eternal and his earthly creatures. We fear all our praise must be confined to the effect of the west front, as the general design of the building is not beautiful, neither are the details particularly elegant. It was the last abbey built in England, and with it Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, as a really living style, might be said to have died. Like the religion with which it grew up, it had become so debased that its destruction was inevitable. Upon the dissolution of the religious houses, the Abbey was entirely stripped, by Henry's Commissioners, of the lead, glass, iron, and timber that it contained, and reduced, in fact, to its naked walls; in which condition it remained until 1606, when it was restored by Bishop Montague, and converted into a parochial church. The Bathonians, with a singular notion of the beauties of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, pride themselves upon the lightness of the interior of its edifice, which, from its being lit by the enormous number of fifty-two windows, is styled 'The Lantern of England.' The mid-day glare that meets

4.—BATH ABBEY.



M. JACKSON.



9.—THE INSTITUTION.



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the eye in the nave, certainly warrants them in giving it this appellation; but they should not deceive themselves with the idea that this is a beauty. The early architects, whose aim seems to have been to produce that "dim religious light" which gives such solemnity to our York and Westminster, would indeed smile, could they witness the manner in which that simple daylight effect is praised, which they used all their marvellous art to modify and subdue. The Church is crowded with cheap marble-slabs, which give it the most meagre appearance; nay, almost turn it into a marble-mason's shop. Among the multitude of urns, sarcophaguses, weeping willows, and the like mediocre emblems of grief, scarcely more than half a dozen monuments deserve a better fate than to be ground up into marble dust; and yet we can almost forgive them their existence, for the sake of the following capital epigram to which they have given rise:

"These walls adorn'd with monument and bust,  
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

Nash, who was buried here with great pomp, has a monument with an inscription, in which the visitor is requested to consign to his remains "one grateful tear;" what for we know not, as the Beau, during the latter part of his life, at least, was little better than a "hell-keeper." A more interesting monument is that of Quin, the actor, which consists of a finely-carved head and bust of the deceased, in marble. Quin contested for a short time the palm with Garrick, as a tragic actor, but was soon driven from the stage by that genius; when he retired to Bath with a handsome annuity, and lived there many years the prince of good fellows, and the sayer of good things. *Bon mots* were not the only invention of his brain: he seasoned his viands as well as his conversation, and his Blood-Sauce was a famous condiment among his friends. As he grew feeble, he used to be wheeled along the South Parade, where, as he basked in the sun, he would declare "that Bath was the finest place in the world for an old cock to go to roost in." Garrick, who saw him off the great stage of life, as well as off that of London, wrote his epitaph; but it is a poor hybrid affair. Dryden has one of his beautiful mortuary inscriptions to Mary Frampton, which is quite delightful to read after the mass of affected and strained lines which everywhere meet the eye. So exquisite is this epitaph that we cannot forbear quoting it:

"Below this humble monument is laid  
All that Heaven wants of this celestial maid:  
Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consign'd!  
The mould was made on purpose for the mind;  
And she would lose, if at the latter day,  
One atom should be mix'd of other clay.  
Such were the features of her heav'nly face,  
Her limbs were form'd with such harmonious grace,  
So faultless was the frame,—as if the whole  
Had been an emanation of the soul,  
Which her own inward symmetry reveal'd,  
And like a picture shown, in glass anneal'd,  
Or like the sun eclips'd with shaded light,  
Too piercing, also, to be sustain'd by sight.

Each thought was visible that roll'd within,—  
As through a crystal case the figured hours are seen:  
And Heaven did this transparent veil provide,  
Because she had no guilty thought to hide:  
All white, a virgin saint, she sought the skies—  
For marriage, though it sullies not—it dyes!

High though her wit yet humble was her mind,  
As if she could not or she would not find  
How much her worth transcended all her kind.  
Yet she had learn'd so much of Heaven below,  
That when arrived she scarce had more to know;  
But only to refresh the former hint,  
And read her Maker in a fairer print:  
So pious, as she had no time to spare  
For human thoughts, but was confined to prayer;  
Yet in such charities she pass'd the day,  
'T was wondrous how she found an hour to pray.  
A soul so calm, it knew not ebbs or flows,  
Which passion could but curl, not discompose!  
A female softness with a manly mind,  
A daughter dutious, and a sister kind,  
In sickness patient, and in death resign'd!"

Another interesting monument is that to the memory of Lady Jane Waller, wife of the Parliamentary General. On the tomb lies the effigy of the knight in armour, in a mourning attitude by his wife's side, and two children in the like position. The old sextoness, who shows you the lions of the Abbey, draws your attention to a fracture in the knight's face, which, she informs you, was made by James II., who passing through the church, and happening to espy Waller's obnoxious effigy, drew his sword, and knocked off its nose. But unfortunately for this very pretty tale, Pepys spoils it, for he inspected the Abbey on his visit to Bath in 1668—long enough before James was king; and, as he tells us, "looked over the monuments, when, among others, Dr. Venner, and Pelling, and a lady of Sir W. Waller's; he lying *with his face broken*." Warner, in his History of the city, gives another story respecting James and the Abbey, which is perhaps true. It seems certain that shortly after his succession to the throne, he visited and made some stay in Bath; and that, among his other attendants, he brought with him his confessor and friend, Father Huddleston, the Jesuit. As the tale goes, this friar, by James's orders, went to the Abbey and exhibited on the altar all the paraphernalia of the Romish ritual; and then wrathfully denounced all heretics, at the same time exhorting them to an immediate change from the errors of Protestantism, to the true faith from which this country had apostatised. Among the number of his listeners was Kenn, then bishop of the diocese, and the consistent and firm supporter of the Reformed religion. Fired with indignation at this open display of hatred to his faith and to the established religion of the land, the bishop, as soon as Huddleston had concluded his sermon, mounted a stone pulpit which then stood in the body of the church, and desiring the departing congregation to remain for a little while, he preached an extempore sermon in answer to Huddleston, exposing his fallacies and displaying the errors of his church and the absurdity of its ceremonies in a strain



of such fervid eloquence as astonished his congregation and confounded Huddlestone and the Royal bigot. Such is the tale as it goes; but it does seem rather strange that a Romish priest should be allowed to play such pranks in a cathedral of the Established Church, and in the very presence of its bishop. There are some monuments by Bacon and Chantrey in the church, but nothing very striking; and Bishop Montague, who repaired the building, has an imposing tomb in the fashion of James the First's time. Prior Bird's Chapel is the architectural gem of the building, the delicate tracery of which has lately been restored. The roof of the nave is formed of lath-and-plaster work, and in a style which comes, we suppose, under what is called 'Modern Gothic,' which includes anything that a master mason might imagine. The roof of the choir, however, is as beautiful as that of the nave is common. Those who have seen that of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster will have seen this; for they are both of the same age and style. The clustered pillars spreading out into a fan-like tracery, which covers the roof. Two long galleries totally deface the appearance of the choir. We wonder that in this age of restorations, when it is the fashion to rail at churchwarden barbarity, they have not been removed. The exterior of the building was repaired in 1833 (a period anterior to that in which most of the intelligent revivals have taken place), or rather botched in a most disgraceful manner. The pinnacles on the tower are such gross absurdities, that their having been allowed to remain astonishes us. Returning again into Stall Street, the main artery of the city, a short walk up Union Street brings us into Bond Street—a locality which reminds one of the West end of London, from the elegance of the merchandise in the shops and the general metropolitan air of the place. This paved court (for it has only a footway for passengers) is but the ante-chamber to what might be justly called the pulse of modern Bath—Milsom Street. This promenade is one of the most, if not *the* most, elegant and pleasant streets in the kingdom; not so long as Regent Street in the metropolis, or Sackville Street of Dublin, yet just the length to form a pleasant promenade. Its architecture, too, is noble and cheerful, and its shops are crowded with elegant novelties. Milsom Street is, in fact, the fashionable lounge of the city, and in the season the scene it presents more resembles the walk in Kensington Gardens than anything else that we know of. To the ladies it must be pleasant indeed; for here they mingle the two great joys of female life—flirting and shopping: when tired of their beaux they can drop in at the milliner's, when, fitted with a charming bonnet, they can issue forth again and smile gaily to the "How do's" that shower upon them from the mob of fine gentlemen who seek

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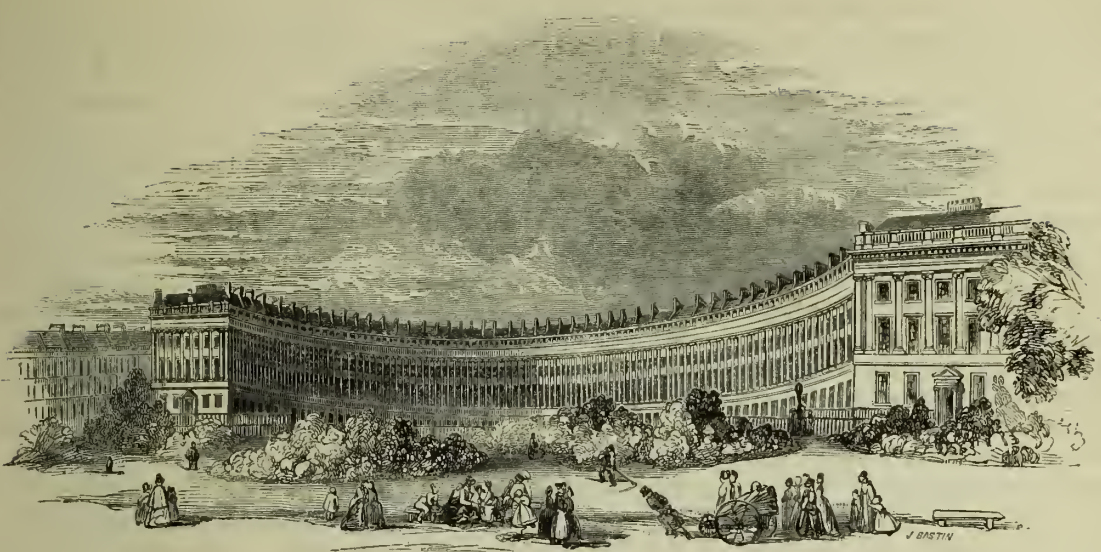
"renown  
By walking up in order to walk down."

The street being situated upon a slight ascent, a full view of its bright scenes is gained from either extremity.

The tone of a city can generally be ascertained from the character of its shops: in Milsom Street we see at once that Bath is entirely a place of 'genteel' resort and independent residents. The perfumers, milliners, tailors, print-sellers, circulating libraries, &c., which wholly occupy the principal streets, proclaim it a city of easy and elegant life.

From Milsom Street we might either climb the ascent of Belmont and Belvedere (two very fine ranges of houses), until we reach Lansdowne Crescent, which circles the fair forehead of the city, or by turning off to the left along Bennet Street, enter the Circus, which might be called her zone: choosing the latter way, let us pause for a moment at what might, at the present time even, be considered the chief attraction of Bath—the Assembly-room. This magnificent building was erected by Wood the younger, in 1771, several years after the death of Nash; consequently, none of the associations connected with him and his days are to be sought within its walls. The Assembly-room over which he reigned stood upon the site of the Literary Institution: it was destroyed by fire in 1810. When both buildings were in existence, they were presided over by distinct masters of the ceremonies, and were distinguished by being called the Upper and Lower Rooms. We question if the metropolis can boast so noble a suite of apartments as the Upper Rooms. The Ball-room is 106 feet long by 42 wide, and is finished in that elegant yet solid manner that prevailed towards the latter end of the last century. The Master of the Ceremonies receives the company in an octagon of 48 feet in diameter, and vaulted at a great height. The walls are surrounded with portraits of defunct kings of Bath, among whom Nash, with his white hat, stands conspicuous; but the artistic eye is more attracted by one of Gainsborough's lifelike heads. This artist was driven from London by the competition of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was all the fashion of the day, and something more; yet we question whether his noble *manner* was after all as true a thing as the fine nature of his less successful competitor. Gainsborough, like Quin, retired to Bath from his rival, and lived and painted here for some time.

The Octagon-room and another, 70 feet in length by 27 feet in width, are devoted to cards. A guinea is the sum paid for the season Subscription Balls, and five shillings extra to the Card Assembly; and sixpence each is all the charge for tea. Moderate prices these, for admittance to one of the most polite assemblies in the kingdom. "Nobodies," however, must not expect to mingle with the "somebodies" of high life on such easy terms. Certain rules are drawn up, by which all retail traders, article clerks of the city, theatrical and other public performers, are excluded from its saloons. The Master of the Ceremonies goes on the principle, we suppose, of Dickens's barber, who refuses to shave a coal-heaver, remarking, "we must draw the line somewhere: we stops at bakers." It must be confessed, however, that the term "public performers" is rather a



5.—ROYAL CRESCENT.

vague one, as it might equally apply to the India-rubber men, who perform in our quiet streets, or to the Lord Chancellor, or Chief Justice of the kingdom. It must be, moreover, a difficult task for the Master of the Ceremonies, with all his fine eye for a gentleman, to distinguish the difference between a Piccadilly retailer and a Leadenhall Street merchant, disguised as they both might be in the well-built clothes of a Stultz or a Buckmaster; and we have no doubt that, with all the care taken to let none but aristocratic particles escape through the official sieve,

“Even here, amid the crowds you view,  
’Tis sometimes difficult to tell who’s who.”

This class feeling was carried at one time even into the theatre, where no trader was allowed to sit in the dress circle!

The Circus, to which Bennet Street forms an avenue, as its name denotes, is a circular pile of buildings, covering a large space of ground, and erected in the Roman style of architecture; the principal stories being divided by Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars. There is something, we confess, gloomy in the effect of this mass of buildings; indeed, we must plead guilty to a certain feeling of oppression whilst traversing the more architectural portions of Bath: whether it is from the colour of the stone, darkened by age, and the uniformity of tone and style that prevails, we know not, but all the buildings have a haughty exclusive look, and appear to hold themselves aloof from the spectators; they seem, in fact, as exclusive as their possessors, and amid all their grandeur we wish for a sight of the pleasant jumble of Park Lane, where the houses are like faces—no two alike. Leaving the Circus by way of Brook Street, we come at once upon the really magnificent Royal Crescent, also built by Wood the younger. This is infinitely the most magnificent pile of buildings in Bath; indeed we know of nothing finer

in England; and its first appearance gives the reader that sensation that a fine work of Art or Nature always effects. Viewing it as we do from Brock Street, its grandly sweeping curve impresses itself once and for ever upon the mind. Few buildings have the advantage of such a site as the Crescent, situated as it is upon a gentle slope, and the ground in front quite open for a considerable distance; the Royal Avenue to the Victoria Park, in fact, forming its very picturesque foreground. (Cut, No. 5.)

Turn we now into the Royal Avenue—no formal



6.—VICTORIA COLUMN.



row of trees, or broad gravel walk, as its name seems to imply, but a winding drive through plantations and shrubberies, in the centre of which *another* obelisk has been erected, called the Victoria Column. (Cut, No. 6.) This drive, of more than half a mile in extent, opens into the Victoria Park, lately formed out of the Town Common. The plantations have not yet grown up, consequently it has a cold naked appearance, which time alone can remedy. The scenery around the Park, however, makes up for the rawness incident to all newly laid-out grounds: few public promenades can command so fine a prospect, and fewer still such an architectural effect as the Royal Crescent. A colossal head of Jupiter, from the chisel of a self-taught sculptor of Bath, ornaments one portion of the Park. It is upwards of seven feet in height, and is esteemed by the citizens as a great work of art. It has certainly merit, but we fear the fact of its author being a "self-taught" native artist exaggerates its merits in the eyes of Bathonians: works of art must be judged purely on their own merits. We cannot leave the Park without noticing the two sphinxes over the gateway, the donors of which having had the very questionable taste to make the fact known to the world in Egyptian letters as large as a sign-board. There is a Botanical and Horticultural Garden in the Park, in which the floral exhibitions of the city are held.

Returning again to the Abbey Church, and proceeding along High Street, instead of turning off, as we have done, into the more aristocratic portions of the town, we come to the seat of civic dignity, the Guildhall, an exceedingly fine Roman building, in the centre of trading Bath: an architectural screen on either hand forms portions of the market, by which we suppose the builder meant to imply that the corporation takes especially under its wings the good things of this life. Bath has, from a very early period, possessed certain municipal privileges; but its government by a mayor and corporation dates from the time of Elizabeth, when, by Royal Charter, Bath was declared a city in itself. The Corporation, before the passing of the Reform Bill, had the privilege of returning to Parliament the two members for the city: the inhabitants at large having no voice at all in the matter. This extraordinary state of things was one of those cases, like that of Old Sarum, which tended as much as anything to pass this important measure. The fact of twenty-six persons thus monopolising the rights of the citizens of such an important place as Bath, can scarcely be believed by the rising generation; but give a body of men a privilege, and, however unjust it might be, they soon come to confound it with a right, and are astonished at those it oppresses attempting to destroy it.

In the days before the Municipal Reform Act fell like a blight upon the close corporations of the kingdom, the civic authorities, like their Bristol brethren, were famous for taking care of the "body corporate" in more ways than one, as the length of their kitchen-range, and the size and magnificence of their banqueting-rooms, can now testify to. In consequence of the

exclusion of the citizens from *the* Assembly-room, they are in the habit of holding their balls in these fine apartments, which certainly rivals the others in magnificence, if the company be not altogether so select. Turning off on the right hand, down Bridge Street, we cross the Avon by means of the Pulteney Bridge, which carries on its strong arches a line of houses on either side of the roadway, the river being thus entirely hidden from view. The prospect, as we proceed up Great Pulteney Street, is one of the sights of Bath. It resembles Portland Place, London, in width and architectural effect; but it is a full third longer than that street, and it is terminated by the very handsome Sidney Hotel, which, besides serving its ordinary purposes, forms a noble entrance to the Sidney Gardens,—a place of great resort to the citizens of Bath and Bristol: it was, indeed, for a long time the Vauxhall of the two cities, pyrotechnic exhibitions taking place here nearly every week. Having been planted above half a century, the trees have grown up to a stately altitude, and assume all the wild luxuriance of a forest. A thousand beautiful effects meet the eye at every turn, and one cannot help contrasting the charming effect of these gardens with the trim, cold, bare appearance of the Victoria Park. For some time past, however, it has been a melancholy solitude: no gay lamps now hang between the trees:

"Glitt'ring like fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

The pathways are deserted, the flower-beds neglected, and the arbours rotting; and the whole domain looks forgotten and abandoned, with the exception of two lines of life which traverse it in the shape of the Kennet and Avon Canal, and the Great Western Railway. Handsome terraces skirt and overhang the iron-way, and ornamental bridges span it, whilst the Canal forms quite a piece of ornamental water to the Gardens, adorned as its margin is with weeping-willows. Standing between these two great arteries of the west, the Past and the Present seem pictured to us at a view. Along the Canal comes a barge, "The Sylph of 70 tons"—for it is a curious fact that the heavier the tonnage and appearance of these vessels, the lighter and more aerial is the name given to them—a string of horses, or perhaps men, towing it slowly along. It moves so gently that the ripples scarce curve from its bows; the helmsman moves the helm sleepily with his jutting hip, the blue smoke from the little cabin creeps upwards in an almost perpendicular thread, and the whole seems a type of the easy-going world that is departing. Then on a sudden a rumble is heard in the distance, where the traffic-brightened rails, like lines of light, vanish in a point; a speck of black is seen: it *grows up* to us in a moment, rushes past, and we stand gazing at a long thread of white cloud, painted distinctly against the green background of trees; and ere it has broken up and drifted into fantastic fragments, the train, with its long freight of thousands, is lost in the mist of the distance:

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7.—BROAD STREET AND ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.



"Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever reaping something new ;  
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

Not in vain the distance beacons : forward, forward, let us range,

Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing groves of change."

However much the material aspect of the world might alter, the emotions of the heart never do ; and we read with as much delight the love-tales of times long past as those of our own immediate day. Along these garden-walks, Sheridan once rambled with his beloved, and the grotto is pointed out in which they used to sit. The lover has himself left a rather maudlin poem, addressed to the spot, which commences in the following very limp and dishevelled manner :

"Uncouth is this moss-cover'd grotto of stone,  
And damp is the shade of this dew-dropping tree ;  
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own ;  
And willow, *thy damps are refreshing to me.*  
In this is the grotto where Delia reclined,  
As late I in secret her confidence sought ;  
And this is the tree kept her safe from the wind,  
As blushing she heard the grave lesson I taught,"  
    &c.      &c.      &c.

The lady of his love was the beautiful Miss Linley, of Bath. She was of a musical family, and was herself so accomplished a public singer, that she was called "the syren and angel of the Bath concerts." From the description left of the tender sweetness of her face, we cannot help thinking of that exquisite head, so full of sentiment and beauty, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Dulwich Gallery, known as "A Portrait of a Gentleman." The original was a Linley, a young musician, and doubtless of the same family as the lady Sheridan wooed in these Gardens, and afterwards married.

Returning along Great Pulteney Street, we cannot help noticing that it stands, as it were, still in the country. At every opening, on either side, we see meadows and pleasure-grounds, and the public walk to Henrietta Street is quite park-like in appearance. This fine street was constructed at the latter end of the last century, and was intended as the main thoroughfare of an entirely new neighbourhood on the east side of the river ; but the plan was never carried out, and the "New Town," as it is called, consists of the trunk of Great Pulteney Street, and a few streets leading out of it, or lying like great blocks in its immediate vicinity. It remains for some future speculator to fill up the vast original sketch, and to render the New Town the most splendid portion of the city.

If we return to High Street, and proceed on through Northgate Street, we have a full view of St. Michael's Church, which is by far the best of the modern ecclesiastical structures of the city. It is built in the fork, between Broad Street and Walcot Street : an excellent position, as far as effect goes. The style is that prevalent in Salisbury Cathedral. The most beautiful portion of the building is the pierced spire, which rises



S.—ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

to a considerable height, and forms one of the most interesting features of the city, when viewed from the railway. This spire is wrought in the most elaborate manner, and only requires time to soften its present sharpness to make it perfect. (Cut, No. 7.) The new tower of St. James's Church, built in the Italian style, and surmounted with an elegant lantern, is another very prominent object, as you enter Stall Street ; indeed, it forms many graceful combinations from different points of view.

The most ambitious-looking of all the modern ecclesiastical erections in Bath is St. Stephen's Church, situated upon the top of Lansdowne Hill. It has been built within the last few years, but its architect does not seem to have felt the influence of that revival of the pure Gothic which has lately taken place. (Cut, No. 8.)



There are no churches of any antiquity in Bath, the Abbey itself not dating earlier than the fifteenth century; but at the top of Holloway, the straggling suburb that climbs the Beechen Cliff, there is a chapel, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, that was founded in the twelfth century, and repaired and enlarged of late years. The city is, in fact, remarkably wanting in early English remains of any kind. Bellet's Hospital, in Beau Street, founded by Lord Cecil, in James the First's time, and devoted to the use of poor persons using the medicinal-baths and waters of the city, is, perhaps the most interesting old building in Bath; and its low appearance, and pompously-carved porch, which rises as high as the roof itself, is singular enough, as we look upon it suddenly from out the great modern thoroughfare of Stall Street. Beside it rises the regular façade of the Bath United Hospital: a handsome classic building, and no doubt replete with every modern convenience; but still it lacks entirely that old familiar, sociable, *indigenous* look which characterize its uncouth little neighbour's appearance. Still more interesting specimens of antiquity are the remains of the ancient walls of the city, yet to be seen in the Upper Borough Walls, nearly opposite the General Hospital, and in the Grove at the back of the Market. Its most perfectly-preserved portion is in Boatstall Lane, where the wall is complete even to the battlements; the eye has to carefully trace it out, however, as it is incorporated with the fronts of the houses built upon it. The three great epoch of the city's, nay, of the country's, history, are written on this wall in enduring characters of stone. Its foundation is formed by the old Roman fortifications which originally protected the city, and secured a foreign supremacy. The walls themselves (Saxon and early English), speak of the second period of brute force, when they served the double purpose of a stronghold against invaders, and a bulwark against the internal foe during an age of civic strife. The row of houses which now surmounts them—each one an "Englishman's Castle"—is the expression of the final triumph of law and order. We wish we could also say that the scene immediately below them speaks of the conquests of sanatory science; but, unfortunately, it is quite the contrary: slaughter-houses flourish in all their disgusting filth, and we much question if so much blood was to have been seen here even after the destructive battle in which King Arthur is said to have slain 450 Saxons with his own hand, as now pollutes the very centre of a city especially devoted to health.

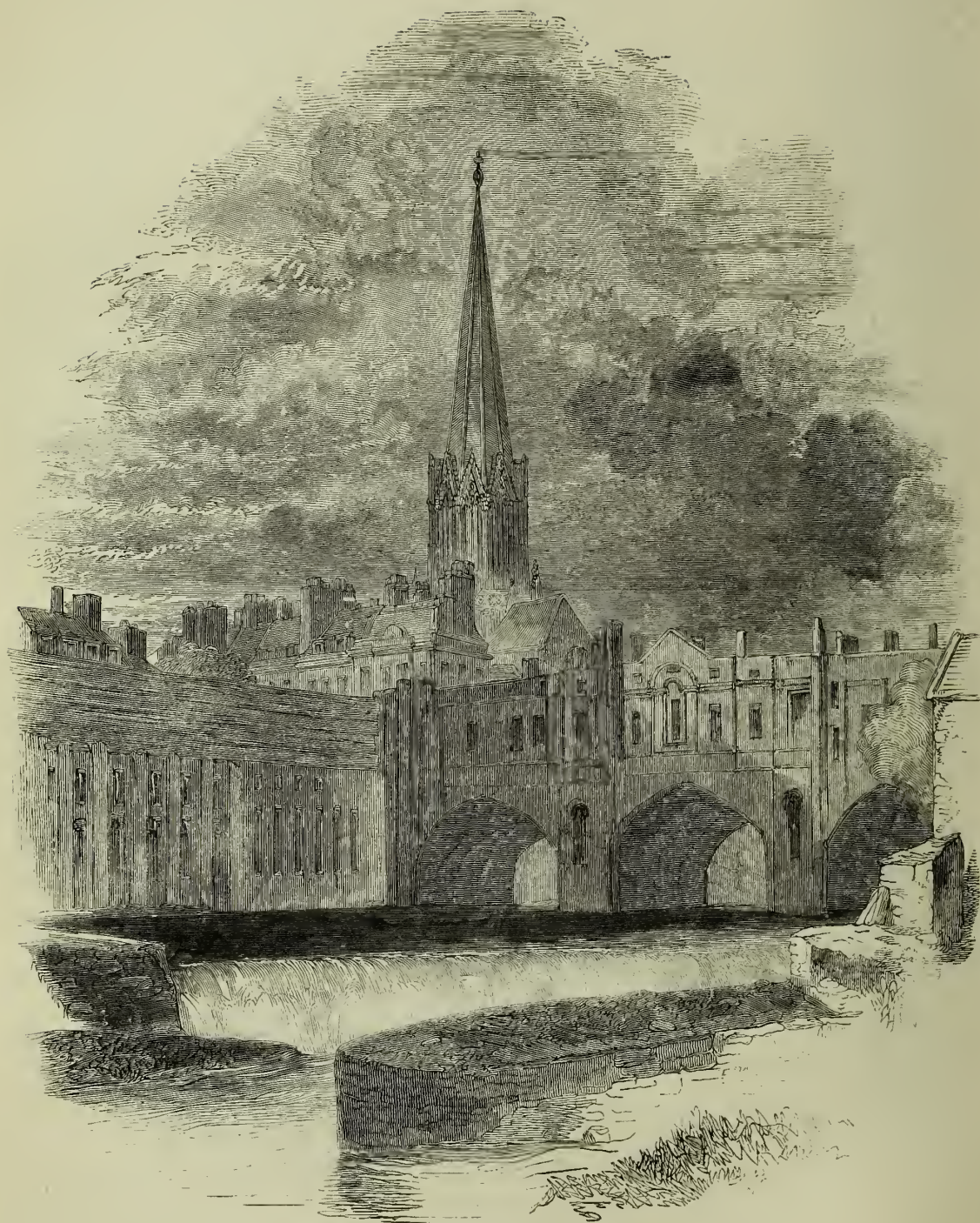
The Literary and Scientific Institution, (Cut No. 9,) built upon the site of the Lower Assembly-rooms, is a very commodious and convenient edifice, containing a lecture-room, library, reading-room, and a range of vaults which contain the Roman Antiquities before mentioned. There is also a museum stored with a collection of minerals, and a series of geological specimens; showing the stratification of the entire South Coast of our island. The Conchological Exhibition is also worthy of inspection. But the chief attractions to the stranger are the classical remains of antiquity, which are

alone sufficient to draw those who take an interest in such things to Bath, for no Institution in England is so rich as this one in those architectural remains and pieces of sculpture, which are the most perfect tracks left by the Roman Colonists of their magnificence, whilst sojourning in this island. As building goes on, and excavations are made, the Collection is continually increasing. The last, and not the least interesting, specimen of Roman remains found, was the entire ground-plan of a villa, exposed, a few miles from Bath, during the construction of the Great Western Railway. A fine specimen of tessellated pavement was removed from it to the Institution; where it now remains, and, together with the other antiquities, is politely shown to strangers by the officers of the establishment.

Among the Charitable Institutions of Bath, the most interesting, and perhaps one of the most useful is Partis's College, a very handsome pile of Grecian buildings, on Newbridge Hill, a little way out of the city, and well seen from the railway. Here, by the will of the founder, thirty reduced ladies, ten of whom must be the widows or daughters of clergymen, are provided for. The Bath General Hospital was originated by Beau Nash, in 1738. There is a presence about the building which always strikes the stranger in his rambles about the city. Charity covereth a multitude of sins; and we suppose the Beau, in its erection, considered that he should expiate the crime of passing a life in foolishness and utter vanity. His position enabled him to command the pockets of a great number of persons,—in fact as King he could dip into his subjects pockets, with almost as much impunity as other monarchs, and the sums he collected for this Institution were accordingly great. An anecdote is told of the art with which he managed to make indifferent people "bleed," that is worth repeating. Whilst in Wiltshire's Rooms (a celebrated gambling-house of the day) one morning, collecting money for the hospital, a lady entered who was more remarkable for her wit than her charity, and not being able to pass by him unobserved, she gave him a pat with her fan, saying, "You must put down a trifle for me, Nash, for I have no money in my pocket." "Yes, madam," said he, "that I will, with pleasure, if your grace will tell me when to stop;" then taking a handful of guineas out of his pocket, he began to tell them into his white hat, "One, two, three, four, five." "Hold, hold!" said the duchess, "consider what you are about." "Consider your rank and fortune, madam," cried Nash, "and don't interrupt the work of charity; eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen." Here the duchess stormed, and caught hold of his hand. "Peace! madam," replied Nash, "you shall have your name written in letters of gold, madam: sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty." "I won't pay a farthing more," said the duchess. "Charity hides a multitude of sins," replied Nash. "Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five." "Nash!" at length broke out the lady, "I protest you frighten me out of my wits: Lord, I shall die!" "Madam, you will never die doing good; and if you do it will be

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10.—PULTENEY BRIDGE, FROM THE BATHWICK WEIR.



better for you," and was about to proceed; but perceiving her grace had lost all patience, a parley ensued, when he, after much altercation, agreed to stop his hand and compound with her for thirty guineas. The duchess, however, seemed displeased the whole evening, and when he came to the table where she was playing, she bade him stand further *for an ugly devil, for she hated the sight of him* (this, it appears, was the wit of the last century). But her grace afterwards having a run of good luck, called Nash to her: "Come," said she, "I will be friends with you though you are a fool, and to let you see that I am not angry, there is ten guineas more for your Charity. But this I insist on, that neither my name, nor the sum shall be mentioned." Until very lately it was a condition of the hospital that no inhabitant of Bath should participate in its benefits. This absurd law has been very properly abolished. The United Hospital, which we have already spoken of, contains in itself the old City Dispensary, Infirmary, and Casualty Hospital. There are also several alms-houses and charity-schools in the city. The Grammar-school is, however, a very small establishment to supply the educational wants of such a large city as Bath, only ten boys being provided with a gratuitous classical education. We have now traced the principal streets of Bath, and noticed its more remarkable buildings and institutions, and shall conclude with a word or two about the Theatre, the life of which seems sadly on the wane. These boards once developed the talent of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Abingdon, Miss Brunton, and that of Incledon, Henderson, Edwin, and Elliston. Indeed, together with the Bristol stage, which was generally under the same management, it sent up to the metropolitan boards a greater number of eminent actors than any city in the kingdom; now, we fear, the supply of talent is entirely stopped, and the tone of the society of the city keeps away the citizens from its doors. "The New Theatre Royal," as it is called, has a handsome classic front, and its interior is excellently arranged, and very elegant in appearance: indeed, few provincial buildings of its kind can vie with it either in beauty or the excellence with which it is constructed as regards sight and sound.

#### THE RIVER AVON AND ITS BRIDGES.

The river which traverses the city in a winding direction, from east to west, has certainly something to complain of in the manner in which it is treated in its passage. The river God, who disports himself in the tolerably clear stream skirted by the Bathwick meadows, must, we are sure, both hold his nose and shut his eyes, or dive, or execute some other manœuvre, to escape the unpleasant odour and prospect which would otherwise meet him on his way through Bath. It would be somewhat unfair to reprove the citizens for allowing the public sewers to discharge into the stream, when great and opulent London, the centre of the sanitary movement, does the same thing; but the evil is not to be viewed by the metropolitan error, for the Thames is at least a swiftly running river, contain-

ing a vast body of water, while the Avon is little better than a canal, for its sluggish stream is impeded at about every other mile of its length, between a spot high above Bath down to Bristol, with lock-gates and weirs. The consequence is, that all the filth which flows into it is merely deposited at the bottom, and there generates noxious gases at "its own sweet will." We must confess that we do not envy the fair naiads of the stream (if they have not all been seared long ago), the difficulty they must have in picking their way along the bottom of the river. We wonder again why the Bathonians allow the banks on either side of the old bridge, the chief entrance to the city, to be lumbered with such ruinous buildings as skirt the Lower Bristol Road, and the mean cottages to be seen on every hand. The stranger would look for a promenade beside the river of such a city as Bath as a matter of course; but he finds instead every condition unfavourable to health and disgusting to the senses. But we are only at the beginning of our knowledge of the great science of Hygien, and are wrong to expect Bathonians to understand it better than their neighbours.

The river is spanned by a number of bridges, which differ widely in their character. The highest up the stream is a pretty little toy suspension-bridge, at the back of Grosvenor Place; then comes the Bathwick bridge, connecting the London Road and the parish of Walcot, the general appearance of which is solid and ornate. The next we arrive at is the gloomy structure which carries Bridge Street on its broad back. There is something quite terrible in the appearance of this bridge, viewed from the weir in front of the Bathwick mill. The three dark arches, through which scarce any light is seen, and the sombre character of the tall houses which form the back of the Grove, and rise in all the gloomy manner of one of Dante's creation, is contrasted with the long, ghost-like, white line of foaming water which rushes over the dam, and completes a picture which stamps itself on the mind for ever. An old dramatist would instantly seize upon it for the scene of some imaginary horror. (Cut, No. 10.) After dwelling upon its strangely tragic appearance, the light effect of the North Parade Bridge seems to relieve the mind like a vaudeville after a heavy melo-drama. The span of this elegant structure is 108 feet, and its whole effect is pretty. The two railroad bridges come next, then the old bridge, and, lower down the river, towards the village of Twerton, there are two more on the suspension principle. We question if any city in England is spanned by so many roadways as Bath. The village of Twerton is well worth a visit, as in this place still lingers the old manufacture of the place, in the shape of an immense woollen factory, which turns out a vast amount of the still celebrated West of England cloth.

#### LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF BATH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

For those associations, of which Bath has most reason to be proud, we must sweep the horizon. To



the north-west, stands the solitary tower, on Lansdowne, built by that great and magnificent genius Beckford; to the south-east, where Coomb Down rises four hundred feet above the vale, Prior Park rears its long and splendid façade. This mansion, once the seat of Ralph Allen, Esquire—the Allworthy of Fielding's novel of 'Tom Jones,'—is now erected into a Roman Catholic College. To get to it we must cross the Old Bridge—having in our face the bold acclivity of Beechen Cliff, which rises to several hundred feet in height, and seems to hang with its woody summit directly over the city—and proceed for some little distance along the left bank of the Avon, until we turn up the lovely Vale of Lyncomb. This beautifully wooded valley is studded with cottage ornées and handsome residences, and is evidently a favourite spot with those who desire a mild and sheltered situation. At length our footsteps are arrested by a couple of gates, forming the entrance respectively to the New Bath Abbey Cemetery, and to the Catholic College of Prior Park. If we scale the greater height, we shall soon find ourselves in front of the latter building. Prior Park was erected in 1743, by Mr. Allen, who was originally a clerk in the Bath Post-office; but having luckily been enabled to give General Wade some intimation of a wagon-load of arms coming to the town for the use of the Pretender's adherents during the rising of 1715, he was rewarded by the Government, at the recommendation of that officer, with the situation of Postmaster of the city. Whilst in this trust he got the Government to adopt an ingenious plan of his for the multiplication of cross posts, by which the revenue was vastly increased, and the proposer, who formed the department, was rendered independent.

The Post-office seems to have been mainly indebted to Bathonians for the improvements which have been made in its management; for the first revolution which took place in the speed with which letters were transmitted was brought about by another of her sons, Mr. Palmer, who originated the plan of despatching the letter-bags by mail-coaches, and who was rewarded for his idea by the post of surveyor and controller of the Post-office, and by a grant of £50,000. But to return to Prior Park and its builder, between whom and Pope an intimacy had sprung up, occasioned by Allen's admiration of the letters of the poet, published in 1734. Pope, who loved "to fall in pleasant places," if his lines did not, was a constant visitor to the palatial residence of his friend, and to this day a walk in the neighbourhood is known as 'Pope's Walk.' It was to his worthy host that his fine compliment is paid which has passed into so common a quotation:

"Let humble Allen with ingenuous shame  
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

It was originally written, "Let low-born Allen," &c.; but the best of us have a vein of pride lurking about our hearts, and Pope did not exactly please his friend by this allusion to his early life, and, at the suggestion of Warburton, he substituted the phrase as it at present

stands. The way in which the Bishop became acquainted with Allen is a singular instance of the manner in which a whole life—nay, the destinies of a family,—might be decided by an accident. It is related that whilst Pope was on a visit at Prior Park he was handed a letter, the reading of which seemed to give him some perplexity; and his host inquiring the cause, was informed that a Lincolnshire clergyman had written him word that he would be with him at Twickenham in a few days. Mr. Allen suggested that the friends could as well meet at Prior Park as on the banks of the Thames; and the result was, that Warburton arrived, and in process of time married Allen's niece, became, through his influence, Bishop of Gloucester, and ultimately inherited Prior Park and a large portion of his estates. Pope, we must confess, did not behave towards Allen with very much delicacy, for he actually brought down to his house his mistress, Martha Blount; but his friend even bore this insult with temper: a coldness, however, took place between the lady and Mrs. Allen, as might have been expected. The only wonder is, that her visit should have been allowed; but that such was the case might be seen, from Allen's conversations with Pope on the subject, and his letters to Mrs. Blount, which appear in Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Warburton took up his residence here after Allen's death, and from this place issued the major part of that divine's controversial works. In 1829, Dr. Baines, the Roman Catholic Vicar-Apostolic of the Western district, purchased Prior Park, and converted it into a college for the instruction of youth. For this purpose he enlarged the building by adding two very extensive wings to the original fabric, and the whole façade has now a very noble appearance. The gardens were remodelled by the same tasteful hand, and the interior enriched with statues and paintings, which the vicar had brought from Italy. A theatre and an observatory were also added to the building, and such was the magnificence to which the whole establishment had attained under Dr. Baines's guidance, that a few years ago the place was the lion of the neighbourhood. A very disastrous fire took place, however, in 1836, which entirely consumed the interior of the centre, or old portion of the building erected by Allen, and property to the amount of £18,000 was destroyed. This loss, together with the death of Dr. Baines, in 1843, seems to have reduced the fortunes of the place, and now visitors are not so easily allowed admittance; the present head of the establishment not wishing, it is said, to expose the reduced fortunes of the place.

We have not many particulars of Fielding's connection with Prior Park, but there is no doubt that he laid the early scenes of 'Tom Jones' at this place. The novelist must have been a bit of a courtier as well as the Bishop; for his portrait of Allworthy drew from the original a present of £500. A description of Mr. Allen's grounds and the distant landscape is given in 'Tom Jones,' which, as one of the old guide-books says, "allowing for the introduction of an imaginary sea, distant island, and ruined abbey, is tolerably cor-

rect!" The objects the imaginative painter has introduced into his landscape are evidently drawn from some high point near neighbouring Clifton, where the features of a river and sea, and a distant island, lie before the spectator. Fielding might have copied faithfully, however, the prospect from Coomb Down; for if he had no ocean-prospect to terminate his view, the city, with its picturesque spires, and its noble buildings was there to supply the scene with a moral life far more attractive than a monotonous expanse of ocean. Allen, independently of his patronage of men of letters and his abundant benevolence, might be considered as having been a very important agent in the construction of modern Bath. It was he that opened the vast quarries of oolite or freestone upon Coomb Down, from which, as from a womb, the splendid city at its side sprang forth. This quarry is well worth a visit in itself. The great oolite formation in which it works is 130 feet in thickness, and the blocks taken out are sometimes of an enormous size. The roof of this quarry is supported by numerous lofty pillars and arches, through which the subterranean passages extend a considerable distance. A tram-road, on an inclined plane, conveys the stone to the Avon, whence it is shipped in barges to all parts of the kingdom—its hardness and durability making it a favourite material with builders.

The view from the top of Coomb Down is very extensive. Salisbury Plain stretches across on the left; and, on sunny days, the White Horse cut, on Westbury Hill side, is very distinctly seen. Claverton Down, which rises to an equal height with Coomb Down, is not very far distant, and on it stands Sham Castle, the mere shell of a fortress-like building, erected by Allen to diversify the landscape.

Returning by the way we came, through Lyncomb Valley, the Abbey Cemetery must claim our attention for a few minutes. A more beautiful spot for the purpose it is devoted to could not have been chosen, and the most has been made of the natural beauties of the ground by the art of Loudon, who laid it out. There are not as yet very many monuments, for the Cemetery was only formed in 1843. The remains of Mr. Beckford were interred here in 1844, but his body has lately been removed to its resting-place within his own grounds on Lansdowne. When the workmen were making the roadway to the chapel in this Cemetery, they discovered three stone coffins containing skeletons, together with another skeleton, and two Roman coins, one of Carausius, the other of Constantine. A monument has been erected over these coffins, the presence of which prove that the spot must have been a place of burial at a very early period.

A person walking over the ground cannot help remarking the number of Indian officers among the dead. Every third tombstone, almost, rises resplendent to the merits of some lieutenant-colonel or major-general in the Bombay or Madras armies. "Bath must indeed be a great place for bad livers," are we should think the unconscious words that arise in most people's minds who visit it.

There is an air about all cemeteries of insincerity: the grief is too gilded—the sentiments too strained—by which survivors attempt to keep alive the memory of those buried in them. The churches in such places are but pretty toy-buildings, to which neither veneration nor respect attaches. The Saxon edifice in this Cemetery is particularly wanting in dignity. Looking, the other day, from this spot, down the vale towards the antique little church at Widcomb, over which old Time has been for ages festooning the ivy, we could not help contrasting in our mind the country churchyard and church with the genteel cemeteries of modern growth. The church was only a few hundred yards distance, and we walked towards it, expecting to have a ramble among its "forgotten graves," but found the hatch shut and locked; so instead of musing among the silent tombs—a privilege which should not be denied any man; for to close "God's acre" is to fasten down a leaf of that great book of mortality which all of us are the better for sometimes reading—we were perforce obliged to take a survey of the impounded dead over the low churchyard wall, and soon saw that none but the *elite* of the departed were here buried. The whole place wore an air of mouldering exclusiveness, which a distant view of the picturesque little tower did not lead us to expect. More lieutenant-colonels and major-generals of the East India Company's service have here their glorious deeds blazoned forth on urn and slab, and we turned away with a full persuasion that Bath was the natural resting-place of that class of individuals, the type of which Ingoldsby has given to us in his 'Legend of Hamilton Tighe,' as follows:

"There is an old ycllow Admiral living at Bath,  
As gray as a badger, as thin as a lath;  
And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,  
They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.  
That old ycllow Admiral goes to the Rooms,  
And he plays long whist, and he frets and he fumes."  
    &c.      &c.      &c.

The portrait is undeniable; we meet the original at every turn in the more aristocratic portions of the city, and we have seen by the obituaries in the churchyards and cemeteries that they make Bath their last long home.

We must mount again to the hill-top to seek the retreat of genius. Beckford's Tower, to which we bend our steps, stands on the brow of Lansdowne Hill; full eight hundred feet above the level of the city. Our way is along Belmont and Belvedere, toiling painfully up the steep, but everywhere meeting with signs of the aristocratic nature of the quarter we are traversing. At length we reach Lansdowne Crescent, one of the highest buildings in the city, and only second to the Royal Crescent in beauty. Mr. Beckford used to occupy two houses here, one of which formed the corner of a wing detached from the main building by a narrow roadway. In order to form a communication between the two, he threw an arch across, of good proportions and simple form; and in this Siamese residence lived the great



recluse,—a puzzle, nay almost a fear, to the good citizens of Bath. His retreat was a kind of Blue Beard chamber, of which all kinds of mysterious reports were spread. Mr. Beckford had a dwarf, who served as porter to his habitation; this unit the good gossips multiplied into a dozen, and gave each some weird employment. The proud, reserved nature of Beckford aided the mysterious awe in which everything belonging to him was held. Toned as his mind was so far above that of the fribbles who constitute the *ton* of Bath, and despising as he did their petty conventionalities and common-places, he neither sought their company nor would permit their vulgar curiosity to intrude upon himself. A few artists and literary men, in consequence, formed his only society, and the only times in which he was seen in public was when he dashed along the thoroughfares on his white Arabian. To those with whom he did chose to associate, however, his affability was extreme, and his conversation one of the most charming things in the world. His residence was the repository of the rarest works of art; but it was in his tower on the hill that he realized all his Eastern dreams. Here, too, he walled himself up from the rest of the world, and played the great Caliph to perfection. The Lansdowne Tower is so conspicuous an object, that every one who has travelled the Great Western road must have seen its exterior; yet very few of late years gained admittance to its interior, or into the charmed circle of its grounds. When it was first erected, Mr. Beckford allowed persons freely into it; but he afterwards shut it up almost entirely. This elegant building (of which we have given a Cut) is, at the base, constructed like an Italian villa, upon which rises a campanile, and this in its turn is crowned with a Grecian Lantern. The interior of the tower was a precious jewel-house,—cabinets of ebony, inlaid with lapis lazuli, onyx and agates, vases of verd, antique pieces of statuary, and the rarest pictures of the first masters, adorned its walls and chambers. At one time the value of these works of art was not less than £100,000; but an attempt having been made to break into the tower, the more precious portions of its contents were taken to his residence. (Cut, No. 11.)

The Lantern was the favourite room of Mr. Beckford, he had so constructed it that each window formed a frame to some splendid natural landscape; the view from the west opening is especially beautiful. The river Avon winds along the valley like a thread of silver, and in the distance the mountains of Wales rear their purple heads. In the middle distance runs a line of hills that used to displease Mr. Beckford by the monotonous appearance of its outline, and the manner in which he proposed to remedy this defect shows the originality and daring character of his mind. He endeavoured to buy the highest of the range, with the idea of planting it with firs, so as to have made it resemble Rembrandt's famous etching of "The Three Trees." A person to whom he related this extraordinary idea of copying in nature a grand effort of art, objected that the trees would require some time

to grow; Beckford replied, "*that he should put up cast iron ones, then, until they did!*"

This notion of "making up" Nature after the manner of some favourite painters effects was carried out by him in his own garden to a considerable degree. He converted an old quarry into a charming, half-cultivated scene, reminding one of a picture by Polemburg. Cyph and Paul Potter he reproduced in his little meadow, spotted with his favourite cows; and the more gloomy spots of his shrubbery brought N. Poussin to mind, with his classic melancholy landscapes.

A rapid effect was a thing which Beckford delighted in. He used to chuckle over the sudden change he made one winter in the appearance of a considerable portion of Lansdowne Hill, by planting a vast quantity of trees. "The Bristol folks," said he, "who travel the Lower Road, seeing trees upon Lansdowne, where none appeared before, rub their eyes—they can't believe their sight." Mr. Beckford died in 1844, almost suddenly. His last note, summoning his beloved daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, is very touching; it contains only these three words—"Come, quick! quick!" His remains were deposited in the monument he had constructed for himself, (which visitors must have remembered to have seen, during his lifetime, standing amid the Shrubby, just under the tower, and close to the little tomb he had erected to his dog "Tiny,") and transferred to the Bath Abbey Cemetery. This removal was contrary to his instructions, and as it proved to be the decree of fate; for upon the property being sold, it fell into the hands of a person who determined to make it a place of public amusement: but the Duchess of Hamilton could not brook this desecration of the spot she held sacred; the grounds were accordingly repurchased by her, and presented to the Rector of Walcot as a Cemetery; the first person who was buried here being its late owner, and in the very spot he had chosen for himself. His tomb, formed of red granite, simple and massive in effect, seems like, what it is, an expression of his own mind.

On each end of the mausoleum is this inscription:

WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ., late of Fonthill, Wilts,  
died May, 2nd, 1844, aged 84.

Beneath this, at one end, is a quotation from 'Vathek:'

"Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of Heaven—hope!"

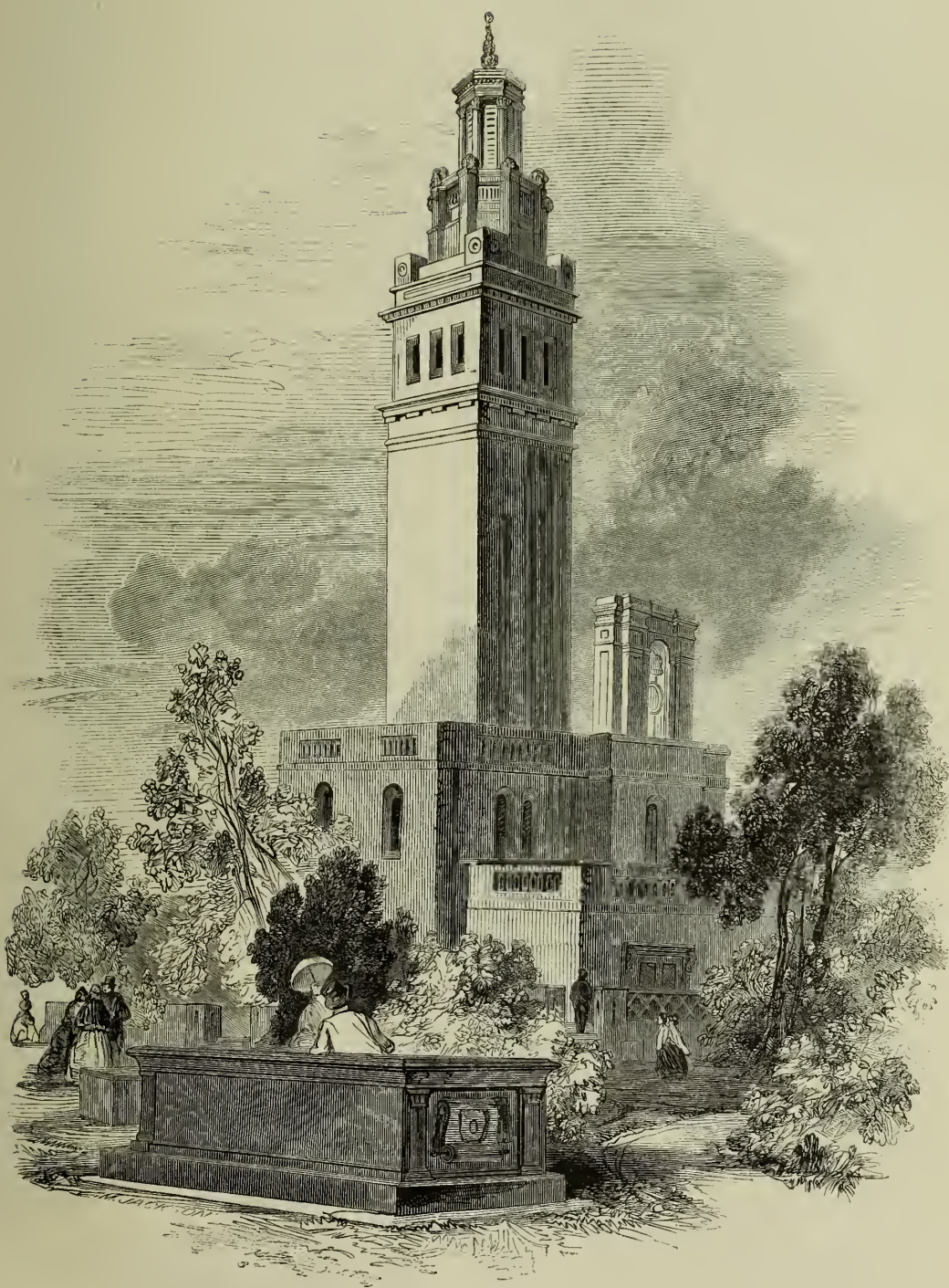
and on the other, the following lines from a prayer composed by himself:

"Eternal power!

Grant me through obvious clouds one transient gleam  
Of Thy bright essence on my dying hour."

It would be difficult to conceive a more beautiful cemetery than these grounds make, and Bath can boast, without fear of denial, of two of the most beautiful resting-places for the dead in the kingdom.

We have not mentioned any literary associations when speaking of Lansdowne, but personal recollections of the author of 'Vathek,' and the not less celebrated



11.—LANSDOWNE TOWER.



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'Letters from Portugal,' which we give on the authority of a paper in 'The New Monthly,' some years since, written by those who knew him, cannot be without deep interest. We do not know, indeed, whether the associations that cling to Lansdowne are not more pleasant than those attaching to Prior Park. The former building certainly bears the impress of a stranger individuality.

The only other direction in which we can look for any literary associations connected with Bath, is to the beautiful suburb of Batheaston; but these we are afraid are only bastard ones. Sir John and Lady Miller (the lions of the neighbourhood) had, it appears, purchased while on their tour in Italy (of which Lady Miller published an account), an antique vase found at Frescati in 1759: this was brought home and placed in their villa at Batheaston, which was now converted into a temple of Apollo; the Lady being the high-priestess and the vase the shrine of the deity. A general invitation was issued to all the sons and daughters of fashion of the neighbouring city "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," every Thursday and Friday. Here the company were ushered into a room where they found the old Etruscan vase was placed upon a modern altar, and decorated with sprigs of laurel; and as each gentleman or lady passed the venerable relic, an offering was made of some original composition in verse: at first merely of what the French term *bouts rimés* or rhyming terminations, which had been filled up by the candidates for poetical fame; but afterwards of short papers on particular subjects given out the preceding week. The assembly having all contributed their *morçeaux*, a lady was selected from the circle who, dipping her fair hand into the vase, drew the papers out haphazard as they occurred, and gave them to a gentleman to read aloud. This process being concluded, a select committee was named to determine upon the merits of the poems and adjudge the prizes; these retired into an adjoining room and fixed upon the four best productions—the blushing authors of which, when they had identified their compositions, were presented by the high-priestess, the lady of the mansion, with a fillet of myrtle, and crowned amidst the plaudits of the company. The most sensible part of the gala, a genteel collation, concluded the business. This attic pastime continued for several years; till the wicked wit of an unknown wag having contaminated the purity of the urn by some licentious and satirical composition, to the extreme horror of the ladies assembled to hear the productions recited, and the equal chagrin of the host and hostess, who expected the usual weekly tribute of adulatory compliment: the sacred vessel was henceforth closed, and the meetings were discontinued for ever. Such is the account given of this namby-pamby affair, by Warner the Bath historian; and we should scarcely have thought it worth our while to repeat it, still less to place the silly actors in it beside those bright literary lights whose memories still illumine the horizon of the city, but that these proceedings show the tone of the literary spirit which

pervaded the upper-classes towards the end of the last century, when scribbling poetry of the Della Cruscan school was all the rage, and which Gifford so unmercifully lashed in his 'Baviad and Mæviad:' Mrs. Piozzi, who, when Mr. Thrale was the friend and intimate of Johnson, joined the Della Cruscans, when on a visit to Italy, with her husband, and was one of the most active contributors to the 'Florence Miscellany,' but this was long after the break-up of the Batheaston poetasters. Mrs. Piozzi died in Bath at a very advanced age, in 1821, writing love verses almost up to the day of her dissolution. Bath can at the present moment, however, boast of the residence of a true poet, and one of the most delicate, graceful, and original prose writers of the age, in the gifted Walter Savage Landor. In artists also the city has not been wanting. Barker has made himself a name as a landscape painter, and Gainsborough, although not a Bathonian, yet lived many years here and sketched much from its surrounding scenery. The celebrated Wick Rocks in the neighbourhood was one of his favourite haunts and supplied his portfolio with numberless sketches.

#### THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE CITY.

It is now as common to inquire respecting the sanitary condition of a town, as of the health of a person. Necessity forces us to deal with man in the aggregate as well as with the individual. Sir Henry De la Beche's report of the condition of the city is a rather favourable one, and doubtless from the situation of a greater portion of it, the city should be eminently healthy. The buildings on Lansdowne Hill, for instance, are based on the inferior oolite sands which, together with the rapidly sloping nature of the ground, renders them dry and healthy in the extreme. Other portions, again, of the city, are constructed on marl and limestone foundations, which make them tolerably wholesome. The lowest parts of Bath, however, such as Great Pulteney Street, Bathwick, and the neighbourhoods bordering the river, stand entirely on alluvial ground, composed of clay, which naturally causes damp, and produces disease. Great Pulteney Street is, however, protected in a measure from this evil by the deep vaulting on which the houses are erected. The number of deaths, in proportion to the population, is fewer than in most towns; but we scarcely think the public health is so good as it might be, when we consider the natural advantages of the place as regards drainage and the free currents of air which circulate through the valley in which it lies. It might be said that the average length of life in the city is lowered by the number of invalids who come here merely to die; but this is, we think, quite balanced by the vast proportion of persons it contains who live in comfortable circumstances, and many of whom attain to a great age. Bath, it must be remembered, has no manufactures, and does not, therefore, breed up on its bosom a class of persons who are peculiarly open to the attacks of disease: that there is a vast amount of squalor in the lower parts of the



town there can be no doubt, but it does not amount, we think, to that existing in many other places. When we consider all these favourable circumstances, then we can only account for the public health not being still more favourable than it is, by an insufficient system of drainage, and by the very bad plan of allowing the public sewers to empty themselves into the almost stagnant river. A remedy to the evil can scarcely be looked for, we suppose, until some well-devised plan of collecting the refuse of towns and applying it to agricultural purposes has been arrived at. One very singular fact is elicited by the population returns, and

that is the preponderance of females over males in the city. By the census of 1841, this excess was no less than 8,546! So that Bath is the last place in the world for a managing mother with a large family of daughters to come to. What a pity it is that so many of them should

“Wither on the virgin thorn,”

when at Adelaide and other Australian cities, they are so impatient for wives that young men come off in boats when emigrant ships arrive on purpose to secure them!

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From a sketch by J. Thorne.

WINTER



## EXETER,

### AND THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST OF DEVONSHIRE.

WHILST we have made pretty wide excursions in search of whatever is beautiful or impressive in town or country—whatever might interest the lover of Nature, the curious in antiquity, or the inquirer into commercial or manufacturing greatness or prosperity;—wandering to the extremest north, and south, and east of England, and extending our researches even into Scotland and Wales, the distant west has been almost wholly neglected by us. Neither Cornwall nor Devonshire, though both counties are full of attractions, has contributed a leaf to our Sketch-book.

We propose now to make some amends for our past inattention to the charms of Devonian.—

“And is it thus,” interrupts some impatient reader, “that you follow the rule you propounded only a month or two back, when you quoted old Burton to the effect that writings, as well as dishes, ought to be seasonable? Is this the season to go rambling, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque—for I presume Devonian’s charms are chiefly of that order?”

Good reader, you are a townsman, (fair reader, we do not suppose you would ask such a question,) or you would not imagine that beautiful Nature is not charming in every season. But we are not going to lead any one on an unseasonable journey. We are about to visit several picturesque and several beautiful spots; but, as you will find, we are going to do so at the very properest time. We intend to lead you on a tour of inspection through the winter watering-places of the southern coast of Devon: and if you think a visit to them at this time of the year unseasonable, why—we say it with all respect—you know very little of the subject of this present paper; and there is consequently so much the more need that you should attentively peruse it. Such desirable places are these Devonshire coast towns for a winter visit—or residence, if you can afford it—that not only ought Englishmen to flock to them (as they very prudently do); but Italians themselves would find their advantage in coming hither every winter, where, at the worst, that keen season seems to be “merely a languid spring,” and

“The chilling blasts forget their freezing power.”

“From November to February,” says a writer on the climate of Italy, “I would recommend an Italian to repair to one of the Devonshire watering-places, if he could possess himself of Fortunatus’ cap, to remove the difficulties of the journey:” and he proceeds to set forth the superiority of our coast towns. The quotation is made at second hand (a practice we always reprobate and seldom indulge in); and as the author’s name is not given by our authority, we can neither

verify the passage, nor add the weight that his name would doubtless give: but

“Well fare his heart that book that wrote,”

say we. He has said a big word in honour of Devon, and deserves all praise from Devonians and Devonian writers therefore: but when he said it had he not forgotten the drizzle,—sempiternal, ubiquitous, close-wrapping, penetrative “Devonshire drizzle?”

We fear he had; for in truth that drizzle is a great damper of one’s enthusiasm for a Devonshire winter. It is very well to say, as the natives do, that the drizzle is almost always succeeded by sunshine; but the visitor almost always finds that the sunshine is where he is not, and the drizzle where he is: that the drizzle—thicker and more piercing than a Cumberland, or even a Scotch mist, and as hard to see through as a city fog,—is all around him, wrapping him as in hydropathic blankets, and drawing a sort of duffle-gray curtain before the scenery. However, let us button our coats about us, and start on our journey; we shall find opportunity hereafter to discuss more at leisure both the comforts and discomforts of the climate.

#### EXETER.

But before we proceed to the coast we must visit the capital of Devon and of the west. Exeter is built upon the summit and sides of a hill, which rises pretty steeply from the left bank of the river Exe. Thomas Fuller thus describes the Exeter of his day: “It is of a circular (and therefore most capable) form, sited on the top of a hill, having an easy ascent on every side thereunto. This conduceth much to the cleanness of this city; Nature being the chief scavenger thereof, so that the rain that falleth there falleth thence by the declivity of the place. The houses stand sideways backward into their yards, and only endways forward, with their gables towards the street. The city, therefore, is greater in content than appearance, being bigger than it presenteth itself to passengers through the same.” This was written about the middle of the seventeenth century, and though the city has altered a good deal since then, it yet, in the middle of the nineteenth, retains sufficient traces of its former features to authenticate the portrait of careful Thomas. It is no longer of a circular form, yet it will be readily seen to have (as Dr. Johnson says of the Highland huts) “some tendency to circularity.” The native topographers still dwell with complacency on the cleanliness of their city, promoted, as they say, by its declivitous situation. They speak too daintily to call dame Nature their chief scavenger; and the stranger whose senses



are annoyed by the unsavoury odours and uncleanly sights which far too frequently greet them in the lower parts of the city, is half inclined to fancy that Nature herself has grown ashamed or tired of the occupation imposed upon her. In soberest phrase, the upper and better parts of the city (and they are the greater portion) are clean, pleasant, and healthy; but there are places down by the river that are dirty, wretched, and unwholesome, and that would not long be suffered to remain as they are if they attracted the attention of the authorities as forcibly and as painfully as they do that of the visitor who ventures to perambulate them. Official returns prove satisfactorily that Exeter is, on the whole, above the average of large towns in regard to its healthiness: and there can be little doubt that it would occupy a still more creditable position if some reformation were effected in these lower regions.

Exeter is an ancient city: whether it be as ancient as some who have written concerning it opine, we will not take upon us to affirm or deny. That it existed before Rome was founded may or may not be the fact. If, indeed, it was a city some time before the mighty King Brute laid the first stone of Troynovantum, (which, the reader may remember, was afterwards named *Caer Lud*, in honour of its second founder the renowned *Lud-Hudibras*, and is now known as *London*)—as that event happened some two centuries and a half before *Romulus* saw the twelve vultures fly over the *Palatine hill*, it is pretty clear that Exeter is of far greater antiquity than Rome; and of antiquity at least as respectable. For historians place the story of *Romulus* in the class of legends, as well as that of *Brute*; we need not, therefore, complain if the early history of Exeter range in the same category, or wonder if its origin be for ever lost in the darkness of oblivion.

Coming, then, to authentic history, we find that Exeter was a British city, and was known as *Caer-wisc*. In the two great Roman Itineraries it is called *Isca Dumnoniorum*; it was the chief town of the *Dumnonii*, or people of Devonshire and Cornwall. By the Saxons it was called *Exanceaster*, whence the present name is derived with less alteration than usually happens in the lapse of so many centuries. In the 'Domesday Survey' it is written *Exonia*. The name is derived from its position—*Caer-wisc* is the City on the *Wisc*. The Romans called the river the *Isca*; from which the Saxon form *Exa* is evidently only an adaptation to Saxon organs of speech: *ceaster* is the usual Saxon corruption of the Latin *castra*.

Having so sufficiently described its site, illustrated its origin, and accounted for its name, it is imperative upon us to glance at its history—and only glance; for to tell it at length, and as it ought to be told—that is, to relate its regal, military, corporate, and ecclesiastical story; the changes it has witnessed, the sieges it has suffered, and the deeds, worthy and unworthy, that have been performed within it and without it; the glory it has gained and the wrongs it has endured; and all the fortunes and misfortunes of city and citizens, would take up the remainder, not alone of this paper,

but of the volume—and perhaps half-a-dozen more volumes—of this our book. And we find, moreover, that we are already running into unusual and dangerous amplitude of style; we will therefore pull up abruptly, and jog on the remainder of our journey at a safer and more sober pace.

The early history of Exeter is dignified by the defeat of the Danes there, in 877, by the great *Alfred*, who compelled them to surrender the city, which they had seized, and agree to leave the kingdom. Fifty years later, the Cornwall men (in those days a wild and turbulent race) were driven out of Exeter by *Athelstan*, who is regarded by Exonians as the founder of the present city. "When he had cleansed this city by purging it of its contaminated race," says *William of Malmesbury*, "he fortified it with towers and surrounded it with a wall of squared stone. And, though the barren and unfruitful soil can scarcely produce indifferent oats, and frequently only the empty husk without the grain [*Devonshire farmers manage to get a very different sort of crop from the vicinity of the city in these days*], yet owing to the magnificence of the city, the opulence of its inhabitants, and the constant resort of strangers, every kind of merchandize is here so abundant that nothing is wanting which can conduce to human comfort. Many noble traces of him are to be seen in that city, as well as in the neighbouring district." *Malmesbury* wrote early in the twelfth century, and probably described the Exeter of his own day: it might very fairly describe the Exeter of ours. It is a favourite notion of the local antiquaries, that there are still, as when *Malmesbury* wrote, some, though not many, traces of *Athelstan* to be seen in their city. If the city flourished under the protection of *Athelstan*, it was less fortunate under his successors. More than once it was plundered by the Danes; but prosperity returned to it, its prosperity being probably a good deal advanced by its being made the seat of an episcopal see in the place of *Crediton*, by *Edward the Confessor*.

Exeter was one of the great towns that refused to submit to the Norman Conqueror. *William* did not direct his steps to the west of England till the year after the battle of *Hastings*; when he had effectually secured the quiet of the metropolitan and southern counties. The mother of *Harold* had fled to Exeter with all the wealth she could secure, and her followers and the citizens vowed to resist to the last. They renewed and added to the fortifications; increased the strength of the garrison; hired the seamen, who were with their ships in the port, to assist in the defence of the city: and endeavoured to rouse the country around to resist the march of the Conqueror. When *William* summoned the city to surrender, they replied to him by a coarse action, which the crafty king, who sought all along to give a colouring of religion to his enterprise, declared was an affront to the Deity which he would avenge; and when a portion of the walls fell down (probably owing to the running of a mine) he called on his army to observe the hand of the Almighty.

Several of the chief citizens went to the king to ask for a truce, which he granted, keeping some of their number as hostages for its observance. When the remainder returned to the city, however, the inhabitants refused to agree to the terms, and prepared to renew the fight. William now directed one of the hostages to be brought close to the walls, where he caused his eyes to be torn out. The inhabitants fought resolutely, but the wall being thrown down, the city was taken after a siege of eighteen days, though not without considerable loss to the victor. Even then the fall of the city was, according to the Saxon Chronicle, partly the result of treachery: "The citizens surrendered their city because the thanes had betrayed them." Harold's mother, Githa, and many of the wives of the citizens had escaped before the surrender: they went, according to the same authority, "to the Steep Holmes, and there abode some time; and afterwards went from thence over sea to St. Omer's." The Domesday Survey shows that forty-eight houses were destroyed in this siege: the king however dealt leniently with the people.

In order to hold the inhabitants in check for the future, William built a large and strong castle, which, from the red colour of the hill on which it was erected, he called Rougemont:—a name, the reader of Shakspeare will remember, which long after caused Richard III. to start:

"When last I was at Exeter,  
The Mayor, in courtesy, show'd me the Castle,  
And called it Rouge-mont: at which name I started,  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond."\*

*Rich. III., Act IV., sc. 2.*

William gave the charge of the castle to Baudoin (or Baldwin) de Brionne, the husband of his niece Albrina, whom he created governor of Devon, and bestowed upon him twenty houses in Exeter, and a hundred and fifty-nine manors in this part of the country. The castle is believed to have been erected on the site of a much older one. It remained in the hands of the descendants of Baudoin till the reign of Henry III., who took the keeping of it into his own control. In the war between Stephen and the Empress Matilda, Exeter embraced the cause of the empress. The castle was strengthened and garrisoned for her by the earl of Devon; and when the king came in person with his army before the city, the inhabitants refused to allow him to enter. The siege lasted for above two months, and the citizens at length yielded rather to the force of hunger than of arms. Matilda remained so great a favourite in Exeter that a festival was for some centuries annually kept in commemoration of her.

We ought perhaps to note here in passing that the

\* Fuller very reasonably suggests that the wizard, as he styles the Irish bard, or Satan through him, must have "either spoke this oracle low or lisping, desiring to palliate his fallacy and ignorance; or that King Richard (a guilty conscience will be frighted with little) mistook the word," when the Mayor pronounced it.

city received its first charter from Henry I.; and that John Lackland, in the year 1200, empowered it to elect a mayor and two bailiffs.

The royal visits it received in these earlier days may be passed over—though that of Richard III. be amongst them; and the Black Prince, on his triumphant return from Poitiers, stayed here some days; and Edward I. came hither especially to investigate the particulars of the murder of Walter de Lechlade, the precentor, who was killed on his way from early prayers, when, for their negligence or complicity, in permitting the murderer to escape, the king caused the mayor and the gate porter to be hung. We may also pass over all its sieges and adventures down to the reign of Henry VII., when one occurs that must be mentioned.

It is that of the unhappy impostor, Perkin Warbeck, who here made his first and most unlucky trial at arms. Hall gives so curious an account of Perkin Warbeck's siege of Exeter, that it may be worth while to quote a portion of it. The first thing after Perkin's landing in Cornwall, says Hall, his councillors advised him to make himself master of some strong walled towns and fortresses, wherein he might entrench himself till his army had sufficiently augmented for him to meet that which might be sent against him. "When he and his council were fully resolved on this point and conclusion, they in good order went straight to Exeter, which was the next city that he could approach to, and besieged it; and because he lacked ordnance to make a battery to raze and deface the walls, he studied all the ways possible how to break and infringe the gates; and what with casting of stones, heaving with iron bars, and kindling of fire under the gates, he omitted nothing which could be devised for the furtherance of his ungracious purpose. The citizens perceiving their town to be environed with enemies and like to be inflamed, began at the first to be sore abashed, and let certain messengers by cords down over the wall, which should certify the king of all their necessity and trouble. But after that, taking to them lusty hearts and manly courages, they determined to repulse fire by fire; and caused faggots to be brought to the inward part of the ports and posterns, and set them all on fire, to the intent that the fire being inflamed on both sides of the gates, might as well exclude their enemies from entering, as include the citizens from running or flying out; and that they in the mean season might make trenelles and rampires to defend their enemies instead of gates and bulwarks. Thus all the doings and attempts of the rebellious people had evil success in their first enterprize: and thus by fire the city was preserved from flame and burning. Then Perkin being of very necessity compelled to leave the gates, assaulted the town in divers weak and unfortified places, and set up ladders, attempting to climb over the walls and to take the city, thinking surely to compel the citizens either by fear or lack of succour to render themselves and yield the town. But the citizens, nothing so minded, so courageously, like valiant champions, defended the walls, that



they slew above two hundred of his seditious soldiers at this assault. As soon as the messengers of Exeter came to the king's presence and showed their instructions, he hastened with his host toward Exeter with as much haste as the gravity of the cause did require and expostulate . . . . When Perkin with his lewd captains saw that the city of Exeter was so well fortified both with men and munitions, and of them in manner impregnable, fearing the sequel of this matter, he departed from Exeter with his lousy army to the next great town called Taunton, and there the twentieth day of September he mustered his men as though he were ready to fight, but his number was sore minished. For when the poor and needy people saw the great defence which was made at Exeter, and that no men of honour nor yet of honesty drew to him, contrary to the promise and assurance made by him and his councillors to them at the beginning, they withdrew themselves by sundry secret companies from him, in providing their own safeguard. Which thing when Perkin perceived, he put small trust and less confidence in the remnant of his army, as afterwards did appear, because the most part of his soldiers were harnessed on the right arm and naked all the body, and never exercised in war nor martial feats but only with the spade and shovel."

From Taunton, as will be recollected, Perkin took the earliest opportunity to make his escape to a sanctuary; and his army speedily dispersed. "And so," continues the old Chronicler, "the king, being a conqueror without manslaughter or effusion of Christian blood, rode triumphantly into the city of Exeter, and there not only lauded and praised the citizens of Exeter, but also rendered to them his most hearty thanks, as well for their duty done as for their valiantness. And there also he afflicted and put in execution divers Cornishmen which were the authors and stirrers up of this new insurrection and false conspiracy." To mark his sense of the service the city had rendered him, the king presented his own sword to the mayor, and also a cap of maintenance; and directed that they should be carried before him on all occasions of ceremony, in perpetual remembrance of the valour and loyalty of the citizens.

This was not the last occasion on which it successfully withstood a siege. When, in 1549, in consequence of the recent religious changes, occurred what was long remembered as "the Devonshire Commotion," the city was for two months encompassed by the insurgents; and the inhabitants, who resolutely refused to yield, were reduced to the greatest extremities before the siege was raised by a royal army under Lord Russell. It was in reference to these stout defences of the citizens that Elizabeth gave the city its motto, *Semper fidelis*. It but indifferently supported its loyal character during the "Great Rebellion." On the breaking out of the contest between Charles and the Parliament, the city was occupied by the Earl of Stamford for the Parliament. After the defeat of Stamford in May, 1643, Exeter opened its gates to Prince Maurice, and it continued to be held for the king till April, 1646, when it was

taken after a smart siege by Fairfax. This was the last of its warlike adventures. The Parliament caused the castle to be dismantled and the fortifications to be rendered useless. While the city was occupied by the royalist troops, Queen Henrietta gave birth here to a daughter, afterwards Duchess of Orleans; whose portrait, presented to the city by her brother Charles II., still hangs in the Guildhall.

Three days after his landing at Torbay, the Prince of Orange made a rather pompous entry into Exeter. The following account of the order of the ceremonial, as quoted in one of the guide-books, would contrast rather curiously with that of a military entry of the present day:—"The Earl of Macclesfield, with two hundred noblemen and gentlemen, on Flanders' steeds, completely clothed in armour; two hundred negroes, in attendance on the said gentlemen, with embroidered caps and plumes of white feathers; two hundred Finlanders, clothed in beaver's skins, in black armour, and with broad swords; fifty gentlemen, and as many pages, to attend and support the Prince's standard; fifty led horses trained to war, with two grooms to each; two state coaches; the Prince on a white charger in a complete suit of armour, with white ostrich-feathers in his helmet, and forty-two footmen running by his side; two hundred gentlemen and pages on horseback; three hundred Swiss guards, armed with fusees; five hundred volunteers, with two led horses each; the Prince's guards, in number six hundred, armed cap-a-pie; the rest of the army brought up the rear; they had fifty wagons loaded with cash, and one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon."

William's reception in Exeter was rather cold. "The prince," says Bishop Burnet, who accompanied him, "made haste to Exeter, where he stayed ten days, both for refreshing his troops, and for giving the country time to show their affections. But the clergy and magistrates of Exeter were very fearful and very backward. The bishop and the dean ran away. And the clergy stood off, though they were sent for, and very gently spoke to by the Prince. . . . We stayed a week at Exeter before any gentlemen of the city came about the prince. Every day some person of condition came from other parts."

We will only mention one other royal visit to Exeter: that of George III. and his queen, in 1789; and which is now chiefly noteworthy on account of Dr. Walcot, who never lost an opportunity of lampooning that monarch, having celebrated it in a burlesque rhyme, entitled 'The Royal Visit to Exeter, by John Ploughshare.' Walcot was a native of Devonshire; and the verses are written in the Devonshire dialect, of which they are considered a very tolerable example. Two or three stanzas will show its quality, and the nature of Devonshire speech—now losing a little of its rudeness, at least in this part of the county:

"Leck bullocks sting'd by appledrances  
Currantin it about the lanes,  
Vokes this way drecav'd and that;





1.—EXETER CATHEDRAL.





Zom hootin, heavin, soalin, hawlin;  
 Zom in the mucks and pellum sprawlin;  
 Leek pancakes all so flat.

Well: in a come King George to town,  
 With dust and sweat as nutmeg brown,  
 The hosses all in smoke;  
 Huzzain, trumpetin, and dringin,  
 Red colours vlein, roarin, zingin,  
 So mad seem'd all the voke.

Now down long Vore Street did they come,  
 Zom hollowin, and screechin zom:  
 Now trudg'd they to the Dean's.

Now goed the Aldermen and May'r,  
 Zom wey crapp'd wigs, and zom wey hair,  
 The royal voke to ken;  
 When Meyster May'r upon my word,  
 Poked to the King a gert long sword,  
 Which he poked back agen."

The description of the remainder of the ceremony, with a notice of the royal doings and sayings (some of it in sufficiently uncourtierlike style), may be found in its proper place. Peter Pindar has also two or three other poems in the Devonshire dialect, which may be found in his works by those who are curious in such matters.

Exeter, as has been said, is built on a rather steep though not very lofty hill, a circumstance that adds as much to its pleasantness as its salubrity. Leland, writing from personal examination, in the reign of Henry VIII., says: "The town is a good mile and more in compass, and is right strongly walled and maintained. There be divers fair towers in the town wall, betwixt the south and the west gates. As the walls have been newly made, so have the old towers decayed. There be four gates in the town, by the name of East, West, North, and South. The East and the West Gates be now the fairest, and of one fashion of building. The South Gate hath been the strongest. There be divers fair streets in Exeter; but the High Street, that goeth from the West to the East Gate, is the fairest."

Leland's half-complaining observation might be extended to the whole city—"As *buildings* have been newly made, so have the old places decayed." The Exeter of the present day is very different from that which Leland saw. The city has extended its boundaries till it has come to be about a mile and three quarters long, and above a mile broad, where widest and longest. Not only are the forts decayed and gone, but the gates also: the last of them, the South Gate, was removed in 1819. The walls may be traced; and some portions of them remain. Part of the walls of the castle are also standing, but of the building itself only a fragment is left. This is a gateway of Norman date, and is no doubt the chief entrance of the original Rougemont. It stands on the north side of the city, and should be visited. Little of the original architecture is discernible, it being almost wholly covered with

ivy: with its ivy cloak it forms a rather picturesque object. The site of the castle is occupied by the Sessions'-House—quite a common-place building; the large open space in front is used for holding election, county, and other meetings. From the ramparts may be obtained some very good views of the city; and the contemplative visitor may, as he paces them, appropriately ponder the changes that time has wrought in the whole way of life and habits of thought, as well in the material objects he sees about him.

The city hardly retains so much of the character of antiquity as might be expected. You may pass from end to end of the long High Street and Fore Street, and hardly have the attention attracted by any very remarkable feature; and equally so, from one extremity to the other, of North and South Streets. Still there are appearances of antiquity, and if it had not been necessary, from time to time, to alter and improve the houses, it is easy to see that the city would be a picturesque one. When the gables of the houses, which are set towards the streets, were ornamented, and the upper stories hung forwards, it must have been eminently so. But the narrowness of the streets, of course, made it advisable to remove the projecting stories where the old houses remain; and in the 'smartening' process which all have more or less undergone, nearly all the rich decorations of the old gables have been removed or hidden, and they have been made as smooth, and plain, and mean, as the modern houses on either side of them. Something has been done, too, to lessen the steepness of the streets—a very useful alteration, but certainly not an ornamental one. The deep hollow, for example, between North Street and St. David's Hill, has been spanned by a viaduct, the 'Iron Bridge,' whereby the passengers are brought about on a level with the first floors of the unhappy-looking houses: and when the new bridge was constructed at the end of Fore Street, the opportunity was taken of lessening in a similar way the steepness of the road. Still, if it be not remarkably picturesque, the city is pleasant and apparently prosperous; and there yet remain enough relics of antiquity within it to amuse the vacant hours and reward the researches of the visitor who is of an antiquarian turn, even apart from its noble cathedral.

But the Cathedral (Cut, No. 1), is of course the chief object of attraction, and indeed, is the only really attractive building in the city. Though inferior in size and grandeur to a few other of our cathedrals, it is one of the finest of the second class, and in some respects it is unique. The oldest part of the present edifice was erected early in the twelfth century; but the main portion is more recent. In 1112, William Warlewast, one of the Normans who followed William I. to England, and whom the monarch had created third bishop of Exeter, laid the first stone of a new cathedral: he died before the works were very far advanced, and their progress was probably interrupted by the dissensions in the reign of Stephen. The part which had been finished suffered considerable injury during the siege

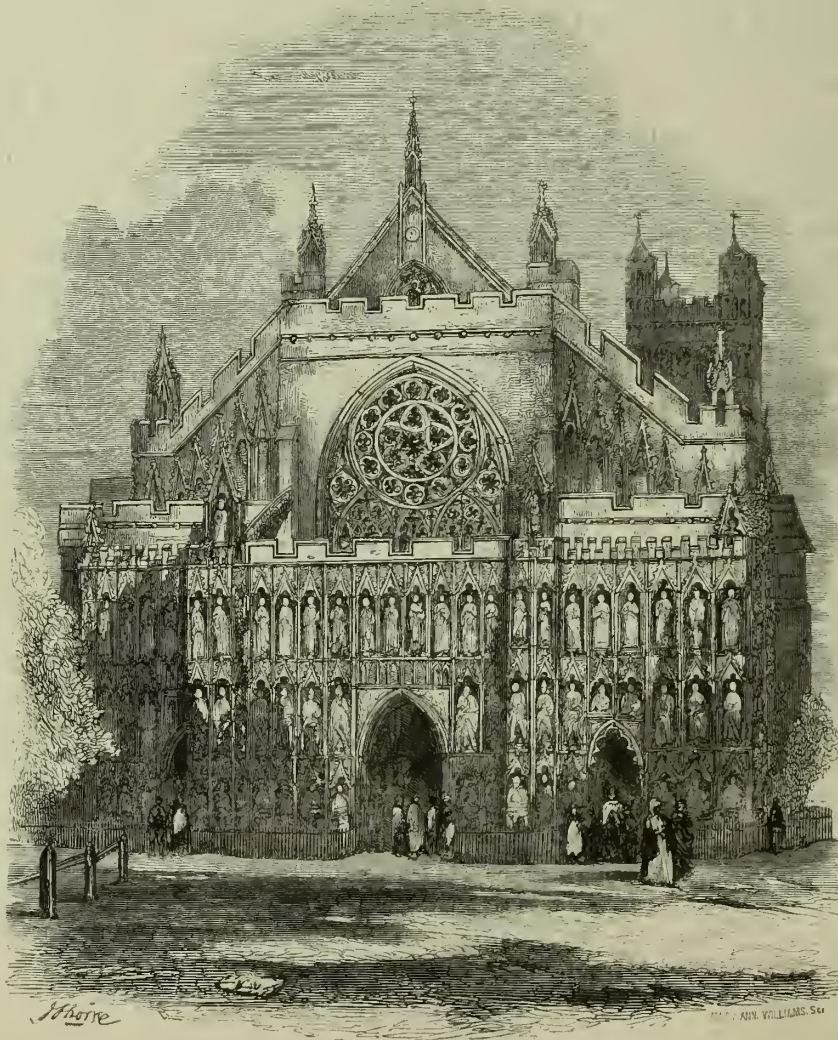


of Exeter by that king. The Cathedral was not completed till near the close of the century. A century later the building began to appear too small, or not sufficiently splendid for the see: and Bishop Peter Quivil determined to erect a new cathedral, on a much grander scale. He only lived to construct the Lady Chapel, but his successors steadily continued the good work, till the whole was completed, as it now appears, by Bishop Brantyngham in 1380. The only parts of Warlewast's cathedral which were retained in the new one are the two towers, which were made to serve for the transepts.

Nothing, scarcely, can exceed the beauty of many parts of Exeter Cathedral; but as a whole, perhaps it is not so satisfactory. Though erected in the golden age of English ecclesiastical architecture, and, with the exception of the massive Norman towers, tolerably uniform in style, the exterior is heavy, and comparatively unimposing in its general effect. The unusual position of the towers only renders the want of some

grand and lofty central feature the more apparent: and the want is equally felt whether the building be viewed from the Cathedral yard, or the suburbs of the city. The designer, if one may venture to say so, seems to have been a man of *confined* talent. Capable of contriving smaller features of almost faultless excellence, he might have designed an exquisite chapel; but wanting the happy imaginative daring of genius, he was unequal to the task of constructing a sublime cathedral. The aggregation of many beautiful parts is insufficient to produce a grand whole.

The objection may be a mistaken one; but we believe it is pretty generally felt that Exeter Cathedral is far less impressive than would be expected from an examination of its multitudinous beautiful details. The stranger especially feels this; for the parts are so fine, that those who are in the frequent habit of seeing them become insensible to any failure in the general effect. Until within these few years the Cathedral was a good deal hidden by mean buildings: these have been in a



2.—WEST FRONT OF EXETER CATHEDRAL.

great measure removed, and the exterior can now be tolerably well seen.

The Cathedral is built in the form of a cross, but the arms are very short, the transepts being formed out of the towers. The entire length of the building, including the Lady Chapel, is 408 feet: the towers are 145 feet high. The towers are Norman, square, and similar in size, and also in general appearance; their surfaces being covered with blank arcades and other Norman ornaments, but they differ in the details. The remainder of the Cathedral is of what is known as the Decorated style of English architecture; and the numerous windows, with their flowing tracery, are among the finest examples of that rich style. Between the windows are bold flying buttresses, with crocketed pinnacles. The roof, which is of very high pitch, is crowned by a *fleur-de-lis* ridge ornament—the only one of our cathedrals that retains that decoration.

But the most striking portion of the exterior is unquestionably the west front. Gothic architecture was intended to appeal to the imagination and the feelings. The chief entrance to the Cathedral was by the western door, and consequently, upon the western front the architect ordinarily employed all the resources of his art. In most of our cathedrals the western end is more elaborately decorated than any other part: but no other is so much enriched as the west front of Exeter Cathedral, though two or three are more generally admired. The form and general appearance of this front will be best understood by the engraving (Cut, No. 2). It consists of three stories: the basement is a screen, with a central doorway, and one of smaller size on each side. The entire surface of this screen is occupied by canopied niches, in each of which is a statue. The second story, which recedes somewhat, is formed by the west wall of the nave, and contains the large and noble west window, the arch of which is entirely filled with the richest flowing tracery. On each side are decorated arcades. The wall is supported by two very bold flying buttresses. The upper story, which recedes somewhat behind the second story, is formed by the gable of the nave, and has a window smaller than the other, but similar in character. The arrangement, as has been often remarked, is unusual in English cathedrals, but common in those of France: indeed, the whole building has a good deal of a Continental character. The statues and ornamental work of the west front had become considerably dilapidated, but the authorities have carefully restored them; and this magnificent façade—one of the very finest in England—is now in a nearly perfect condition.

The interior of the Cathedral is far more imposing than the exterior. As you enter, the long range of clustered columns with the open arches above them; the noble series of windows in the clerestories; and the splendid vaulted stone roof which spans the whole extent of nave and choir, combine to produce a most powerful and impressive effect. But the effect would be amazingly improved were the organ to be removed from its present position. The magnificent vista would

then be unbroken, and the large and beautiful east window would appear at the end of it: the majestic interior, in short, would be seen as its designers intended it to be seen. The place which the organ occupies in so many of our cathedrals is alike unaccordant with good taste and religious feeling. When these cathedrals were erected, the screen which separates the nave from the choir bore upon it a lofty rood: it was placed there with a religious purpose, as a part of the system of the ecclesiastics, to address the imagination and the feelings through the eye as well as the ear. The worshipper, on passing through the portals of the noble western end of the Cathedral, saw stretching before him a long array of glorious architecture, the walls and the roof resplendent with skilfully-arranged colour and gilding, and the “dim religious light” streaming through numerous storied windows: while raised far aloft, in the midst of all, and occupying the most prominent position, was the emblem of his faith—so placed as not to interfere with the grand architectural effect, but to unite with it, and assist in deepening its solemnity of character. At the Reformation the cross was removed: but a century elapsed before its place came to be commonly occupied by the organ. The rood screen was selected for the purpose, probably, merely because it was the situation that most readily offered itself for so bulky an instrument. There was no religious feeling in the matter; and there was no architectural taste then in existence to be offended by such an anomalous introduction. Its tolerance during the last century is not to be wondered at,—one could hardly have wondered had the statues of Jupiter and Venus been placed on either side of it; but now that there is a purer and better feeling abroad as to propriety of character in church appliances, it is surely time that the organ should be relegated to a more obscure position. Regarding alone the religious character of the edifice, it cannot be desirable that, upon entering it, the organ should be the first object upon which the attention rests: and, as a matter of taste and artistic effect, its position is even more reprehensible. From either nave or choir it destroys the grand vista, and entirely obscures the noble terminal window; while from every part it forces the eye to rest on an object inconsistent with the venerable Gothic structure, and ungraceful and incongruous in itself. The organ of Exeter Cathedral may be, as is asserted, one of the largest and finest instruments in the country; but that is no reason why it should not be removed to a less important and conspicuous position, as has already been done with excellent results in some other of our cathedrals.

Both nave and choir will command and repay attentive examination. In general character they are alike, with, of course, those differences which their different purposes require. The clustered columns, the windows, and the roof, are remarkably fine examples of their several kinds: the roof is one of the largest and handsomest vaulted stone roofs of the Decorated period in existence. Very little of the original stained glass



remains in the windows. Like all other "idoltrous pictures and images," it suffered grievously from puritanic wrath. While Exeter was occupied by the soldiers of the Commonwealth, the Cathedral called into exercise no small share of their zeal. Many of the things which they spared speak as loudly as those they destroyed of their fervour and diligence. But they spared some things which they could hardly be expected to spare; among others, the glass in the great east window was left uninjured, and it yet remains in good preservation. We cannot stay to point out the many points of interest in the nave: a peculiarity will be noticed on its north side in the curious 'Minstrel's Gallery,' which projects from the clerestory, and is ornamented with well-executed figures of angels playing on musical instruments.

The choir is in itself the most complete and most striking part of the interior. Its most singular feature is the Bishop's Throne, a richly-carved oak structure, a pyramid of open tracery, rising to an elevation of 52 feet. Bishop Bothe placed it here, about 1470: it escaped the puritanic axe through having been taken to pieces and concealed before the surrender of the city. The pulpit and the stalls are also of superior character. The screen which divides the nave and choir, itself of graceful design and workmanship, is especially noteworthy for a series of very early and rude paintings on the panels. They represent a complete cycle of scriptural subjects, from the Creation to the Descent of the Holy Spirit. As pictures they are of no value; but they are curious as specimens of the state of the art in England at the time they were painted.

The chapels are numerous, and some of them very beautiful: the open screens which separate them from the body of the cathedral are in several instances of exquisite beauty and delicacy. These chapels mostly contain monuments, which are in themselves of considerable interest. Indeed the monuments in Exeter Cathedral are much above the ordinary rank; and they are of all times, from the thirteenth century down to the present. We can only mention two or three. One of noticeable character represents Bishop Stapledon, who erected the choir in which his tomb is placed: opposite to it is another, of a knight in armour, believed to be Sir Richard Stapledon, the brother of the bishop; they were both executed in Cheapside, by the populace, in 1356. In the chapel of St. Mary Magdalene—the very beautiful screen of which deserves especial notice—is a splendid monument of Bishop Stafford, who died in 1419. In the beautiful Gabriel Chapel, which was built by Bishop Brownscombe, who died in 1280, may be seen the very elegant tomb of its founder; and also two monuments by the greatest of recent English sculptors. One, a mural monument with several figures, in memory of General Simcoe (who died in 1806), is by Flaxman, but it is not a favourable specimen of his ability: there is little of poetic character in the design, and no refinement of form or execution. The other is Chantrey's statue of Northcote. The old

painter is represented seated in a thoughtful attitude, with his palette hanging carelessly on his thumb: he appears to be sitting in reflective mood before his easel, and has much of that tranquil contemplative character Chantrey could sometimes so felicitously unite with marked individuality.

The stranger should not fail to ascend the north tower of the cathedral, for the sake of the very fine view of the city he will obtain from its summit. Perhaps a better notion of its topography can be obtained from this tower than elsewhere: and the suburbs are also seen to advantage: the view is of exceeding beauty, southwards down the valley of the Exe, where

"Amidst luxuriant scenes, with conscious pride,  
Voluptuous Isca winds her silver tide,"

to her confluence with the ocean.

In this north tower is the great bell, whose voice warns the citizens of the flight of time. It is one of the largest bells in the kingdom, being some four or five hundred pounds heavier than the famous Great Tom of Lincoln, and only inferior in weight and tongue to Oxford Tom. The biographer of 'The Doctor,' says, "There are, I believe, only two bells in England which are known by their Christian names, and they are both called Tom. . . . Were I called upon to act as sponsor upon such an occasion, I would name my bell Peter Bell, in honour of Mr. Wordsworth." Southey was mistaken as to there being only two such bells; our bell has a christian name, and, curious enough, it is Peter Bell. Of course it was not so named in honour of Mr. Wordsworth: it received its appellation in honour of a certain bishop who died centuries before the waggoner was dreamed of. In the south tower is the heaviest peal of bells in the kingdom.

The Chapter House of a cathedral is generally worth seeing. As the ordinary place of meeting for the transaction of the business of the society, and also the apartment in which the members of the monastery daily assembled to hear a chapter of the order read (whence its name), it was usually made an important feature in the general design. The Chapter House of Exeter Cathedral is not so fine as some others, and it is oblong instead of being polygonal as is usually the case; but it is a very handsome structure. It is of later date than the cathedral, having been erected about the middle of the fifteenth century: the windows are good of their kind; the roof is of oak in richly ornamented panels. It is now fitted up as a library. The Bishop's Palace, close by, is not a very remarkable building, but from the very pleasant gardens parts of the cathedral are seen in picturesque combinations and to considerable advantage. During the Commonwealth the Bishop's Palace was let to a sugar-refiner; vestiges of whose pans and troughs were remaining when the palace was repaired in 1821. The cathedral cloisters were entirely destroyed during the Commonwealth.

There are nineteen churches in Exeter: before the Commonwealth there were, it is said, thirty-two. Fuller, writing immediately after the Restoration, says,

"As for parish churches in this city, at my return thither this year, I found them fewer than I left them at my departure thence fifteen years ago. But the demolishers of them can give the clearest account how the plucking down of churches conduceth to the setting up of religion. Besides, I understand that thirteen churches were exposed to sale by the public crier, and bought by well-affected persons, who preserved them from destruction." None of the existing churches will stay the feet of the stranger. The older churches are for the most part small, mean, and uninteresting; the modern ones are of almost invariable mediocrity. St. Sidwells (of unenviable fame), and Allhallows are the most noticeable of the recent churches. Of the old ones, that of St. Mary Major, in the cathedral yard, has some details that will interest the archæologist; and that of St. Mary Arches contains some ancient monuments.

Nor is Exeter more fortunate in its other public buildings than in its churches. The Guildhall (whose hoary-looking portico is so prominent a feature in the High Street) is the only one that is not modern. The hall itself is rather a fine room; it is tolerably spacious; the walls are covered with carved oak, and it has a very good open timber roof. On the walls are several portraits, chiefly of corporate dignitaries; but there are also portraits of the Princess Henrietta, and of General Monk, by Sir Peter Lely; of George II., and Lord Camden. The modern buildings are numerous, as may be supposed, in a cathedral city which, with its suburbs, at the last census contained upwards of 36,000 inhabitants, and is the centre of a populous and flourishing district; but none of these buildings are of any general interest, and none of them can be said to add much to the beauty of the city. A list of them will be found in the guide-books which will serve to direct the visitor who is curious in such matters to those that are in their several ways of most interest: here a mere enumeration of them would be useless and tiresome.

Exeter formerly carried on a very large manufacture of woollens: at one time, according to Defoe, it was "so exceeding great, all the women inhabitants may be supposed to be thoroughly employed in spinning yarn for it." The manufacture was very great even when Fuller wrote, for he observes, "Clothing is plied in this city with great industry and judgment. It is hardly to be believed what credible persons attest for truth, that the return for serges alone in this city amounteth weekly (even now, when trading, though not dead, is sick) to three thousand pounds, not to ascend to a higher proportion." In 1765 the annual value of the exports of woollens from Exeter was estimated at above a million. Towards the close of the century the manufacture began to decay; and it is now quite insignificant. There is, however, a considerable commerce; the import and export trade being both actively pursued. The ship canal, by means of which this trade is carried on, was one of the earliest constructed in this kingdom. It was first formed in 1544; the several parishes contributing towards its cost

a portion of their communion plate. This canal, which at first extended only to Countess' Weir, two miles from Exeter, was afterwards deepened and considerably improved; but it only permitted the ascent of small vessels till 1827, when it was entirely reformed and carried some miles lower; an extensive wet-dock was at the same time constructed at its termination near the city. By means of these improvements, which cost about £125,000, vessels of 400 tons burden can reach the city dock. The city does not appear to have suffered permanently from the loss of its woollen trade. New houses have been built on every side, and plenty are now building. In some of the pleasanter spots in the suburbs, villages, of the class of residences that builders now-a-days call 'villas,' have sprung up, much as such 'villa' villages have risen round London. Mount Radford has a showy and we hope flourishing crop of this kind: and it is as pleasant a place for such a purpose as any we know in the vicinity of any great town. The streets of the city, too, display a goodly number of handsomely fitted, and well stored shops; and a busy crowd daily throngs the thoroughfares. The facilities afforded by the matchless railway have no doubt contributed greatly to stimulate the activity of the citizens.

We must not quit Exeter without referring to its walks, on which the inhabitants very justly pride themselves. The chief of these is the Northernhay, "the admiration of every stranger, and the pride, the ornament, and the boast of Exeter." It lies along the summit of an elevated spot of ground on the north of the city, close by the castle wall. The grounds are neatly laid out and planted with shrubs, and the walks, which are well disposed, are shaded by noble old elms, and afford some pleasant prospects. From Friar's Walk and the parade in front of Collumpton Terrace, on the south side of the city, some capital views may be had of the city and country beyond. On the outside of the city very charming strolls may be taken in almost any direction. Pennsylvania Hill affords extensive and noble prospects; perhaps the city and surrounding country are seen to most advantage from it. The footpaths along the meadows by the Exe also yield a most pleasant ramble. The Exe is here a broad stream, and the scenery along it, though not very striking, is very pleasing: while the weirs that here and there are met with add occasional vivacity to its quiet beauty. Old Abbey, on the east bank of the Exe, about a mile below the city, is the site of a priory of Cluniac monks. Hardly a vestige of the building remains: but the stranger will not regret the stroll down to it, as it stands on a very pretty part of the river. A good footpath alongside the canal forms a favourite walk of the citizens in the summer season,—especially of such as "go a-junketing" to the neighbouring villages. There are some very agreeable walks, too, by Cowick and Ide, and along the heights in that direction: it was from one of these spots that the sketch for our steel engraving was made.

Had we time, it might be worth while to lead the



reader to some of the villages around Exeter: several of them are worth wandering to. The pretty village of Heavitree, about a mile east of Exeter, was the birth-place of "Judicious Hooker." Alphington, on the south, has a fine church in a picturesque situation, and is moreover a noticeable place in itself. But we must proceed on our main journey. We have named a few things, the remainder must go unnamed:

"These are the chief; to number o'er the rest,  
And stand, like Adam, naming every beast,  
Were weary work;"

as sweetly singeth Master John Dryden in his 'Hind and Panther.' We will on.

#### SIDMOUTH.

Secure the box-seat of the Sidmouth stage, and you will have a right pleasant afternoon trot over the hills to Sidmouth. There is a delightful alternation of scenery along the road, and you travel at a pace that allows you to have a fair gaze at some such magnificent views as you will not wish to hurry away from. You will also pass through three or four pretty and very countrified little villages. And "though last not least" in our esteem, the delightful sea breezes that you will meet in riding over the hills will so refresh and invigorate the inner man, that you will arrive at the journey's end in prime order to do most excellent justice to the good fare of mine host of the 'York,' the 'Marine,' or the 'London'—or wherever else you may choose to stay at. This is a main charm of stage-coach travelling: it is a grand thing (as they would say in the north) to be able to do the 194 miles between London and Exeter in four hours and a half; and no one who has travelled by that best of all express-trains was ever heard to complain of the journey. But for real enjoyment, this two hours' ride over the fifteen miles of hilly road, by the good old stage, is worth a dozen of it—that is, of course, supposing there be fair weather to enjoy it in.

The situation of Sidmouth is very well described in 'The Route-book of Devon,' in a passage we quote for the sake of recommending the book to all who travel in that county: the notices generally are brief, clear, and accurate,—qualities most valuable in such a work:

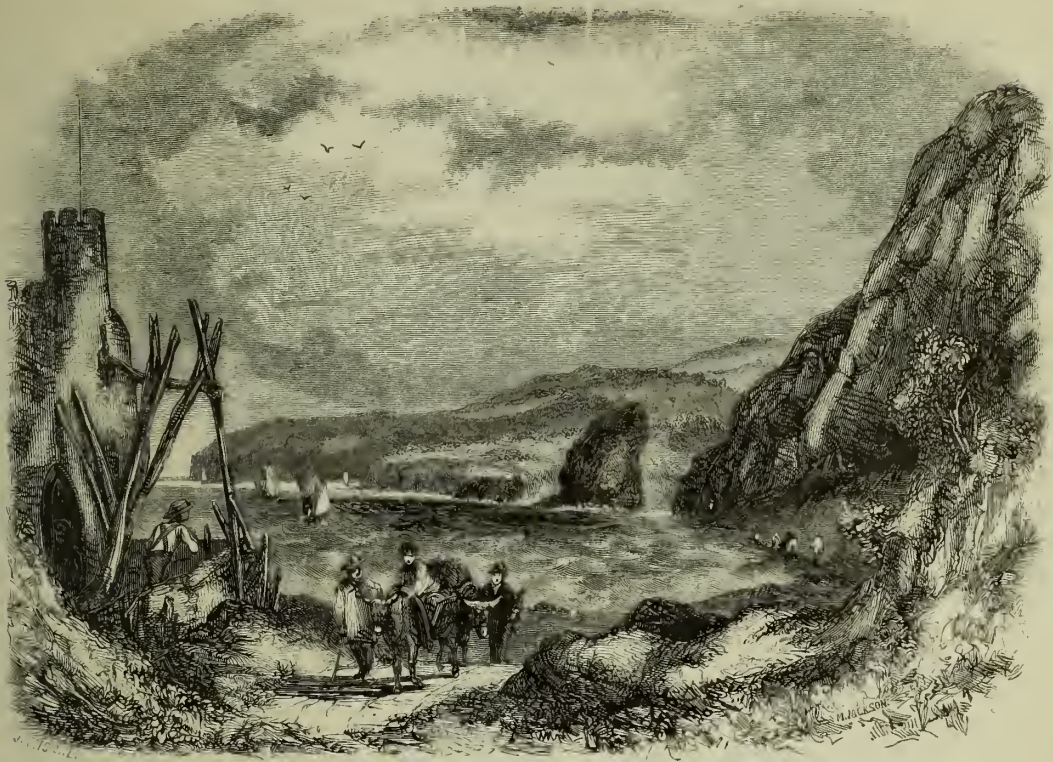
"The beach of Sidmouth is situated nearly in the centre of one of those hollows or curves, of which there are many formed within the vast bay of Devon and Dorset, extending from the Isle of Portland, on the east, to Start Point, on the west. At each end of the curve, east and west, rise two immense hills, about 500 feet high, running north and south, forming a deep valley between. Along the bottom of this valley lies the town, with a considerable part of its front presented towards the sea. On the slopes, or sides of the valley, extending a mile or two inland, are the suburbs, studded with villas, cottages ornées, and every description of marine residence, with which builders of this kind of

dwelling indulge their taste in erecting. These two hills, Salcombe and Peak, continue their range of protection to the town, one on the east and the other on the west, till Harpford and Beacon hills, on the one side, and Penhill on the other, take up its defence on the north-west and north. Sidmouth by these hills is sheltered from every quarter, except the south, which is open to the sea, and may be considered as completely protected from all cold winds; for those from the south are seldom or never cold or piercing in Devonshire. 'Snow,' says Dr. Mogridge, in his descriptive sketch of this place 'is seldom witnessed; and in very severe seasons, when the surrounding hills are deeply covered, not a vestige—not a flake will remain in this warm and secluded vale.'"

The little town lying thus snugly embayed, with the lofty hills rising behind and on either side of it, looks, from the beach, as pretty and pleasant a dwelling-place as the visitor can desire for a short month or two. We can very well imagine that it had a more picturesque, though a ruder appearance, when none of the smart houses that front the sea and are scattered about the hill sides, had been erected; and instead of the regular line of the long sea-wall, there was a rugged bank of sand and shingle, and the place itself was only known as "one of the specialest fisher towns of the shire." When the fashion began to prevail of resorting annually to the sea-side, Sidmouth was one of the earliest places to perceive the advantage of preparing a comfortable resting-place for these birds of passage. The little town has, with transient fluctuations, gone on in a steady course of prosperity, and is now a very complete place for its size. It has good houses of different grades; good inns, baths, libraries; subscription, billiard, and assembly-rooms; very respectable shops; and the streets are well-paved, and lighted with gas. The sea-wall, erected at a heavy cost a few years back, forms an excellent and very pleasant promenade. Indeed, all the recent alterations and improvements in the town have been made with a view to increase the comfort and enjoyment of the visitors: and it would seem with success. Sidmouth has a late summer season; and perhaps this is its best season, as it is undeniably its pleasantest. But it is also a good deal resorted to in the winter; and it is one of the most agreeable little winter watering-places along this coast. The town is well-sheltered, the site cheerful, the air balmy and genial, and there are most enjoyable walks, both for the robust and the invalid; while, as we have seen, provision has been made for home and in-door delectation: a very necessary provision, certainly, in this moist climate.

The buildings in Sidmouth are not of any architectural importance or interest. The old church is but of very ordinary description; and for the new one there is not much more to be said. Several of the private houses are rather pretty; and one of them, a large thatched cottage-ornée, "a cottage of gentility," is one of the chief lions of Sidmouth. Attached to it are extensive and well-filled conservatories, an aviary,





3.—CHIT ROCK.

and a collection of animals; and it contains in its ample rooms a vast variety of all those numerous costly articles which fall under the general designation of articles of vertu. The proper name of the house is 'Knowle Cottage;' but it is popularly known, at least in Sidmouth, as 'The Little Fonthill.' Permission to see it is readily granted; and "the rooms are thrown open to the public every Monday during the months of August and September."

Sidmouth, we have said, has beautiful walks. The beach will, probably, for a while content the visitor: the cliffs curve round in an easy sweep, and form a picturesque little bay, closed at each extremity by lofty headlands. On a bright calm day, when the sea lies tranquilly at rest, gladdening and glittering in the sunshine, the little bay is a very picture of gentleness and beauty; but when there is rough weather abroad, and dark clouds hang heavily upon the hill tops, the waves roll in with a broad majestic sweep that seems to give quite a new and grander character to the scene; and the bold and broken cliffs themselves appear to assume a wilder and more rugged aspect. The cliffs along this part of the coast are of red marl and sandstone; and as the sea beats strongly against them, they are worn into deep hollows, and in many instances portions become quite separated from the parent cliff. One of these detached masses, of considerable size, stands out at some distance in the sea, at the western extremity of this bay. Chit Rock (Cut, No. 3), as it is called, is one of the notabilities of Sidmouth.

But the visitor will soon wish to extend his walks

beyond the narrow limits of Sidmouth beach; and in almost every direction he will find rambles of a nature to tempt and to repay his curiosity. Along the summits of the cliffs he will obtain glorious views over the wide ocean, and not a few pleasant inland prospects. The hills farther away from the sea command views of vast extent and surpassing beauty; and along the valleys and gentle slopes there are simple pastoral scenes, and green shady lanes, and quiet field-paths, with here and there a solitary cottage, or a little social gathering of cottages, such as it does the heart good to look upon.

Nor must it be supposed that these pleasant strolls are not to be enjoyed in the winter season; as the winter visitant will find, if he venture abroad—and happily most do so venture, though they limit their ramblings far more than they ought. The trees, which impart so much beauty and life to the landscape, are leafless and silent; the streamlets are swollen and turbid; the voices of the innumerable birds that in summer send their glad music from every spray, are mute: but the fields and hill-sides are still verdant; the banks and hedges have yet a pleasant show of flowers and herbage; mosses and lichens of gem-like richness cover the trunks and branches of the trees, the thatches, and the palings; evergreen shrubs and trees are frequent; and no Devonshire lane, or cove, or dell, is without a pretty numerous colony of birds of one kind or another: while withal the air is often deliciously balmy, genial, and serene. Indeed a stroll along the lanes around Sidmouth—and the remark is more or less



applicable to all the towns and villages along this coast to which our winter visitants repair—has, on a fine winter's day, a charm entirely its own; and often the more grateful from its unexpected vernal cheerfulness. And this vernal character happily here lasts throughout the winter. Frosts are seldom severe, and almost always transient; snow hardly ever falls in the valleys, and never lies long on the ground.

“Lovely Devon! where shall man,  
Pursuing Spring around the globe, refresh  
His eye with scenes more beautiful than adorn  
Thy fields of matchless verdure?”

“This is all very pretty, Mr. Writer; but the drizzle—what about the drizzle?”—Yes, good reader, to be sure there is the drizzle; one can't escape from that; but, let us accost yonder countryman, who is resting on his long-handled spade there, and whose form and features show that he has been exposed to Devonshire weather for many a year,—and see what he will say about it.

“More rain!”—“E'es, zur—a little dirrzell!”

“And does it always drizzle in this part of the country?”—“Whoy no: i'dreans zumtimes.”

“Well, does it always rain when it doesn't drizzle?”—“They do zay, I believe, that i'dreans here if i'dreans anywhere; and, for zartin, we've a girt deal of it; but it be vine enough between whiles.”

There, good reader, you have the truth of the matter: there is rain here, and there is drizzle; but there are delicious intervals, and fortunate is he who is able and willing to avail himself of them:

—————“How soft the breeze  
That from the warm south comes! how sweet to feel  
The gale Favonian, too, that o'er the cheek  
Breathes health and life!”

Carrington—*‘Banks of the Tamar.’*

But we must wander, this fine winter morning, down one of the lanes—or rather, slightly notice two or three things that are noteworthy in them. The lanes of Devonshire are usually exceedingly good examples of English country lanes; and those in this neighbourhood are among the choicest in the county. The continual undulation of surface brings into view a never-failing variety of distant scenery, which blends in the most pleasing manner with the peculiarly picturesque features of the lanes themselves; now showing between the distant elms merely a few upland meadows, where Devon's “matchless verdure” gleams under the glancing sunbeam with a brilliant emerald hue, such as is only seen elsewhere on a few of the brightest days of spring; and close beside lies another field of bare red earth, with a labourer or two busily at work upon it: presently there opens a wide and cheerful valley, winding far away among receding hills: here, a few groups of cottages are seen along the margin of the streamlet, and on the slopes houses of more ambitious character are pretty plentifully besprinkled; and again some new turn brings in the sparkling sea to add a new charm and more powerful interest to the picture. It must be

confessed, however, that Devonshire farmers and road-makers do their best to conceal as much of all this as possible. They are people of most anti-picturesque propensities: the road-makers seem to rejoice in ‘deep cuttings,’—the farmers take especial delight in high banks: so that, between the two, the poor pedestrian fares often but sadly. Wherever they can contrive to shut out a wide prospect, or a sunny peep, or a picturesque nook, these good people are sure to do it: they won't let you see more of their country than they can help. There appears to be an unaccountable perversity in this matter. You ascend some piece of upland lane, that promises to bring you to an opening between the hills, whence you may have a rich prospect, when, on reaching the spot, you find the road sunk,—or a mud-bank, some six or eight feet high, with a tall hedge on the top of such impenetrable closeness as to bid defiance even to a hedger. Yet there is some compensation in these banks: for the most part they are covered, although it be winter, with a luxuriant crop of graceful ferns, of ivy, and of periwinkles, and an innumerable variety of light green herbage; while primroses are not scarce even at Christmas, and there is sure to be an early and plentiful supply of violets. The soil in this part of Devonshire is of a deep and rather bright red, and the delicate ferns, and the grass and leaves, and flowers, form with it a singularly vivid contrast. Hardly a bit of old broken bank is there in one of these lanes that does not form a little picture. However, it is the numerous and varied close picturesque nooks, where human interest mingles with the natural and rustic features, that are the chief charm of these lanes. The rural occupations and those who are employed in them; the road-side houses, and the country carts and country folk who are seen about them; the humble cottages that lie just out of the lane, and the goodwife and children who are in constant motion about the open doors, are a never-failing source of interest and pleasure. Nothing is there more picturesque, in its way, than an old Devonshire cob cottage, with its huge overhanging thatch, and all its various accompaniments, animate and inanimate! We should attempt to sketch one, had it not already been done infinitely better than we could do it; and as it only could be done by an observant resident, who, with frequent and leisurely opportunity joined the requisite skill to copy its most characteristic features.

“A Devonshire cottage,” says Mrs. Bray, in her ‘Tamar and Tavy,’ “if not too modern, is the sweetest object that the poet, the artist, or the lover of the romantic could desire to see. The walls, generally of stone, are gray, and if not whitewashed (which they too often are), abound with lichen, stone-crop, or moss. Many of these dwellings are ancient, principally of the Tudor age, with the square-headed mullioned and labelled windows. The roof is always of thatch; and no cottage but has its ivy, its jessamine, or its rose, mantling its sides and creeping on its top. A bird-cage at the door is often the delight of the children; and the little garden, besides its complement of hollyhocks, &c.,

has a bed or two of flowers before the house, of the most brilliant colours. A bee-hive, and the elder—that most useful of all domestic trees—are seen near the entrance; and more than once have I stopped to observe the eagerness and the delight with which the children amuse themselves in chasing a butterfly from flower to flower."

The cottage here described belongs to the other end of the county, but it is equally true of those in this part,—with this difference, that instead of being constructed of stone they are here mostly built of cob; and consequently, a cottage of the Tudor age is here a rarity. Of course the reader knows what cob—"Devonshire cob"—is? If not, we must tell him that it is merely the common clay, or marl, mixed with straw, &c., which is trodden for a long time by horses, till it forms a very tenacious material, and is the ordinary material used for buildings of inexpensive character where stone is not abundant. Like the stone cottages, these are generally whitewashed, and invariably thatched—perhaps we ought to say were, for some few of recent date are slated. The common boundary walls are constructed of cob, as well as the walls of houses, and the stranger is often a little surprised to see a deep and neatly made pent-house thatch surmounting such a wall. When well thatched, a well made cob boundary-wall will hardly need repairing once in a generation: and a good cob wall, whether of house or yard, will last a century.

We intended to lead the reader to three or four of the pleasant spots in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth; along the lanes to the pretty village of Sidford, to Sidbury castle, and on to Penhill; to the top of Salcombe Hill, where is a magnificent prospect, extending, it is said, over from thirty to forty miles of a rich and fertile and very beautiful country, and seaward far as the eye can reach; to one or two of the quiet out-of-the-way corners, where the little Sid, the river (or, as old Risdon calls it, riveret), to which Sidmouth owes its name, with the hollow along which it hurries, "singing its quiet tune," makes pleasant miniature pictures:—by the way, there is an exceedingly pretty peep up the Sid vale from the beach: we intended to visit these and one or two other places, but we must leave them and pursue our journey. Some Miss Mitford of this coast should explore the less-known localities, and give us a volume of country sketches after the fashion of that lady's 'Village.'

#### EXMOUTH.

The onward road lies along the summit of the cliffs, past Chit Rock. From High Peak there are good sea views; and from Peak Hill others of surprising extent and wondrous beauty, over the Haldon Hills as well as seaward. The road must be followed a little inland to Otterton, which lies two or three miles from the sea; and where is the last bridge over the Otter. The way is extremely pleasant, but we need not stay to describe it. Otterton itself is a noticeable place: it is a long

straggling village of poor-looking, whitewashed, thatched cob cottages, with a farm-house or two, a couple of inns, and a few shops. Through the middle of the street runs a little feeder of the Otter, a rattling brook, which adds a good deal to the picturesqueness of the place. On one side is a green, with trees around it. The church stands on a hill at the end of the village. All the houses are rude, unadorned, and old-fashioned; and if it were not for two or three shops that look rather modern, the stranger might fancy he had fallen upon a little secluded country town that had not changed for a century.

Otterton was at one time a village of some small local importance. John Lackland founded a priory here, subject to the monastery of St. Michael, in Normandy. There were to be four monks who were to celebrate the regular religious services; and also to distribute bread weekly among the poor, to the amount of sixteen shillings—a tolerable sum in those days. In succeeding ages the monastery received additional benefactions, and the superior had enlarged rights. Lysons, quoting from the Ledger Book of the priory in 'Chapple's Collections,' says that, "The prior of Otterton had the right of pre-emption of fish in all his ports, and the choice of the best fish,"—a very useful privilege against fast days; the next right is of more questionable value—"The prior claimed also every porpoise caught in the fisheries, giving twelve pence and a loaf of white bread to every sailor, and twice as much to the master; also the half of all dolphins,"—choosing no doubt the head and shoulders when only one was caught. At the suppression of alien monasteries, the priory was transferred to Sion Abbey; at the general spoliation it was re-transferred, part to the royal pocket, and part to some worthy layman. The priory stood on the hill by the church, on the site now occupied by the Mansion House—a building worth examining. The church itself, too, is a noteworthy one. It is a large irregular and very ancient pile, with the tower at the *east* end. In the churchyard is a grove of yew-trees. The church stands on a steep cliff, and with the old house by its side and the trees about it, and the broad river washing the base of the hill, looks from the opposite bank unusually striking. The Otter is here a good-sized stream, and the scenery along it is very picturesque. The banks are bluff and bold, rising from the river in bare red cliffs, making with the neighbouring round-topped hills numerous pretty pictures.

On the other side of the river is the village of Budleigh, only noticeable on account of its containing Hayes, the birth-place of Sir Walter Raleigh. Hayes was at the time held on lease by Raleigh's father; the proprietor of it being "one Duke." Raleigh cherished to middle age a strong attachment to his birth-place, and made an effort to purchase it about the time he was rapidly rising in the favour of his sovereign. A letter (dated July 26th, 1584), is printed in his works, which he addressed to Duke, expressing his desire to possess the house—"because, for the natural disposition he had to it, having been born in that house, he



would rather seat himself there than anywhere else." But his application was refused, Duke, it is affirmed, saying, "he did not choose to have so great a man for so near a neighbour." The Dukes for generations kept the letter pasted on a board, as a "kind of curiosity." The house (of course not in its original condition) is now a farm-house.

By the mouth of the Otter is the hamlet of Budleigh Salterton; which within these few years has grown into some repute as a quiet retired watering-place—a sort of country appendix to Exmouth: and where were only two or three mud hovels belonging to the fishermen, is now a thriving and smart little town, having its three or four streets of shops and lodging-houses; its baths and libraries; its hotel, and even 'commercial inn;' and often a goodly number of genteel visitants. The streamlet that runs through the main street, with the plain wooden bridges that cross it, cause the place yet to retain something of its old rusticity. The cliffs along the sea here, and still more by Otter Point, on the other side of the Otter, are very lofty and very precipitous. The scenery about the shore we need hardly say is such as often exercises the pencils of the visitants. Ladram Bay is particularly celebrated, and in the summer season is one of the most attractive spots in this vicinity. The rocks are there worn into the wildest shapes, and there are caverns that are an object to ramble after: a sail to Ladram Bay is a favourite summer diversion.

From Budleigh Salterton there is a foot-path along the top of the cliffs and by by-ways to Exmouth, passing over Knoll Hill and through the quiet out-of-the-way village of Littleham; this is a pleasant way, but there is one which, though a good deal further, is more exhilarating to the stout pedestrian, round by the headland of Orcomb; or there is the ordinary road by Withecomb—from which some pleasant detours may be made, among others to the little ruined sanctuary of St. John's in the Wilderness.

Exmouth is so called from its position by the mouth of the Exe. Leland styles it "a fisher townlet a little within the haven mouth." And a "fisher townlet" it remained for a very longwhile afterwards. "In truth," says Polwhele, writing towards the close of last century, "it was no other than an inconsiderable fishing-town, till one of the judges of the circuit, in a very infirm state of health, went thither to bathe, and received great benefit from the place. This happened about a century ago, which brought Exmouth into repute, first with the people of Exeter, and gradually with the whole county—I might add, indeed, the whole island; since Exmouth is not only the oldest, but, in general, the best frequented watering-place in Devonshire."

That judge was evidently a good judge; and it was a fortunate thing for Exmouth to be tried by him. The townsmen ought in gratitude to erect his statue in the choicest part of the town.

Exmouth was not, however, always a mere fisher townlet. In the reign of John it is said to have been

one of the chief ports on this coast; and to have contributed ten ships and one hundred and ninety-three seamen as its proportion of the fleet which Edward III. despatched, in 1347, against Calais. On the other hand, it does not now maintain the high position it once held among the watering-places of Devonshire: it is no longer the first. It may not have decreased in popularity or attraction, but it has not increased. It has almost stood still while Torquay has rapidly advanced: and to Torquay it must now yield the precedence.

The Old Town was built along the foot of the hill and by the river side. "The sea at this time covered nearly the whole of the ground on which the north-western part of the town is now built, and washed the base of the cliffs on the left-hand side of the present turnpike-road from Exeter." The New Town—that which is chiefly inhabited by visitants—is on the hill-side and summit. Exmouth is not in itself a parish: but lies chiefly within the parish of Littleham. "The manor of Littleham and Exmouth," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has been since the Dissolution in the family of the Rolles; and the late Lord Rolle and his present surviving relict have been great and generous patrons to this town. The fine and capacious church, built in 1824, and the market-house in 1830; the plantations and walks under the Beacon; the sea-wall just completed; in short nearly all the public improvements carried out within these few years, with the exception of those executed by the late Mr. R. Webber, have been at their suggestion and expense."

Exmouth is well furnished with the various means and appliances that contribute to the requirements and pleasures of sea-side visitants. It has a good bathing-place on the beach, and baths in addition; libraries, assembly and subscription-rooms; hotels and lodging-houses of all sizes and with every aspect; public walks; good shops, and a good market; a church and several chapels. None of the buildings are such as to command much attention as works of art, but they are convenient and serviceable. The sea-wall is an important and a substantial work. It is some 1,800 feet long; and in addition to its primary purpose, it forms an excellent promenade and drive. The walks in and immediately around the town are of a superior character. Several within the town afford noble prospects. That in front of Louisa Terrace commands a view that is in very few towns equalled either for extent or beauty. Nearly the same may be said of Trefusis Terrace, and some other terraces of equally pleasant site, and unpleasant name. The Beacon Hill is very judiciously laid out as a public ground, with beds of flowers, evergreens, and ornamental shrubs. About the walks are placed rustic seats, and occasionally arbours. The views from different parts of Beacon Hill are remarkably good, and altogether it is a very agreeable spot and admirably suited for the purpose to which it has been applied.

From the town there stretches a long sand-bank far into the river. A little lower down the stream another

sand-bank, called the Warren, extends from the opposite side for two miles across the estuary. Just by the first sand-bank there is also an island, about mid-stream, called Shelley Sand; and outside the Warren, where the Exe disembogues itself into the sea, a similar but larger accumulation has formed, which is known as the Pole Sand. By these means the river is contracted within a very narrow winding channel where it enters the sea, although just above the Shelley Sand it had been a mile and a half across. The natural harbour thus formed withinside the sand-banks is called the Bight; and is an anchorage for vessels waiting for wind or tide to enable them to ascend the river, or work out from it and pursue their voyage.

The appearance of the river by Exmouth is very much that of a good-sized lake; and the town has a rather pleasing appearance in consequence. From the sands, Exmouth looks somewhat formal, but from the river it improves very much. The long terraces of white houses, rising behind each other on the hill-side from among groves of dark foliage, with the mass of meaner buildings at the base, the sand with its fishing-boats and larger craft, and the broad sheet of water in front with the shipping riding at anchor upon it, compose together a pleasing and remarkable picture. But the finest view of the town—the view which exhibits best and most gracefully its peculiarities—is obtained on a bright clear day, at full tide, from the slopes on the opposite side of the river by Star Cross. The town rises on the hill-side in successive tiers of white houses, whose every-day character is lost by distance. On the heights, on either hand, are sprinkled numerous gay villas, each half embowered in its little plantation. Behind are the summits of loftier hills, clad in aerial tints. The broad blue lake, as it appears to be, repeats the various forms and hues in softened and tremulous lines; while a light skiff, or a deep-laden ship, sailing slowly along, imparts life and vigour to the whole scene. Exmouth has many attractive short walks in its vicinity; and many long ones also—but we must leave them all to the visitor's own exploration, and once more set forward on our journey.

From a note published by Polwhele, in his 'History of Devonshire,' we get a curious peep at the chief watering-place of Devon, towards the close of the eighteenth century. It is part of a letter written, he says, "to the author, about fifteen years ago, (*i.e.* about 1780) by a friend at Exmouth." "The village is a very pretty one, and composed for the most part of cot houses, neat and clean, consisting of four or five rooms, which are generally let at a guinea a week. . . . Exmouth boasts no public rooms or assemblies, save one card assembly, in an inconvenient apartment at one of the inns, on Monday evenings. The company meet at half-after five, and break up at ten—they play at shilling whist, or twopenny quadrille. We have very few young people here, and no diversions—no *belles dames* amusing to the unmarried, but some *belles dames* unamusing to the married. Walking on a hill, which commands a view of the ocean, and bathing,

with a visit or two, serve to pass away the morning—and tea-drinking the evening." How Exmouth would be horrified by such a description of its resources now!

#### DAWLISH.

From Exmouth there is a ferry to Star Cross, where there is a station of the South Devon Railway. It has been proposed to have steam-boats ply at regular hours, instead of the present sailing and row-boats, which are rather trying to the tender nerves of holiday-folks when the south-westerly wind causes a bit of a swell in the river. The alteration would, no doubt, be of some advantage to the town, though of little to the boatmen.

Star Cross is one of the many small villages that have profited by the growth of migratory habits, and the tendency of the different migratory tribes to wend towards the Devonshire coast in their periodic flights. Star Cross was a small fishing village, whither a few Exeter epicures used occasionally to come to eat, at their native home, the oysters and shell-fish, which are said to have a peculiarly good flavour when taken fresh from their beds near the mouth of the Exe: now, though still a small place, it has its season, and its seasonable visitors, and professes to hold out some especial advantages. Be these as they may, it is said to be a thriving little place. Lying along the Exe, it is a cheerful and pleasant, though quiet village: there is an excellent landing-pier, formed by the Railway Company; and it would not be surprising if, in some of the turns of fashion, this till recently obscure and out-of-the-way village were to become a bustling second-rate summer resort.

When here, the visitor should go on to Powderham Castle, the seat of the Earl of Devon. In Norman times Powderham belonged to the Bohuns, by a female descendant of whom it was carried by marriage, about the middle of the fourteenth century, to Hugh Courtenay, Earl of Devon. The Courtenays possessed vast estates in this county: many of them have passed away long since, but Powderham has remained to the present day in their possession; and as was said, it is now the seat of the chief of the Courtenays. Gibbon, in his great work, the reader will remember, breaks off from the history of the Greek empire into a very long "digression on the origin and singular fortune of the house of Courtenay;" which, he thinks, "the purple of three emperors, who have reigned at Constantinople, will authorise or excuse." He follows the fortunes of the three principal branches, and shows how only the Courtenays of England "have survived the revolutions of eight hundred years;" the race of the ancient Greek emperors remaining in a "lineal descendant of Hugh, the first Earl of Devon, a younger branch of the Courtenays, who have been seated at Powderham Castle above four hundred years, from the reign of Edward the Third to the present hour." And he winds up the story with these philosophical reflections: "The Courtenays still retain the plaintive motto, [*Ubi lapsus! Quod feci?*] which asserts the innocence and deplores



the fall of their ancient house. While they sigh for past greatness, they are doubtless sensible of present blessings: in the long series of the Courtenay annals the most splendid era is likewise the most unfortunate; nor can an opulent peer of Britain be inclined to envy the emperors of Constantinople, who wandered over Europe to solicit alms for the support of their dignity and the defence of their capital.”—(*‘Decline and Fall,’* c. lxi.)

We too, it will be seen, have here “ample room and verge enough” for the indulgence of historical digression and moral reflection; and also—the house itself being one of the lions of the locality—for the display of antiquarian lore and critical acumen. But the reader need not fear: we are too compassionate of him to run a race after that fashion. We will just look round the park, and again jog on in our old, safe, steady, continuous amble.

Very little is left of the ancient Castle; or rather, what is left of the old castle has been transformed into a modern mansion, and very little appearance of antiquity remains. Admission to Powderham Park is readily granted, upon application. It is of great extent, and very picturesque in itself: the grounds stretch for a considerable distance along the Exe, and far up the hills to the north-east. From various parts there are views of great beauty; but one spot—the highest point—where a Prospect-tower is erected, is one of the most celebrated in this “land of the matchless view,” as a native poet styles it. In one direction is the valley of the Exe, with the river winding through it to Exeter, where the city with the Cathedral forms the centre of the picture, and the hills beyond make a noble background. Southwards is the estuary of the Exe, with the town of Exmouth; and beyond all, the English Channel. Again, there is a grand view over the Haldon Hills; and in an opposite direction there is a rich prospect, backed by the Ottery Range.

The Courtenays appear to have had another seat in the adjoining parish of Exminster—“a great manor-house where the Earls of Devon resided, and where William Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, was born,” says the historian of the family. There was certainly a ruined mansion here when Leland wrote: he says, “Exminster is a pretty townlet, where be the ruins of a manor-place embattled in the front. I trow it belonged to the Marquis of Exeter.” Only the name of it—‘the Court House’—remains now. Exminster is a pretty townlet. It lies along the riverside, and has much of that level gentle kind of beauty we are accustomed to associate with the Flemish or Dutch landscapes. Its quiet meadows, with the fat cattle about them, the tower of the village church rising from the trees, the roofs of the little village, the curling smoke, the broad river beyond, with the sail of a fishing-boat or slow-moving barge passing occasionally along,—these, and a calm evening sky overhead, make a picture such as Cuypp would have loved to paint or Bloomfield to describe. Its low situation, however, gives it in moist weather rather an aguish look; and,

if we may believe Risdon, it once was aguish. He says, “Exminster, so called of its site upon the river Exe, lieth so low, that the inhabitants are much subject to agues, through the ill-vapours and fogs.” But that was written two hundred years ago, and it may have changed since then. We have not heard any complaints against its healthiness. Indeed, Risdon himself makes mention of a person, living in this or the next parish, whose longevity gives a very different idea of its salubrity:—“There some time lived in this parish one Stone, who was of so hard a grit, that he lived to the age of one hundred and twenty years.” A tough old Stone that!

Adjoining Powderham is a quiet retired village, named Kenton, which is worth strolling to, as well on account of the beauty of its situation and the surrounding scenery, as of the picturesqueness of the village, and the superior character of the village church. Kenton was once, it is affirmed, a market-town, and a place of some trade. The Church bears all the appearance of having belonged to a more important place than the present village: it is large and handsome, and will delight the antiquary and the admirer of village churches. The inside is equally worthy of examination with the exterior. Of the numerous statues of saints that once adorned both the interior and exterior, many have been destroyed; but several still remain. On the screen, which is a remarkably fine one, is a series of painted figures of saints and prophets.

While here we may mention the half-decayed town of Topsham, about a couple of miles higher up the river, on the other side, just by the confluence of the Clist with the Exe, where the latter river suddenly increases in width from a quarter of a mile to three-quarters. Topsham was once the port town of Exeter, and a full sharer in the ancient prosperity of that city. When the ship-canal was formed it was no longer necessary for large vessels to load and unload at Topsham, which gradually lost much of its trade and importance in consequence: it however had a considerable commerce of its own; its share in the Newfoundland trade is said to have been larger than that of any other place except London. There is yet some export and coasting trade; but the chief employment is in ship-building and its dependent manufactures. It has a population of about four thousand souls. Of late there has arisen a desire on the part of the inhabitants to render it attractive to strangers, who may prefer to take up their temporary abode at a little distance inland rather than on the coast; and many improvements have recently been made in consequence.

Topsham is placed in a very pleasant situation—stretching for a mile or more along the east bank of the river, where it widens into the appearance of a lake, or an arm of the sea. The town consists of one main street, a mile in length, at the bottom of which is the quay. The older part is irregularly built, and the houses are mostly mean: but many houses of a better class have been erected within the last few years. These are so situated as to command very fine views of the

estuary of the Exe with the rich scenery of its banks, and the sea beyond. The Strand is well planted with elms, and would form an agreeable walk in itself; but of course its value is greatly increased by the beautiful scenery which is beheld from it. The church stands near the middle of the town, on a high cliff which rises abruptly from the river. It is an old building, but there is nothing to notice in its architecture. Inside the church are two monuments, by Chantrey: one is to the memory of Admiral Sir J. T. Duckworth; the other of his son Colonel Duckworth, who was killed at the battle of Albuera. The church-yard affords wide and rich prospects both up and down the river, and over the surrounding country. A good deal that is picturesque will be met with about the crazy-looking town itself; and some amusement will be found in watching the employments of the townsmen.

Although we mention Topsham here, it will be most conveniently visited—and it is worth visiting—from Exeter. It is only three miles distance from that city, and omnibuses are frequently running—if the stranger does not like so long a walk. We have thus, after a long ramble, returned almost to our starting-place: but we have not yet got to our journey's end; and we now retrace our way to the sea-side. But we need not walk. It is a delicious sail down the Exe, from Topsham to the Warren. The scenery along the banks is of the finest kind of broad placid river scenery. The noble woods of Powderham, running down to the water, dignify and adorn the right bank; to which the villages of Powderham and Star Cross add considerable variety. The lofty tower of the Railway-station is a noticeable feature here; and the passage of a train along the brink of the river imparts to it an air of novelty. On the left bank is the very pretty village of Lympstone—a retired little place, which folks who think Exmouth too gay or town-like, yet wish to reside near it, are very fond of. The stroll to Lympstone and by the neighbouring heights, is one of the most favourite with the Exmouth residents. Continuing the sail down the river, Exmouth soon becomes the chief feature; then the long wild sandbanks engage the attention, till the broad ocean comes into full view. We may land at the little hillock, which bears the tempting name of Mount Pleasant: in truth a pleasant spot enough, and in high repute with Exeter Cockneys, who are wont in the summer-time to recreate in the tea-gardens of the inn on its summit.

From Mount Pleasant there is a pleasant way along the summit of the cliffs to Dawlish: but there is also another, which we shall take, along their base.

The cliffs on this west side of the Exe are lofty and precipitous. During westerly gales the sea beats against them with considerable force, whence, being of a rather soft red sandstone, they have become pierced and worn in a strange wild manner. A shattered breakwater of massive stone stands an evidence of the power of the waves. The appearance of the rocks at this Langstone Cliff is at all times highly picturesque; but when the westering sun brightens the projecting

masses into an intense golden red, and casts the hollows into a deeper gloom, while the heaving billow breaks against the base in snowy spray, the effect becomes exceedingly grand and impressive.

Through this projecting point of Langstone Cliff the railway passes, in a deep cutting. It soon emerges, and pursues its course along the base of the cliffs to Dawlish. Alongside, for the whole distance—about a mile and a half—a strong sea-wall has been built, the top of which forms an admirable and very favourite walk. It was a bold venture to carry the line in such close proximity to the sea, along so exposed a shore. Hitherto, however, it has received no injury. But the sea-wall has not escaped without damage: in the stormy weather of this last winter the sea forced a way through it in two or three places. As soon as the waves had effected an entrance at the base, they drove through with irresistible fury, forcing out the stones from the top and making a clean breach that way; but we believe in no case did they break through the inner wall to the line. In those parts which experience has shown to be most exposed, measures have been taken to withstand the fury of the waves: and we may hope that the skill and daring of the engineer will be successful.

Dawlish is situated nearly midway between the mouths of the Exe and the Teign, in a cove formed by the projecting headlands of Langstone Cliff on the north, and the Parson and Clerk Rocks on the south. The town itself lies along a valley which extends westward from the sea: whence, according to Polwhele, its name—*Dol* is signifying a fruitful mead on a river's side; a very pleasant derivation, though a rather too fanciful one. A certain Dr. Downman, who many years ago wrote an epic, entitled 'Infancy,' and who wished to celebrate therein the curative qualities of Dawlish, seems to have had some misgivings whether the barbarous sound of its name ought not to render it inadmissible in so sublime a song: but happily for the place he resolved otherwise, and Dawlish is handed down to posterity in "immortal verse." He concludes his Fourth Book with this apostrophe:

"O Dawlish! though unclassic be thy name,  
By every Muse unsung, should from thy tide,  
To keen poetic eyes alone reveal'd,  
From the cerulean bosom of the deep  
(As Aphrodite rose of old) appear  
Health's blooming goddess, and benignant smile  
On her true votary; not Cythera's fane,  
Nor Eryx, nor the laurel boughs which waved  
On Delos erst, Apollo's natal soil,  
However warm enthusiastic youth  
Dwelt on those seats enamour'd, shall to me  
Be half so dear."

And he promises that if Dawlish's "pure encircling waves," besides exhibiting to him this poetic vision, will only restore the timid virgin's bloom, health to the child, and "with the sound, firm-judging mind, imagination, arrayed in her once glowing vest," to the man,



he will continue, despite its unclassic name, to sing the praises of the happy town :

"To thee my lyre  
Shall oft be tuned, and to thy Nereids green  
Long, long unnoticed, in their haunts retired.  
Nor will I cease to prize thy lovely strand,  
Thy tow'ring cliffs, nor the small babbling brook,  
Whose shallow current laves thy thistled vale."

We are convinced now that *we* have not keen poetic eyes. We have in vain looked on the cerulean bosom of the deep, for the blooming goddess to appear. Once indeed we fancied we were about to behold her rise, as Aphrodite rose of old, when lo ! as poor *Slender* found his *Ann Page*, "she was a great lubberly boy." Polwhele was afraid (some fifty years ago) that "the conclusion of this description may ere long be attributed to fancy ; as a canal, cut through the vale, hath destroyed the natural beauties of the rivulet." Certainly the little stream, whether it be called babbling brook, or rivulet, or canal, is sufficiently unpoetical now. But there is something to remind one of Dr. Downman's description : if there be no thistles in the vale there are plenty of donkeys.

At the commencement of the present century, Dawlish was in the transition state from a humble fishing village to a genteel watering-place. "In general," says a writer about that time, "the houses are low cottages, some tiled, the greater number thatched. On Dawlish Strand there is a handsome row of new buildings, twelve in number. Other commodious houses have lately been erected nearer the water." Dawlish gradually grew into notice and favour, as this coast became better known ; and it has now, for some years past, taken a high rank among the smaller watering-places of Devonshire. At the last census it contained above three thousand inhabitants.

For the invalid, and those who need or desire a warm winter abode, yet wish for a less gay neighbourhood than Torquay, Dawlish has great attractions : and it is in equal estimation as a summer sea-side residence. The valley along which the town is built is well sheltered on all sides, except the seaward ; and the temperature is said by Dr. Shapter, and others who have paid particular attention to the climate of the coast of Devon, to be warmer and more equable than any other of the winter watering-places, except Torquay ; and some doctors will hardly except it. Here, as well as elsewhere on this coast, the myrtle, the hydrangea, and many another tender plant, grows and blooms freely in the open air. And the situation is as pleasant as the temperature is mild and genial. Lying embayed in a cove, which is terminated at each extremity by bluff bold cliffs, the beach in calm weather always affords a picturesque and cheerful walk. Through the centre of the valley flows a rivulet, across which several bridges are thrown ; on either side of the stream is a greensward, with dry gravel walks, carefully kept so as at all times to be an agreeable warm parade. The houses and shops are built on both sides of the valley ; a few villa residences are on the

slopes of the hills ; and along the strand and by the Teignmouth road are hotels, public rooms, and terraces, and detached residences chiefly appropriated to the uses of the visitants.

The public buildings are convenient, but not remarkable. The old church of Dawlish, at the western extremity of the town, was a very ancient pile and of some architectural interest. It was, with the exception of the tower, pulled down about five-and-twenty years ago, and the present edifice erected in its place. Inside the church are two monuments, by Flaxman ; they are both to the memory of ladies ; but they are not to be classed high among the productions of the great sculptor. The South Devon Railway forms a noticeable feature of Dawlish. The line is carried, partly on a viaduct, between the town and the sea. When the formation of the railway was first proposed, it was warmly resisted by the inhabitants, who anticipated that it would destroy the character of the town as a quiet retreat. Such, however, has not been the result. The Railway Company constructed their works so as not to interfere with, but rather increase, the convenience of the visitor ; and their buildings are of an ornamental kind. The noble sea-wall affords a new and excellent promenade. The viaduct is both novel and pleasing in appearance. The method of traction originally adopted on this line, was the unfortunate Atmospheric System. As on the Croydon Railway it has been abandoned, and the locomotive has taken its place ; but the engine-houses remain. One of these was erected at Dawlish, and it is greatly to be desired that some use may be found for it, as, though not more ornamental than was appropriate for the purpose to which it was to be applied, it is really a good-looking building. It is in the Italian style, the campanile serving to carry off the smoke. The material of which it is constructed is the red limestone, or Devonshire marble as it is called ; and its appearance ought to be a lesson to the Devonshire builders. Almost all the houses of a first or second-rate character in this part of the county are built of this stone ; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has been thought proper to cover the surface with composition. No material could be more suitable or more in keeping with the general character of the scenery than this red limestone, and none less pleasing than the paltry imitative white stucco. The Devonshire marble is beautifully veined and admits of a high polish—it is really surprising that architects have not, in some of the costly residences erected along this coast, tried the effect of introducing the polished stone in the ornamental parts, while the general surface was formed of the rough blocks. The cost of working may be a sufficient objection to the polished stone ; but to cover it in any case with the offensive plaster is most grievous.

The cliffs on the west of Dawlish have been strangely pierced and riven by the violence of the sea. Many huge lumps of rock stand out quite detached from the parent cliff, (Cut No. 4.) The same thing occurs elsewhere, as we have already had occasion to mention,



4.—ROCKS AT DAWLISH.

and as we shall see in places we have yet to visit. But nowhere else within the limits of our present journey do they assume so fantastic an appearance as between Dawlish and Teignmouth. When the waves surround them at high tide and beat against the cliffs, these rocks and the coast generally are remarkably picturesque and striking.

It would be improper to quit Dawlish without mentioning the many beautiful walks that it possesses. Some extend up the valley, affording delicious shady strolls in the summer, and sheltered sunny ones in the winter. Those along the higher grounds are varied and agreeable, and command often wide and diversified prospects. The sea-views are numerous, and very good. Indeed, both the active and the feeble may find delightful walks of various kinds, and well adapted to their respective powers. Altogether Dawlish will be enjoyed by those who seek a quiet, retired, but not unsocial or dull watering-place.

#### TEIGNMOUTH.

Along the coast from Dawlish to Teignmouth there is a continual alternation of tall cliffs and deep depressions. The rocks are bold and striking, and the sail between the towns is a right pleasant one. To walk the distance, you must follow the road to Country House, a little inn, somewhat more than a mile from Dawlish, when you may turn down a rough, green, rocky lane, known as Smuggler's Lane, which leads to the beach by the Parson and Clerk. The cliffs here are rugged and wild. Two of the most noticeable of the many detached fragments bear the trivial names of the Parson and Clerk, from some supposed resemblance to those functionaries. The Parson is, of course, of most

capacious rotundity; the Clerk is sparer: he might have been more appropriately named the Curate. The railway here emerges from a tunnel: it is protected, as before, by a sea-wall, which forms a wide and level road almost to Teignmouth. From the Parson Rock the view of Teignmouth, and the bay in which it lies, with the distant headland, is very fine. The seaward prospect from the sea-wall is excellent. There is a footpath along the brow of the lofty cliff under which the railway runs, from which there is a very commanding view over the ocean.

Teignmouth lies near the centre of the wide bay formed by the high land of Orcomb on the north, and Hope's Ness on the south. Its name marks its position by the mouth of the river Teign. The town is divided, for parochial and other purposes, into East and West Teignmouth, but there is no actual separation between them. East Teignmouth is the part that is built near the sea at the eastern end of the Den: West Teignmouth lies along the east bank of the river. (Cut, No. 5.)

Camden, Leland, and other of our older antiquaries, have asserted that Teignmouth is the place where the Danes first landed in England: but there can be no doubt whatever that they are mistaken, and that the Tinmouth of the Saxon Chroniclers is Tynemouth, in Northumberland. Teignmouth seems to have been at an early period a place of some trade. There was then no sand-bar at the mouth of the river, and the haven was safe and convenient. Teignmouth contributed, at least occasionally, its proportion of armed ships to the national fleet. Before the reign of Henry VIII. the river showed signs of silting-up, and sand had begun to accumulate in the harbour. An Act of Parliament was passed in that reign to amend the harbour; in the



preamble of which it is stated that formerly vessels of 800 tons burden could enter the port at low water.

If we may believe Bishop Burnet, Teignmouth had sunk into a very wretched state towards the end of the seventeenth century. After the defeat of the combined English and Dutch squadron, under the Earl of Torrington, off Beachy Head, in 1690, the French fleet sailed direct to Torbay, where it lay for some days. "But before they sailed," says the bishop, (*Hist. of his own Times*, v. ii. p. 54,) "they made a descent on a miserable village called Tinmouth, that happened to belong to a papist: they burnt it, and a few fisher-boats that belonged to it; but the inhabitants got away; and as a body of militia was marching thither, the French made great haste back to their ships: the French published this in their *Gazettes* with much pomp, as if it had been a great trading town, that had many ships, with some men-of-war in port: this both rendered them ridiculous, and served to raise the nation against them; for every town on the coast saw what they must expect, if the French should prevail."

But the townsmen's own account of the affair is not exactly like this. They addressed a memorial to the King; and a Brief was issued on their behalf, which enabled them to raise money for the restoration of the town. From the statement set forth in the Brief, it is plain that Burnet underrated the importance of the place, which was anything but 'a miserable village.' The statement is interesting, as an authentic representation of such an occurrence made immediately afterwards: and it is worth quoting farther, as an evidence of the way in which the zealous bishop colours his notices of matters of which he was not an actual witness. The Brief of the townsmen must of course have been well known to the bishop.

This address "Sheweth,—That on the 13th day of July last (1690), about four of the clock in the morning, the French fleet, then riding in Torbay, where all the forces of our county of Devon were drawn up to oppose their landing; several of their galleys drew off from their fleet, and made towards a weak unfortified place, called Teignmouth, about seven miles to the eastward of Torbay, and coming very near, and having played the cannon of their galleys upon the town, and shot near 200 great shot therein, to drive away the poor inhabitants, they landed about 700 of their men, and began to fire and plunder the towns of East and West Teignmouth, which consist of about 300 houses; and in the space of three hours ransacked and plundered the said towns, and a village called Shaldon, lying on the other side of the river, and burnt and destroyed 116 houses, together with eleven ships and barks that were in the harbour. And to add sacrilege to their robbery and violence, they in a barbarous manner entered the two churches of the said towns, and in the most unchristian manner tore the Bibles and Common Prayer-books in pieces, scattering the leaves thereof about the streets, broke down the pulpits, overthrew the Communion-tables, together with many other marks of a barbarous and enraged cruelty. And such

goods and merchandises as they could not, or durst not, stay to carry away, for fear of our forces, which were marching to oppose them, they spoilt and destroyed, killing very many cattle and hogs, which they left dead in the streets. And the said towns of East and West Teignmouth and Shaldon, being in great part maintained by fishing, and their boats, nets, and other fishing-craft being plundered and consumed in the common flames, the poor inhabitants are not only deprived of their subsistence and maintenance, but put out of a condition to retrieve their losses by their future industry; the whole loss and damage of the said poor inhabitants, sustained by such an unusual accident, amounting to about £11,000, as appeared to our justices, not only by the oaths of many poor sufferers, but also of many skilful and experienced workmen who viewed the same, and have taken an estimate thereof; which loss hath reduced many poor inhabitants, therefore, to a very sad and deplorable condition."—(*Lysons's Mag. Brit.*, vi., 491.)

The money required was raised, and the town was restored.

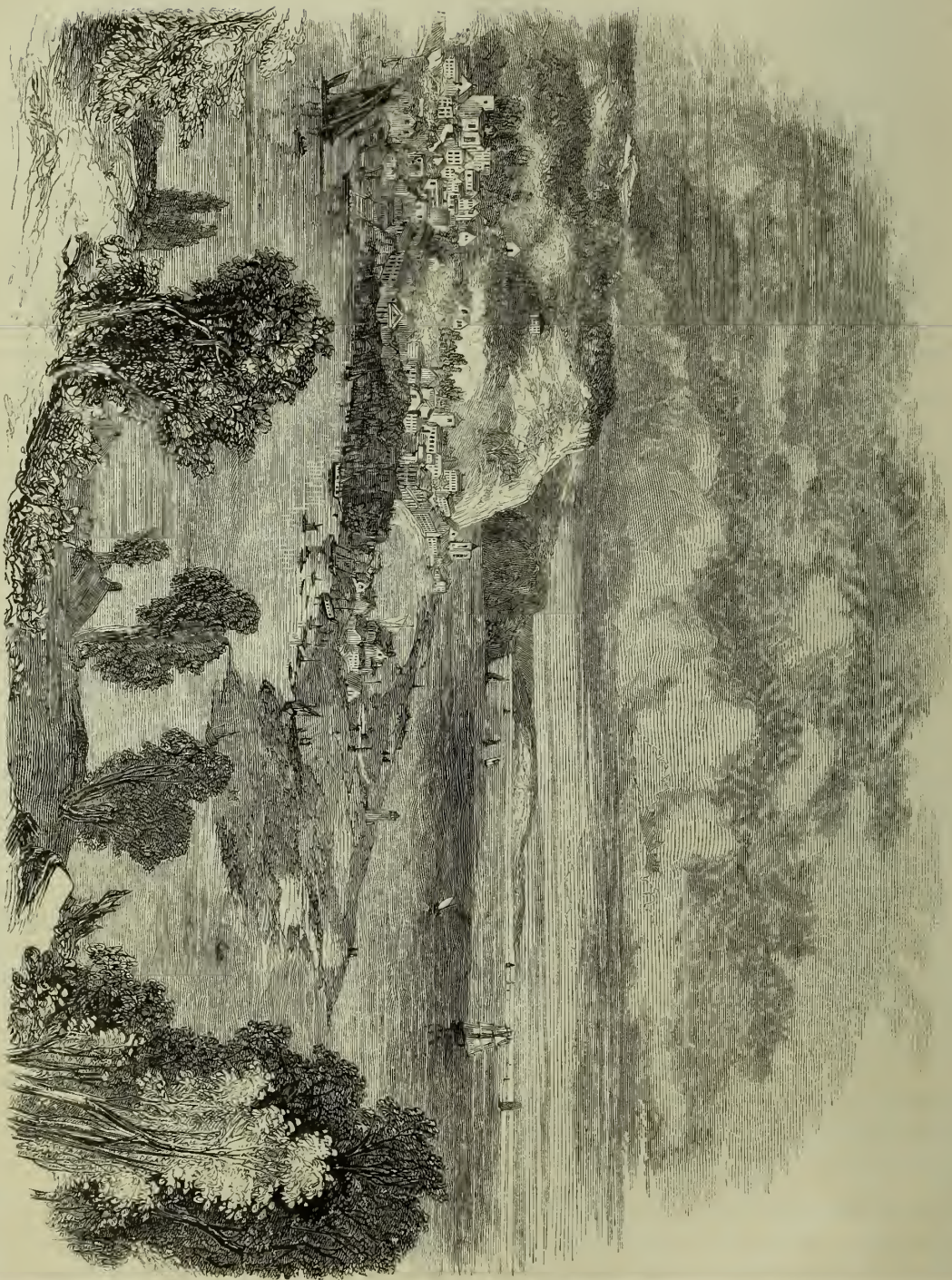
Teignmouth is now a busy and thriving town, containing upwards of five thousand inhabitants. Fishing is largely carried on, and there is a considerable import and export trade. It is the port for shipping the Haytor granite, which is brought down the Teign from the quarries, and the fine clay which is brought from Kingsteignton. The inhabitants are also largely engaged in the Newfoundland fishery. There is besides a good coasting trade, so that the haven is commonly a bustling scene. The entrance to the river is impeded by a sand bar. The main sand-bank is elevated far above high-water mark; but the narrow channel by which the river escapes into the sea has a depth of water of about fifteen feet at high tide, permitting, therefore, the passage of vessels of considerable burden; and the harbour, though there are several large shoals, is tolerably commodious. The continuation of the sand-bank, called the Den, between the sea and the town, was once a part of the town. Leland says, "At the west side of the town is a piece of sandy ground, called the Dene, whereon hath been not many years since divers houses and wine-cellar." The Den is now laid out as a public promenade; near the western end of it a small lighthouse has been erected.

Teignmouth is not wholly dependent on its shipping. It is one of the largest and most frequented watering-places on the coast, yielding only to Torquay, and, perhaps, to Exmouth. According to Lysons, "Teignmouth appears to have become fashionable, and to have increased in buildings about the middle of last century." Unlike the other leading watering-places on the Devon coast, Teignmouth is not a winter resort. It has only what in watering-place phraseology is termed 'a summer season,' which of course includes the autumn.

The streets of Teignmouth have more the appearance of belonging to a trading town than a town of pleasure. They are mostly narrow and irregular, and the houses are far from showy. Facing the sea, however, there







5.—TEIGNMOUTH.



are good houses and terraces of the ordinary watering-place species. There are in the town and opposite the sea the usual public buildings, baths, and hotels. The showiest building in Teignmouth is the Public Rooms, which stands in the centre of the Crescent fronting the Den; it is a large structure, with an Ionic pediment, and a Doric colonnade. It contains a spacious ball-room, billiard and reading-rooms, and all the other rooms usual in such an edifice. The lighthouse is plain, but substantial; it is intended to warn vessels off the sand, and, by the aid of a light fixed on a house on the Den, to guide them in entering the river. There are two churches in Teignmouth, both comparatively recent, and positively ugly. Probably it would be hard to find another town that has only two churches, and both so ill-favoured. East Teignmouth Church is a singular building: it is said to be intended as an example of the Saxon style,—if so, it is a very bad example. The interior is described as being “warm and comfortable;” matters that are no doubt appreciated on a Sunday morning. West Teignmouth Church has no redeeming quality. In form it is an octagon, with a queer tower at one of the angles. The interior might raise a doubt whether the design was not taken from a riding-circus, to which use it might, with a little alteration of the pit and gallery, be readily converted.

The glory of Teignmouth is its promenade,—unrivalled on this coast, and not to be easily surpassed elsewhere. The Den was a wide, uneven, unsightly sandy waste, lying between the sea and the town, and extending from East Teignmouth to the river. This waste it at length entered into the imagination of the towns-

people might as well be applied to some use: accordingly it was levelled, the centre was laid down with turf, and around it was carried an excellent carriage-drive; while between this and the beach a broad walk was formed, extending above half a mile along the sea-side. Thus, what had hitherto been a deformity became not merely an ornament, but one of the most valuable additions which could have been made to the town. Within the last year the sea-wall of the railway has prolonged this walk for more than a mile farther. The people of Teignmouth are justly proud of the Den. The cove, within which Teignmouth lies, is a very beautiful one: the broad blue ocean, which in all its wondrous beauty stretches before you, is studded with vessels constantly passing to and fro; occasionally, one and another ship is seen working in or out of the harbour, unless it be when the curl of the waves over the bar at low water indicates the hidden danger; and the Den not only affords the most convenient means of observing the beauty and interest of the scene, but in itself would possess great attractions for the gay folks who visit these towns, as a parade whereon to take their daily exercise, or to assemble in order to see and be seen. The Den appears to great advantage on a summer evening, when the sun is sinking behind the distant cliffs. The moonlight view of the sea on a fine clear night is marvellously fine. Half the town seems sometimes to be assembled on the Den, if the full moon be particularly brilliant.

The country about Teignmouth is of uncommon beauty: in every direction there are pleasant and attractive walks. From the hills, which rise far aloft



6.—ANSTIS' COVE.



behind the town, the prospects of mingled sea and land are deservedly famous. But the sketch we have already given in speaking of the walks in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, must suffice as a sort of general description of the characteristics of Devonshire scenery; and here, as in other places, we must be content with a mere reference. It would be improper, however, not to speak particularly of the advantages that Teignmouth affords for aquatic excursions. The boats and boatmen of the town are celebrated; and the visitor will find a sail along the coast towards Babbicombe, or up the Teign, a treat of no ordinary kind. There is a regatta at Teignmouth every season, which is famed all through these parts.

The Teign, although not so romantic in its lower course as the Dart, has much of loveliness and something of majesty. As you ascend it the valley opens in a series of exquisite reaches; the banks at one moment descend to the edge of the water in gentle wooded slopes, and presently rise in abrupt cliffs; while ever and again is seen on the hill sides, or in some sheltered vale, a cottage, or a little collection of cottages:

"Cluster'd like stars some few, but single most,  
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats;  
Or glancing on each other cheerful looks,  
Like separated stars with clouds between."

*Wordsworth.*

To some one or other of these quiet, retired places, parties are often made for a summer holiday. Combe and Coombeinteignhead Cellars, are especial favourites with those who love to go junketting. Devonshire, the reader no doubt knows, is famous for two delicious preparations of milk—junkets and clotted cream. They are imitated in other countries, but in Devonshire only are they to be had in perfection. The junket, which is made by mixing spirits and spices with cream prepared in a particular manner, is properly a summer dish; but the cream is for every season. Cobbett, in the pleasantest and healthiest of his books, the '*Rural Rides*,' relates how, on halting on a dreary day at an inn in Sussex, and finding to his sorrow there was no bacon in the house, he at once resolved to proceed again on his journey, though the night was drawing on and it was pouring of rain:—the want of bacon, he says, making him fearful as to all other comforts. And he was right. He knew the country well; and he knew, therefore, that the lack of bacon in a Sussex inn was a sure symptom of ill housekeeping. In Devonshire the test is a different one. Here the Rambler may be certain, if he be not served with clotted cream to his breakfast, there must be something amiss; and he will do well at once to shift his quarters.

Mrs. Bray very properly extols the junkets and cream of her favourite Devonshire: and she adds a good illustration of their excellence. After speaking of the references made to them in old authors, she says that she one day observed to an old dame, of whose cream she had just been partaking in her dairy, and who had explained her method of preparing it, "that

she little thought of how ancient date was the custom of preparing the rich scalded cream in the manner she was describing to me. 'Auncient!' she exclaimed: "I'se warrant he's as old as Adam; for all the best things in the world were to be had in Paradise. And," adds our fair authoress, "I must admit, if all the best things in the world were really to be found in Paradise, our cream might certainly there claim a place." Let the reader try it at breakfast next time he is in Devonshire, and he will be of the same opinion.

If it be not thought worth while to hire a boat for a sail up the river, there are market-boats which ply daily between Teignmouth and Newton, that carry passengers for a trifling fare, in which a place can be taken; and the scenery of the river may be well enjoyed from them. Just above the town the Teign is crossed by a bridge, which was erected about twenty years ago, and which is said to be the longest bridge in England. The roadway is supported on iron trusses, which form some four or five-and-thirty arches. Over the main channel there is a swing-bridge, which opens so as to permit the passage of ships up the river. This bridge is another of the pleasant walks of Teignmouth. At low water there is on either side a muddy swamp, but at high tide the view from the bridge up the river is very beautiful, especially at sunset. The richly-wooded valley through which the broad stream winds is backed by hills, receding behind each other till the distance is closed by the lofty Tors of Dartmoor. Looking downwards, the river, with Teignmouth on one side, and Shaldon on the other, is singularly picturesque: and it is still finer and more memorable if beheld on a bright night, when the full moon is high over the distant sea, and sends a broad path of lustre along the river,—which appears like a lake closed in by the sand-bank that then seems to be united to the opposite Ness,—and the white houses that lie within reach of the moon's beams shine out in vivid contrast to the masses of intense shadow.

#### TORQUAY.

On leaving Teignmouth we may cross the river by the bridge and look at Ringmoor, or by the ferry to the picturesque village of Shaldon, which both from its fishery and as a watering-place may be considered as an adjunct to Teignmouth. The Torquay road lies along the summits of the lofty cliffs, and though too much enclosed within high banks, there may be had from it numerous views of vast extent. But more striking combinations of sea and land are to be found nearer the edge of the cliffs. Teignmouth, with the coast beyond, is seen here to great advantage. (Cut No. 5.) The coast from Teignmouth to Torquay is all along indented with greater or less recesses, and as the rocks are high and rugged, many of these coves have a most picturesque appearance. A larger one, Babbicombe Bay, is considered to be one of the finest of the smaller bays on the coast. Here, till not many years ago, were only a dozen rude fishermen's hovels, which

seemed to grow out of the rough rocky banks : now there are numerous goodly villas with their gardens and plantations, scattered along the hill-sides ; hotels have been built, and there reigns over all an air of gentility and refinement ;—a poor compensation for the old, uncultivated, native wildness that has vanished before it.

St. Mary Church, just above Babbicombe Bay, has also altered with the changing times. From a quiet country village, it has grown into a place of some resort, and houses fitted for the reception of wealthy visitors have been built and are building on every side. There is not much to notice in the village. The church is a plain building of various dates, and not uninteresting to the architectural antiquary. It stands on an elevated site, and the tall tower serves as a land-mark for a long distance. In the church-yard may be seen a pair of stocks and a whipping-post in excellent preservation. While at St. Mary's the stranger will do well to visit Mr. Woodly's marble works : the show-rooms, which are open to him, contain a wonderful variety of the Devonshire marbles, wrought into chimney-pieces and various articles of use or ornament. Some of the specimens are very beautiful.

A short distance further is Bishopstowe, the seat of the Bishop of Exeter : a large and handsome building of recent erection, in the Italian Palazzo style. It stands in a commanding situation in one of the very finest parts of this coast ; and the terraces and towers must afford the most splendid prospects. Immediately below the Bishop's palace is Anstis Cove, the most romantic spot from Sidmouth to the Dart. (Cut, No. 6.) It is a deep indentation in the cliffs, where a stream appears at some time or other to have worked out its way in a bold ravine to the ocean. On either hand the little bay is bounded by bold wild rocks. On the left a bare headland juts out into the sea, which has worn it, though of hardest marble, into three or four rugged peaks. On the right, the craggy sides of the lofty hill are covered thick with wild copse and herbage, while from among the loose fragments of rock project stunted oak, and birch, and ash trees, their trunks overgrown with mosses and lichens, and encompassed with tangled heaps of trailing plants. The waves roll heavily into the narrow cove, and dash into snowy foam against the marble rocks and upon the raised beach. A lovely spot it is as a lonely wanderer or a social party could desire for a summer-day's enjoyment. The Devonshire marble, which is now in so much request, is chiefly quarried from Anstis Cove and Babbicombe Bay. While here, Kent's Hole, a cavern famous for the fossil remains which have been discovered in it, and so well known from the descriptions of Dr. Buckland and other geologists, may be visited, if permission has been previously obtained of the Curator of the museum at Torquay. The cavern is said to be 600 feet in length, and it has several chambers and winding passages. Numerous stalactites depend from the roof, and the floor is covered by a slippery coating of stalagmite : the place is very curious, but has little of the impressiveness of the caverns of Yorkshire and the Peak. At Tor-wood,

close by, are a few picturesque fragments of a building that once belonged to the monks of Tor Abbey ; was afterwards a seat of the Earl of Londonderry ; and then a farmhouse.

Nearly all the way from Teignmouth the stranger will have observed, not without surprise, the number of large and expensive residences that have been recently erected on almost every available (and many an unpromising) spot. Many appear to have been begun without a proper reckoning of the cost, and are standing in an unfinished state ; many that are finished are ' to let,' but more are occupied. As Torquay is approached, the number rapidly increases, until on the skirts of the town there appears, as it has been appropriately termed, "a forest of villas." What old Fuller calls "the plague of building," seems to have alighted here in its strongest form. But whatever may be the case further off, it is said that a villa of the best kind is hardly ever completed and furnished in the immediate vicinity of the town before a tenant is found ready to secure it.

No other watering-place in England has risen so rapidly into importance as Torquay. Leland indicates its existence without mentioning its name. Speaking of Torbay he says, "There is a pier and succour for fisher-boats in the bottom by Torre priory." What it was in the middle of the sixteenth century it remained, with little alteration, to the end of the eighteenth. "The living generation," says the 'Route Book of Devon,' "has seen the site where now stand stately buildings, handsome shops, and a noble pier, with a busy population of 8000 souls, occupied by a few miserable-looking fishing-huts, and some loose stones jutting out from the shore, as a sort of anchorage or protection for the wretched craft of its inhabitants." The same work suggests a reason, in addition to the causes that have led to its unrivalled popularity, for the remarkable increase of houses :—"The increase of buildings and houses here has been, perhaps, greater than in any other town—[watering-place is meant : Birmenhead and other commercial and manufacturing towns have, of course, increased to a much greater extent]—in the kingdom. This, in a great measure, may be attributed, in addition to its beauty of situation and salubrity of climate, to the natural advantages it possesses for building. The whole district being nearly one large marble quarry, the renter or possessor of a few feet square has only to dig for his basement story, and the material, with the exception of a little timber, which is landed before his door, for the completion of his superstructure, is found."

Torquay lies in a sunny and sheltered cove at the north-eastern extremity of the noble Torbay. Lofty hills surround it on all sides except the south, where it is open to the sea. The houses are built on the sides of the hills, which rise steeply from the bosom of the bay. Thus happily placed, the town enjoys almost all the amenities of a more southern clime : the temperature is mild and equable, beyond perhaps that of any other part of the island. In winter the air is



warm and balmy; while in summer the heat is tempered by the gentle sea breezes; and it is said to be less humid than any other spot on the coast of Devon. It suffers only from the south-western gales, and they serve to clear and purify the atmosphere. Dr. (now Sir J.) Clarke, in his celebrated work on 'Climate,' gives it the first place among English towns as a residence for those whose health requires a warm winter abode; and his decision at once confirmed and widely extended the popularity it had already attained. He says, "The general character of the climate of this coast is soft and humid. Torquay is certainly drier than the other places, and almost entirely free from fogs. This drier state of the atmosphere probably arises, in part, from the limestone rocks, which are confined to the neighbourhood of this place, and partly from its position between the two streams, the Dart and the Teign, by which the rain is in some degree attracted. Torquay is also remarkably protected from the north-east winds, the great evil of our spring climate. It is likewise sheltered from the north-west. This protection from winds extends also over a very considerable tract of beautiful country, abounding in every variety of landscape; so that there is scarcely a wind that blows from which the invalid will not be able to find a shelter for exercise, either on foot or horseback. In this respect Torquay is much superior to any other place we have noticed. . . . The selection will, I believe, lie among the following places, as winter or spring residences: Torquay, the Undercliff (Isle of Wight), Hastings, and Clifton,—and perhaps in the generality of cases will deserve the preference in the order stated."

After such an encomium from one of the most celebrated physicians of the day, Torquay could not fail to obtain a large influx of visitors—and those of the class most desiderated. Torquay is now the most fashionable resort of the kind. It has both a summer and a winter season; and the commencement of the one follows close upon the termination of the other. Hither come invalids from every part of the kingdom in search of health, or in the hope of alleviating sickness: and hither also flock the idle, the wealthy, and the luxurious, in search of pleasure, or of novelty, or in the hope of somehow getting rid of the lingering hours.

A good deal of amusement, and some instruction, might be found in a sketch of the history of the wells, and the baths, and the watering-places of England; and there are abundant materials for the illustration of such a sketch in our lighter literature. It would be curious to compare the various ways in which, in successive generations, the votaries of fashion and of pleasure have sought to amuse themselves, under the pretence of seeking after health; and how variously health has been sought after by those who have really been in pursuit of it: and equally curious would it be to compare the appliances as well as the habits at such places. Torquay would probably be found to bear little more resemblance to Tonbridge-Wells or to Bath, to Harrowgate, or Buxton, or Cheltenham, or any other of

our older towns of the same class, than it would to the baths of Germany, or the Italian cities of refuge.

Torquay has many buildings for the general convenience; but it has no public building that will attract attention on account of its importance or its architecture. There are subscription, reading, and assembly-rooms, first-rate hotels, a club-house, baths, and a museum; there are also three or four dispensaries and charitable institutions. But there are none of them noticeable buildings; the town wears altogether a domestic 'Belgravian' air: it is a town of terraces and villas. The pier is the chief public work: it is so constructed as to enclose a good though small tidal harbour; and it forms also a promenade. The principal shops lie along the back of the harbour, and they, as may be supposed, are well and richly stored. The streets are mostly narrow and irregular. The houses which the visitors occupy are built on the higher grounds; they rise in successive tiers along the hill sides, and the villas extend far outside the older town. A new town of villas is stretching over Beacon Hill, and occupying the slopes that encircle Mead Foot Cove. All the new villa residences are more or less ambitious in their architecture; some of them are very elegant buildings. They are, of course, of different sizes, ranging from cottages to mansions. They are built of stone—till lately, in almost every instance covered with stucco. Some of very ornamental character have been recently erected with the limestone uncovered. There is no good public parade by the sea-side: the new road to Paignton is but an apology for one, though a magnificent parade might have been constructed there: a better situation could not be desired. Recently a piece of ground of about four acres, in the most fashionable part of Torquay—but at some distance from the sea—has been laid out as a public garden: and it is, of its kind, a right pleasant one. The walks are numerous within the limits of the town, which are pleasant in themselves, or afford pleasing prospects. Along the summit of Waldon Hill the whole extent of Torbay is seen to great advantage: a grander prospect could hardly be desired over the ever-varying and ever-glorious ocean.

The views from Beacon Hill are almost equally fine. Noble views of Torquay, and of the eastern end of Torbay, may be had from the Paignton Road, and from the meadows by Tor Abbey, and the knolls about Livermead (Cut, No. 7). We shall say nothing of the walks in the vicinity of Torquay; the people of Torquay do not walk there: but there are rides and drives all around, of a kind to charm the least admiring; and the whole heart of the country is so verdant that they are hardly less admirable in winter than at any other season.

The appearance of Torbay is so tempting, that we can hardly suppose the visitor, however little of a sailor, will be content without having a sail on it. He should do so, if only to see Torquay to most advantage. From the crowd of meaner buildings which encircle the harbour and extend along the sides of the cove, rise the streets and terraces of white houses, like an amphitheatre, tier





7.—TORQUAY.



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ter. Behind these are receding hills, spotted at intervals with gay and luxurious villas, each in an enclosure, and surrounded by dark green foliage. The view is in itself a beautiful and a striking one—the more impressive from the associations and beauties that arise on looking upon such a scene of beauty and refinement.

Torbay is one of the finest and most beautiful bays on the whole English coast. It is bounded on the north by a bold headland, which bears the elegant appellation of Hope's Nose, and it sweeps round in a splendid curve to the lofty promontory of Berry Head, which forms its southern boundary. The distance between the two extremities is above four miles; the breadth in the centre of the bay, is about three miles and a half; the coast line is upwards of twelve miles.

Within its ample bosom a navy might ride at anchor. Considerable fleets have lain within it. From its surface, the aspect of the bay is of surpassing beauty. On the northern side lies Torquay, beneath its sheltering hills: at the southern extremity is the busy town of Brixham, with its fleet of fishing-boats lying under the shelter of the bold promontory of Berry Head. Between these distant points are two or three villages with their church towers, and all along are scattered hamlets, serving as links to connect the towns and hamlets. The coast-line is broken by deep indentations and projecting rocks. The shore rises now in steep and rugged cliffs, and presently sinks in verdant wooded slopes: and behind and above all stretches Torbay, as a lovely back-ground, a richly diversified and fertile country; while to complete the glorious panorama, the bosom of the bay is alive with ships, yachts, and numerous trawls.

As we go ashore again, and look at the two or three villages that lie along the bay. Adjoining Torquay are a few vestiges of an old monastery of the Premonstratensian order, and which, according to Dr. Oliver, (*Antiquities and Historical Collections relating to the Monasteries in Devon*), "was undoubtedly the richest priory belonging to that order in England." It was founded in the reign of Richard I., and it continued to flourish till the general destruction of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. The priory stood in one of the most exquisite spots in this land of beauty; and its happily-chosen site is a testimony to the community of feeling among the monks with what Humboldt (in his *'Cosmos'*) "traces in the writings of the Christian Fathers of the Church,—the fine expression of a love of nature, nursed in the seclusion of the hermitage." The few fragments that remain of the old priory are in the gardens of the modern mansion which bears the name of Tor Abbey. They are almost entirely covered with ivy, and are so dilapidated that no judgment of the ancient architecture can be formed from them.

About the centre of Torbay lies the village of Paignton, once a place of some consequence, as its large old church testifies. The bishops of Exeter had formerly a seat here, some fragments of which are standing near the old church. Paignton's chief fame till within these

very few years arose from its cider and its cabbages! The country around Paignton is very fertile, and the cider-apple is largely cultivated. A great deal of cider is annually shipped from Paignton to London and other places. About ten years ago a pier was constructed, at which vessels of 200 tons burden can load and unload. Of late, Paignton has greatly increased in size and altered in character. Torquay has no good bathing-place; and since the construction of the new road, the residents there have availed themselves of the sands at Paignton, which are well adapted for bathing. At first a few, and afterwards a great many, visitors sought for houses or lodgings here. To accommodate them, a good number of convenient houses have been erected; and the place is growing fast in size as well as reputation. It is not at all unlikely that it will some day have its full share of popularity. Paignton has many advantages as a watering-place; it lies in a pleasant and picturesque spot, almost in the centre of the splendid bay, over which the uplands command the grandest prospects: the sands are good and well adapted for bathing. The lanes and walks around the town are the pleasantest and most picturesque in this neighbourhood. Though not so sheltered as Torquay, Paignton is by no means exposed; and if not quite so warm, the air is less relaxing.

Brixham, which lies at the southern extremity of the bay, is one of the first and wealthiest fishing-towns in England. About two hundred and fifty sail of vessels belong to the town, besides some fifty or sixty of the smaller fishing-boats. The extent of the fishing trade is enormous,—the largest, it is said, in England. In Norman times the town belonged to the Novants; and from them it passed in succession through several other noble hands. The present lords of Brixham are Brixham fishermen. The manor was purchased some time back by twelve fishermen; these twelve shares were afterwards subdivided, and these have been again divided. Each holder of a share, or portion of a share, however small, is styled 'a quay lord.' If you see a thick-bearded, many-jacketed personage, who carries himself with a little extra consequence in the market-place, you may be sure he is a Brixham lord.

Brixham is a long, straggling, awkward, ungainly place. It stands in a picturesque position, and it looks picturesque at a distance. Not but what there are parts of it which, close at hand, are picturesque enough after a fashion. Down by the shore, Prout would make capital pictures of the shambling-houses, and the bluff weather-beaten hulls that are hauled on the beach or lie alongside the pier. The Upper Town, or Church-Brixham, is built on the south side of Berry Head; the Church is there, and the better houses are there also. The Lower Town, or Brixham Quay, is the business part of the town: the streets are narrow, dirty, and unfrequented,—a sort of Devonshire Wapping with a Billingsgate smell. There is here a Pier, which forms a tolerable tidal harbour. But the great increase in the trade (and Brixham is a port of some consequence apart from its fishery) has rendered the old harbour insufficient,



and a new Breakwater is now in course of construction, which will, it is expected, form a sufficient shelter for large merchant ships and frigates of war. (Cut, No. 8.)

It was at Brixham Quay that William, Prince of Orange, landed on that expedition which gave to him the British crown, and secured to England its constitution. The Dutch fleet, after some misadventures, rode safely into Torbay on the morning of the 5th of November, 1688. The townsmen of Brixham welcomed their arrival by carrying off provisions, and proffered their boats for the landing of the troops. As soon as a British regiment was sent ashore, William himself followed, and superintended the disembarkation of the remainder of the army. Burnet says the Prince's whole demeanour wore an unusual air of gaiety. While William was busily engaged in directing the military arrangements, the self-important Doctor stepped up to him and offered his service in any way he could be of use. "And what do you think of predestination now, Doctor?" was the Prince's reply. Dartmouth says he added a hint about studying the canons,—which Burnet

seems to have caught the drift of more accurately than of the question.

In the centre of the market-place of Brixham stands a monument, in which is fixed a block of stone, with this inscription engraven on it: "On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on landing in England, 5th of November, 1688." When William IV. visited Brixham, the inhabitants presented him with a small fragment of this stone enclosed in a box of heart of oak.

The fleet which brought William to England was not the last that has lain at Torbay. In the following year the French fleet, after having defeated the combined English and Dutch squadron, sailed into Torbay, and lay there for several days. The fleet of Earl St. Vincent made Torbay a principal station. The *Belle-rophon*, with Bonaparte on board of it, was anchored off Brixham for some time. The fallen Emperor is said to have gazed over the bay with undisguised admiration: "What a beautiful country! how much it resembles Porto Ferrajo in Elba!" was his exclamation.



8.—BRIXHAM AND TORBAY.

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W. Henry

BRIDGE: ENTRANCE TO BRIGGATE





1.—COLOURED-CLOTH HALL, INTERIOR.



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# LEEDS,

## AND THE CLOTHING DISTRICT.

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THERE is no county in England which presents more diverse features in its different parts than Yorkshire—the huge, wide-spreading Yorkshire. And yet these differences have been brought about more by man's busy doings, than by the physical structure of the county: or rather, certain diversities being established by Nature in her geological developments, man has given a more and more marked character to these diversities by his steam-engines, his looms, his spinning machines, and his mining operations.

Beginning at York, and following the meanderings of the Derwent, from the vicinity of that ancient city to the vicinity of Scarborough, we have a line of demarcation through a portion of the county. Beginning again at York, and following the Ouse until it empties itself into the Humber, we have a second irregular line. Starting a third time from the same point, and proceeding north-west to the boundary of Westmorland, partly along the upper valley of the Ouse, and partly along the ridge of a chain of mountains, we have a third line of separation. Yorkshire is by these lines parted off into three portions, or *Ridings*; and these three Ridings differ considerably one from another. If our present concern were with the county generally, we should have to point out the main features of difference between the East and the North Ridings; but it suffices for us to show that the West Riding differs strikingly from both. A steam-engine is a rarity in the East and North: in the West its puffing, panting movements are familiar enough. In the East and North the streams, if they do any work at all, exhibit it in the navigation of barges, and in turning corn-mills: in the West, the streams are busy coadjutors in the making and finishing of cloth. In the East and North, the chief towns (excepting Hull) derive most of their commercial importance from being centres of agricultural districts: in the West, there are a dozen towns which all but rank with the Manchesters and Birminghams. In the East and North, the villages are almost wholly agricultural: in the West there is hardly a village where the spindle and the shuttle are not busily plied. In the East and North, the people grow the food which they eat: in the West they are too busy and too many to do so—they apply to their neighbours of Lincolnshire. In the East and North there are only four inhabitants to twenty acres: in the West there are fifteen. In the East and North, there is only one house to twenty-four acres: in the West there are six.

And even this West Riding itself is anything but uniform in its features. If we trace a curved line from Rotherham, through Leeds, to Skipton, all the portion

on the east and north of this line, comprising more than three-fourths of the entire West Riding, is almost as wholly agricultural as the North and East Ridings themselves. Busy then, indeed, must be the remaining one-fourth; and busy it is. Busy, too, in modes of industry so entirely distinct, that we must ask the reader to follow us even to a further division. We must draw an imaginary line, which shall cut off the southern portion of this nook of the county; this southern portion contains the coal and iron of Penistone, Silkstone, Rotherham, and Sheffield, but has hardly a spindle or a loom throughout its whole extent; whereas the remainder, though possessing much coal and some iron, is, *par excellence*, the CLOTHING DISTRICT.

Thus, step by step, we bring our attention to centre in one particular part of Yorkshire. If the reader will take his map, and trace four lines—from Barnsley to Leeds, Leeds to Skipton, Skipton to Rochdale, and Rochdale to Barnsley—he will enclose an irregular quadrangle, which constitutes the clothing district: excluding very few of the clothing villages, and including very few villages which are not of that character. Three or four centres of active operation are found within this quadrangle: such as Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury—each having around it a group of villages, which look to it as a market for the sale of their manufactured produce. Whether they be hills or valleys where these villages lie, still the villages themselves are occupied mainly by clothiers. The towns and larger villages are, however, all on the banks of the rivers flowing through valleys:—thus, Skipton, Keighley, Bingley, and Leeds are in the valley of the Aire; Bradford is in a valley, springing from this at right angles; Halifax is in a hollow, surrounded by high ground; Huddersfield is in the valley of the Colne, near the confluence of many minor streams; and lastly, Dewsbury is in the valley of the Calder.

When we call this the *Clothing District*, it is desirable to know how that term is applied. Long before cotton or silk formed any notable proportion of English dress, woollen garments were largely made in Yorkshire and in the West of England; and those two portions of England became generally known as the Clothing Districts. Various circumstances have led to the decline of manufactures in the West, and their extension in the North; so that the latter is now more peculiarly the possessor of this appellation. Even here, however, the trade is not distributed indiscriminately over the district: it groups itself around certain centres. Thus, the wool-dealer, the cloth-manufacturer,



the commercial traveller, the shipping merchant—all know in which direction to bend their steps according to the kind of goods required.

As the present article does not pretend to grasp at the topography of the whole clothing district; nor, on the other hand, to treat of manufacturing industry in a systematic way; it may be well at once to settle what it *does* propose as its object. Leeds being by far the largest and most important town in the district, it will be made the subject of a topographical description; while the clothing manufacture will be so far noticed as to illustrate the dependence of Leeds on it for support, and the dependence of all the towns and villages on each other.

In viewing the position of Leeds with respect to the rest of the district, we see that it shares with them in the general course of the rivers towards the east or south-east. Going a little beyond our prescribed limits, on the north, we find the river Wharfe, which rising near Hawes, follows a direction pretty nearly south-east, past Bolton Abbey, Otley, Harewood, Wetherby, and Tadcaster, to its junction with the Ouse, near Cawood. Then comes the Aire, which, rising near Settle, follows in like manner a south-east course, past Skipton, Keighley, Bingley, Leeds, to its junction with the Calder, near Castleford. This Calder takes its rise on the borders of Lancashire, and follows a winding course (not deviating very much from east), past Sowerby, Dewsbury, and Wakefield, to Castleford. Lastly; the river which flows through Huddersfield, and which is formed by a number of small streams, has a direction rather towards the north-east, until it joins the Calder. Thus all the streams have a direction tending more or less towards the east; and all contribute to form that great river which, under the name of the Humber, passes by Hull into the German Ocean. Between the greater valleys through which these streams flow are smaller lateral valleys; by which the whole district is cut up into a succession of hills and hollows,—very pleasant for the artist to look at, very advantageous for the manufacturer who requires water-power, but very embarrassing to the engineer who has to make railways.

Leeds occupies the north-east corner of the whole district. One might almost have expected that the greatest town of the district would have been near the centre; and in by-gone ages, when Halifax was more closely connected than Leeds with the clothing manufacture, such a system of central position was observable. But various circumstances have tended in later ages to give Leeds a commanding position.

#### THE NET-WORK OF WEST RIDING RAILWAYS.

The mode of reaching a town, in these our railway days, is among the most notable of its features. The "Great London Road," which marks the chief entrance to most of our towns, is becoming less and less the chief entrance. An intruder has stepped in, who bids us follow his iron track. The "ancient ways" are very

much like deserted ways now, and are to be appreciated only by a thorough-going pedestrian. Let us see, then, what the iron roads are doing, and have been doing, and will be doing, in and around Leeds.

The year 1844 commenced what we may term the new railway era for Leeds. Until that period, there were only two railways belonging to the town; viz., the North Midland, which had its northern terminus at Leeds; and the Leeds and Selby, which had its western terminus at the same town. In the year above named (1844), the Leeds and Selby line passed into the hands of the York and North Midland Railway Company. As to the Manchester and Leeds Railway, the name has always been a misnomer; for the line terminates at Normanton, eight or ten miles south of Leeds: the remainder of the distance being run over the North Midland. Towards the north and west, Leeds was wholly severed from the general railway system. The first change was produced in 1844, by the legislative sanction of the Leeds and Bradford Railway. This line was to commence at Sandford Street in Leeds, and to pass through a number of small but busy villages and townships to Bradford, including Wortley, Armley, Bramley, Kirkstall, Horsforth, Shipley, and others: the termination being in the Kirkgate at Bradford. There was also sanctioned a short branch from this line in Holbeck, to the North Midland in Hunslet; so as to afford continuous communication from Bradford to the south and east, through Leeds.

The next step, in 1845, was the legalizing of the Leeds and Dewsbury line. This was to commence by a junction with the Leeds and Bradford in Holbeck township, Leeds; and proceed by way of Beeston, Ardsley, and Batley, to Dewsbury; and thence by Mirfield and Kirkheaton to Huddersfield. The line was to form two junctions with the Manchester and Leeds, at Kirkheaton and at Mirfield; and it was likewise to have two branches, from Leeds to Wortley, and from Batley to Birstall. There were subsidiary arrangements for abandoning a portion of the line near Huddersfield, in the event of certain agreements being made with the Manchester and Leeds Company. The same year also witnessed the passing of an Act for the Leeds and Thirsk Railway. This was in effect an extension of the North Midland Railway towards the north: placing Leeds (as it ought to be placed) on a main line of thoroughfare. It was to pass from Leeds through Bramhope, Knaresborough, Ripley, Ripon, and Sowerby, to Thirsk; and was to have a multitude of small branches, from Headingley to Bramley, from Cookridge to Bramley, from Knaresborough to Harrogate, and two others to connect it with the Leeds and Bradford, and the Great North of England lines. A further progress was made in the same year, by the passing of Acts for the extension of the Leeds and Bradford to Colne, the Wakefield and Goole, the Huddersfield and Manchester, and certain branches from the Manchester and Leeds Railways.

Then came the busy year 1846, when the bubbles of

1845 had to be blown away, and the good measures (with an admixture of bad, it must be owned,) sanctioned. Leeds had its full share in these exploits. The York and North Midland Company were empowered to shorten their line of communication from York to Leeds; the Leeds and Bradford, Leeds and Dewsbury, and Manchester and Leeds Companies received powers to make several amendments in their various lines; the Leeds and Thirsk were authorised to extend their operations to the coal districts of Durham; the Wharfedale Railway was sanctioned, whereby the towns and villages on the Wharfe would be brought into connection with Leeds and the other great towns; the Great Northern Company received its large powers, one feature of which was, to carry their operations northward to Leeds; and, lastly, a net-work of the most extraordinary kind, called the West-Riding Union Railway, received the Royal assent, having for its object, by a great number of small lines, planned, in spite of the enormous expense inevitably involved, to connect most of the great clothing towns of the West-Riding—such as Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, and Dewsbury—with each other.

Another year brings us to 1847. The Parliamentary documents contain many and varied railway details, relating, more or less, to Leeds and its vicinity; but they were, for the most part, mere alterations and improvements in the numerous Acts before obtained. By this time, the companies directly and closely interested in the town of Leeds had increased to seven or eight in number; but amalgamations and leaseings have since brought them down to a smaller number of larger groups. One of the Acts of 1847 was to amend the details of a new entrance into Leeds: it marked out a line from the township of Wortley to Wellington Street in Leeds, there to form the terminus of the West-Riding Union Railway.

One more year, and we conclude our list. In 1848, the Leeds and Thirsk Company added still more to the number of short branches which will mark their line; but the only Act with which we have here to do—and one which will have more effect on the interior of Leeds than any of the Acts hitherto enumerated—is that which empowers the formation of the Leeds Central Station. So many companies are about to approach Leeds on every side, that it was felt to be desirable that they should have one general point of junction, and one grand station, within the town. The West-Riding Union, the Leeds and Dewsbury, the Leeds and Thirsk, and the Great Northern, will all enter Leeds from different directions; and these four companies have agreed to construct a general station in common. The Leeds and Selby, the Leeds and Bradford, and the North Midland parties hold aloof from this arrangement: they belong to other interests, somewhat at rivalry with the former. A sum of no less than £320,000 is authorized to be raised for this one station; the four Companies to provide it in equal quotas. The station is to be on the north side of the river Aire. It will either touch upon, or pass

through or over, the Leeds and Whitehall turnpike-road, Aire Street, King Street, Wellington Street, Queen Street, and the General Infirmary; it will be nearly close to the Coloured-cloth Hall; and there will be a connection made with the Leeds and Bradford Railway. The General Infirmary is to be wholly removed, and a new building constructed elsewhere at the expense of the united Companies.

Such, then, are the arrangements made, up to the present time, for accommodating this remarkable district: we say 'made,' in the parliamentary sense; for the engineers have still a vast amount of work to do, before the various lines of railway will be finished. The year 1845 was the period of severe competition in this quarter. Two rival schemes, the 'Leeds and West-Riding Junction,' and the 'West Yorkshire,' were brought forward, for supplying a net-work of railways for the clothing towns; and the Report of the Board of Trade on those schemes, gives a very good idea of the nature of the district: "One peculiarity in the district is the number of important and populous towns and manufacturing villages, scattered over it so irregularly, that their connection cannot possibly be effected by any one line of railway. This will best be understood by reference to a map, from which it will be seen, that any line that connects Leeds with Bradford and Halifax, and those places with Manchester, necessarily isolates Huddersfield and Dewsbury; while, on the other hand, a Manchester and Leeds line, carried through those places, would provide no accommodation for Bradford and Halifax. The traffic of the district is also such as to require a very complete communication of all these towns with one another, as well as an outlet for each of them towards their great manufacturing capitals, Leeds and Manchester, and towards their great shipping ports, Hull and Liverpool. It consists, in great measure, of what may be called an 'omnibus traffic,' circulating from town to town within the district, in the pursuits of manufacturing industry, and to attend the cloth and other markets which are held weekly, on stated days, in all the chief emporiums; and the traffic in goods and raw materials, owing to the subdivision in the processes of manufacture throughout the district, will be of a very similar description. The great bulk of this local traffic will be of a character to require, for its proper development, both very cheap rates, and very numerous trains."

#### THE RISE AND GROWTH OF LEEDS.

Leeds, the 'Loidis,' 'Ledes,' and 'Leedes' of past ages, has nothing left at the present day to mark its connection with feudal and monastic times, excepting perhaps the Abbey of Kirkstall in its immediate vicinity. It was never particularly rich in such features—far less so than its neighbour, the venerable city of York; and the hand of Time, assisted by the extension of commerce, has levelled, one by one, all that told of the past.

In this, as in other towns which can date their



origin many centuries back, it is difficult to say whether the first notable building was castellated or ecclesiastical, whether the baron or the abbot was the earlier centre of power, or whether the town were really founded before barons or abbots were known. A cloud hangs over the early history of Leeds, and this cloud does not begin to disperse until we arrive at a period subsequent to the Norman Conquest.

The chief authority on the early history of Leeds, Dr. Whitaker, states that there was a Roman station at or near this spot; but that nothing has been retained of the history of Leeds till the time of the Saxons. He thinks that the district of *Loidis*, mentioned by the Venerable Bede, comprised the country lying about ten miles on every side from Leeds. '*Loidis and Elmete*,' the title of Dr. Whitaker's voluminous work on this subject, relates to two Saxon names of places mentioned by Bede; which names are believed by Dr. Whitaker to refer to the town of Leeds, the neighbouring town or village of Barwick in Elmete, and the surrounding country. From the terms in which Leeds is mentioned in Domesday Book, it is inferred that there were about 135 persons, with their households, who were landowners of Leeds and Holbeck in the time of the Conqueror. Whitaker gives a curious conjecture of the probable appearance of Leeds at that time: "Whatever streets do not bear the Saxon name of 'gate,' were then, if anything, lanes in the fields; and this rule restricts the original Leeds to Briggate, Kirkgate, and Swinegate, which last formed the original approach to the Castle, which, at a somewhat later period, was erected by the Lacies. Let the reader, then, who is acquainted with this busy and crowded scene as it exists at present, figure to himself two deep and dirty highways, one stretching from the bridge to the present Town Hall; the other at a right angle to the parish church, with seven-and-twenty dwelling-houses constructed of mud, wattles, and straw—the usual architecture of the Saxons—their mean barns, farm-yards, etc.; and here and there a wretched cabin, perhaps of still meaner structure, dispersed at intervals along these two lines. To the backs of these, in every direction, lay a wide extent of open fields; and with these exceptions, the streets and squares into which this great commercial town has expanded in every quarter, were alternately grazed by cattle, or wrought by the plough."

From this humble condition Leeds gradually and silently developed itself. At some period between the Conquest and the reign of John, a castle was built, and both castle and manor belonged to the family of Paganel. Leeds itself had, immediately after the Conquest, been given to Ilbert de Lacy, a powerful noble, who united it to his barony of Pontefract; but after the lapse of a few years, the manor of Leeds was granted to the Paganel, who held it under the Lacys—the latter being superior lords of the district. Of what character was the Castle built by Paganel we have very little account. It stood, however, upon Mill Hill, at a short distance from the River Aire, and upon a

gentle acclivity. The Castle was surrounded with an extensive park, long since broken up. The site is nevertheless sufficiently indicated by such names as Park Place, Park Square, Park Lane, and Park Row, all lying a little north-west of the present Coloured-cloth Hall. There are only two historical facts clearly known as applying to Leeds Castle: the one was the besieging of the Castle by King Stephen, during his march towards Scotland in 1139; and the other was the temporary confinement of Richard II. within the Castle, just before his accredited murder at Pontefract. The Castle is supposed to have been destroyed early in the fourteenth century. Sometimes a little confusion arises from the circumstance that Yorkshire and Kent each had a Leeds Castle: the latter is still existing.

Maurice Paganel, as the mesne lord of Leeds, gave a Charter to the burgesses during the reign of King John. Soon after the death of this baron, the manor reverted to the chief lords of the fee; and after changing hands many times, it came into the possession of the Duke of Lancaster, during the reign of Edward I. When this duke became King Henry IV., the manor of Leeds assumed the character of royal property, and as such it remained till the time of James I., when it again passed into private hands. It has, for about two centuries and a half, been sold and given and inherited in a great variety of ways; and at the present day it is held by several proprietors in common, each of whom has a certain definite share of the whole.

We know very little of the share which Leeds may have taken in the baronial struggles of the thirteenth and two following centuries: it is probable that the town was too small to be regarded as an important feature in contests for power, especially after the destruction (whether by time or by violence) of the castle. The first page of what may perhaps be termed the modern history of Leeds is given by Leland, who, writing about three centuries ago, says:—"Leeds, two miles lower down than Christal [Kirkstall] Abbaye, on Aire river, is a praty market toune, having one parochie chirche, reasonably well builded, and as large as Bradeford, but not so quik as it." We must infer that this "quickness" refers to the bustle and activity of the two towns, in which the palm is given by Leland to Bradford. It was probably about that time that the clothing manufacture was first introduced into Leeds. Ralph Thoresby tells us, that one of his reasons for writing the *Ducatus Leodiensis* was a consideration of the great richness and resources of the country near his native town, Leeds. He selects as a sort of centre, Haselwood, a little distance eastward of Leeds; and says that the district around Leeds and Haselwood formed the portion of Yorkshire which Bishop Tunstal "shewed to King Henry VIII. in his progress to York, anno 1548, which he avowed to be the richest he ever found in all his travels through Europe; there being within ten miles of Haselwood, 165 manor-houses of lords, knights, and gentlemen of the best quality; 275 several woods, whereof some of them contain 500 acres; 32 parks, and 2 chases of deer; 120 rivers and brooks, whereof 5 be

navigable, well stored with salmon and other fish; 76 water mills, for the grinding of corn on the aforesaid rivers; 25 coal mines, which yield abundance of fuel for the whole county; 3 forges for the making of iron, and stone enough for the same: and within the same limits as much sport and pleasure for hunting, hawking, fishing, and fowling, as in any place of England besides." This is given as having been the state of things in 1548, in the time of Henry VIII.; and if the account can be relied on, it certainly indicates a condition of notable prosperity within a boundary of such narrow limits.

In 1638, Leeds was called upon to furnish its quota of ship-money; and Clarendon speaks of it, in companionship with Halifax and Bradford, as being about that period "three very populous and rich towns, depending wholly upon clothiers." Leeds had its full share in the struggles between Charles I. and his Parliament; taking uniformly the part of the latter, and changing masters many times. The Royalists under the Marquis of Newcastle took the town in 1642; in the next year, the Parliamentarians under Fairfax reconquered it; again was it taken by the Royalists; and again, after the battle of Marston Moor, did the Parliamentarians resume their possession.

Among the stories which have been associated with this period at Leeds was the following:—When Charles I. was in the hands of the Scots, and was being conveyed by them from Newark to Newcastle, he was lodged in the Red Hall at Leeds, supposed to have been then the best house in the town. During his stay at that place, a maid-servant, feeling compassion for his fallen position, and perhaps acting under the influence of certain royalists in the town, implored him to disguise himself in her dress, as a means of effecting his escape. She declared at the same time, that if he succeeded in the attempt, he would immediately be conducted by a back alley (since known as Land's-lane) to a friend's house, from whence he could proceed to France. Charles, however, either convinced that the project was impracticable, or entertaining fallacious hopes of the intentions of the Scots in his favour, declined the offer made by the woman. As a mark of his gratitude he gave her the Garter (perhaps the only symbol of royalty he then had about him); saying, that if it never should be in his power to reward her, his son, on the sight of that token, would bestow upon her some remuneration. After the Restoration, the woman repaired to Charles II., related the circumstance, and produced the token. The king inquired whence she came; she replied, "From Leeds, in Yorkshire." "Whether she had a husband?" She answered that she had. "What was his calling?" She said, "An under-bailiff." "Then," said the king, "he shall be chief bailiff in Yorkshire."

Whatever may have been the disasters suffered by Leeds during the wars, they were slight compared with those which resulted from the Great Plague of 1665. From the month of March to the month of December in that year, more than fifteen hundred persons died of

the plague in this town; supposed to have been not less than one-fifth of the whole population. All but the very poor sought to avoid the dread pestilence by flight; the grass grew in the deserted streets; the markets were removed to Woodhouse; and the doors of the church were closed.

A period of a century elapsed without any political event of importance having occurred at Leeds; when, in 1745, Marshal Wade's army formed an encampment between Leeds, Sheepscar, and Woodhouse. It is said that this was the last encampment formed on English ground during the time of internal war; and it is also said, that the boundaries of the encampment are still marked by the absence of old wood in the hedge-rows.

The progress of Leeds was so quiet and steady, that it is hardly possible to watch the several stages of its development. Turnpike-roads were introduced in the neighbourhood about 1753: not without great opposition on the part of the lower classes, who regarded toll-bars much in the same light as "Rebecca" of modern times in Wales has done. The houses of the inhabitants gradually assumed a more substantial and durable character. The mud and wattled houses, roofed with thatch, which formed the early dwellings of the town, gave place to timber-houses; one of which, named Rockley Hall, the residence of an opulent family, was existing down to the beginning of the present century. When, from change of taste, or scarcity of wood, these timber-houses became obsolete, they were succeeded by another class of houses built of a perishable argillaceous kind of stone found in the neighbourhood. At length, in the reign of Charles I., the first brick-house of Leeds was built; and it retained for nearly two centuries the distinctive appellation of the *Red House*. A more recent stage was consequent on the introduction of deal timber from Prussia and Livonia, by which the massive and picturesque oak-fittings of earlier days were replaced by slighter, neater, but plainer and more fragile timbers of deal.

With regard to intercourse between Leeds and London, it was of course a momentous affair before the days of good roads and fast coaches. The first Leeds and London stage-coach of which we have read was advertised in 1764; when the travelling public were informed that there was "safe and expeditious travelling, with machines on steel springs, in four days to London, from the Old King's Arms, in Leeds, every Monday and Wednesday." The march of improvement was so rapid that in 1776 a new post-coach was announced to go from Leeds to London in thirty-nine hours. Of the steps whereby this mode of travelling was superseded by the vast railway system described in a former page, most modern readers are able to form an opinion.

The annals of Leeds for the last hundred years are simply the annals of commercial progress; and it may, therefore, suffice for us now to see what kind of town Leeds has become, and what are the relations which it bears to its busy neighbours.



## A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TOWN.

First, then, we have to draw a distinction between the *town*, the *borough*, and the *parish* of Leeds. The town claims its ninety or hundred thousand inhabitants; while the borough approaches much nearer to two hundred thousand. When the Parliamentary Reform Commissioners came to mark the boundaries of the borough of Leeds, they found the parish limits so extensive and comprehensive, that it was deemed sufficient to apply the same limits to the borough. The parish is a large one, or (since the recent changes in the ecclesiastical divisions of the parish) we may perhaps better say that the borough is a large one. It comprises not only the town of Leeds, but also the townships and chapelries of Armley, Beeston, Bramley, Farnley, Holbeck, Hunslet, Chapel Allerton, Headingley, Burley, Wortley, and Potter Newton—extending between seven and eight miles from east to west, about the same from north to south, and thirty in circumference.

These townships or outlying suburbs are connected with Leeds not only in an electoral sense, but commercially and socially. The cloth-workers of the townships look up to Leeds as their great prop and support; while the "well-to-do" inhabitants of Leeds—the gentry and the principal manufacturers—have their private residences between and among those townships, where smoke and steam have yet left a few green fields and green trees untouched. Beginning northward of Leeds, and making a circuit around it, we first find the township or village of Headingley, becoming more and more an integral portion of Leeds, by the progress of building along the pleasant road which connects the two. Beyond this is the West Wood, with the 'lodge,' the 'hall,' the 'cottage,' the 'mill,' &c., to which it gives name. The road through Headingley leads onward to Otley. Next to this, on the west, is the road through Kirkstall towards Horsforth; and here we find the ruins of the venerable Abbey which has given such celebrity to the place. Between the two roads lie Flower Bank, Kirkstall Grange, Hawksworth Park, Cookridge Wood, and other open spots—some cultivated as private pleasure-grounds, and some in the state of woods and commons. A little to the west of the Kirkstall road lies the valley through which the river Aire, the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and the Leeds and Bradford Railway run—a curious example, and one which is exhibited in many parts of England, of the eagerness with which engineers seek to follow the lines marked out for them by Nature in the courses of rivers. In immediate contiguity with these are the Bramley stone quarries. Next we come to the high-road to Bradford, surmounting a hill which has been shunned by the river, the canal, and the railway. In this quarter are the villages of Armley, Bramley, and Stanningley, and a few private residences. A further progress to the south-west brings us to the road leading to Tong and other clothing villages in that direction, over a very undulating country; here we meet with Wortley, Farnley village and park, and

a sprinkling of private residences, with country farms. Then we come to the turnpike-road, towards Halifax and Birstall, with Farnley Wood lying between them. South of Leeds lies Holbeck, now so closely connected with the town, that there is no visible division between them, except that furnished by the river Aire. Beyond Holbeck, in the same direction, lies Beeston; and in and around the intervening district are many private residences and pleasant fields. Beginning now to bend to the south-east of Leeds, and crossing the North Midland Railway, we come first to Hunslet, almost as much incorporated with the great town as Holbeck. But here we notice a remarkable feature, which has been before adverted to, and which will again come under our observation further on, that eastward of Leeds scarcely a trace of a clothing village can be seen: the roads to Wakefield, to Pontefract, to Selby, all have farm-houses and private residences in their vicinity, but not such a knot of busy little suburbs as those hitherto named. Crossing the Leeds and Selby Railway, and approaching the division north-east of Leeds, we find Sheepscar, Gledhow Wood and Quarry, and a number of farms near the road to York and Tadcaster. Lastly, on the north, following the line of road to Harrogate and its vicinity, we find Woodhouse, Potter Newton, and Chapel Allerton, interspersed, like the others, with mansions, parks, and farms.

It must be admitted that there are very few fine prospects to be obtained among this belt of townships and villages; the hills are neither numerous enough nor picturesque enough to form a good background to the scene. But where the man of commerce is busy, the man of landscapes must not be disappointed if the materials at his disposal are somewhat scanty. There can be no mistake as to the character of Leeds as a town, in whatever direction it may be approached: there is a dark and sooty tell-tale hovering over it, which speaks of factories and steam-engines and chimneys among the mass of houses beneath. Whatever we may say of its environs, most certain it is that Leeds cannot lay claim to the character of a picturesque town. Situated on the banks of the river Aire, it presents two different aspects, according to the point of view. On the one side of the river it lies on a slope of considerable acclivity, underlaid by a series of coal-measures; while on the other side, constituting the districts or townships of Hunslet and Holbeck, is an extensive flat, traversed by the Hunslet and Holbeck brooks. The river Aire and its wharfs furnish us with the scene given in Cut, No. 2.

The general arrangement of the streets and alleys in the older parts of the town is pretty much the same as in all old towns: narrowness and crookedness are prevailing features. The main artery from north to south, however, called the Briggate, is of considerable width; arising, as it is said, from the old custom of having gardens in front of the houses in this street, the removal of which gardens has had the effect of giving a respectable amplitude to the Briggate. The streets more recently formed have the modern property of being





2.—RIVER WHARFS, AND ST. PETER'S CHURCH.



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somewhat wider and straighter than their older neighbours; perhaps, also, more plain and monotonous and spiritless. The eastern division of the town is intersected by a small stream, called the Addle Beck, which "hardly knows itself," so much is it encumbered by weirs, bridges of limited openings, and buildings hemming it in on both sides; dye-houses and manufactories are arranged along its margin in great number; and the unwelcome contributions which it receives from these and from the house-drainage, convert it into—anything but a silvery stream, or a purling brook. It is in the immediate vicinity of this Addle Beck that a vast mass of the working population are located. But the worst parts of the town are close squares of houses, or "yards," as they are called, which are very numerous in Leeds. These airless, cheerless, dirty, ill-drained, neglected receptacles for human beings, are fit companions for the wynds of Glasgow and the cellar-dwellings of Liverpool: they are the dark spots on the social pictures of our great towns—spots which it will require an immense amount of municipal exertion to wash clean.

Leeds, like most other great towns, has striven within the last few years to cleanse, and enlighten, and improve itself in various ways. Sanitarian ideas have travelled thither as well as elsewhere. In 1842, an Act for the improvement of the town was passed; and among the provisions of the Act was one for widening Leeds Bridge and the approaches thereto. Bishopgate bridge, also, over the King's Mills Goit, is to be widened as well as the streets leading to it. Arrangements were sanctioned by the Act, having for their object the abolition of all tolls over the bridges at Leeds. Then follows a string of clauses so numerous and multifarious that one is prone to speculate whether too much may not have been attempted. Certain it is, that if all the provisions of the Act were carried out, Leeds ought to become a most cleanly, orderly, decorous, and well-behaved town—a pattern of brightness and goodness to all its neighbours. The reader shall judge for himself:—The streets are to be better lighted than they have yet been; they are to be paved and flagged, levelled and straightened, sewered and drained; no new house is to be built until the site is drained; every existing ill-drained house is to be properly drained; the lower floor of rebuilt houses is to be raised for the convenience of draining beneath; no new streets are to be formed of less than a certain width; all the streets are to be named, and all the houses numbered; all projecting sign-posts and boards—those pleasant old relics of street-architecture in past times—are to be removed in these our genteel days; all doors, gates, and bars shall be made to open *inwards* (a significant indication of what had previously been a frequent custom); ruinous or dangerous houses are to be pulled down by the corporation, if the owners are tardy in so doing; no roofs are to be covered with wood or thatch; all projecting houses, when rebuilt, are to be thrown back to the general level of the line of houses, and all back-lying or recessed houses are to be encouraged to make their

appearance in the front of the street; there are to be no cellar-dwellings or kitchens without sunken areas before them; the level of the ground-floor of every new house is to be at least six inches above the level of the roadway; no room in any new house is to be less than eight feet high, or seven feet and a half if it be at the top of the house; there is to be only one story in the roof; all chimneys above six feet high are to be secured as a corporate surveyor may direct; "mad dogs" and "stray animals" are provided for in the customary way; all forgermen are to shut out the view of their forge-fires from the open street at half an hour after sunset; all street drunkards are to be amerced in the well-understood "five shillings;" all street musicians are to "move on" when requested, and if any "shall sound or play upon any musical instrument, or sing in any street near any house after being so required to depart," he forthwith becomes an offender against her Majesty's peace; if any warehouseman hoist goods without proper tackle, the police will tackle him; no windmill is to be built or worked within eighty yards of an inhabited street; no animals are to be sold, or dogs allowed to fight, or drivers to ride on the shafts of vehicles, or timbers to be drawn without wheels, or furniture or goods to be left on the footpath, or goods to be hung out from the fronts of houses, in the streets; no horns are to be blown, or fireworks discharged, or bells or knockers wantonly appealed to, or kites to be flown, or hoops to be trundled, or tubs to be washed, or wood to be sawn, or lime to be sifted, or carpets to be shaken ("except door-mats, before the hour of eight in the morning"), or rubbish to be "shot"—in the open streets; neither are the inhabitants to be allowed to place flower-pots unprotected on window-sills, to "stick bills" on houses or fences, to leave area and cellar-doors insufficiently fastened, to have pig-styes visible from the street, or to burn anything offensive to the olfactory organs of the Queen's loyal subjects; no cookshop is to have internal communication with a public-house; all unlicensed theatres and all gaming-houses are amenable to forcible police-entry; the "fighting or baiting of lions, bears, badgers, cocks, dogs, or other animals," is a fineable offence; the Town Council are empowered to build a town-hall and corporate buildings, to improve places of public resort, and to provide premises for the drying of washed clothes; all furnaces are to consume their own smoke; the town is to provide "humane apparatus" for apparently drowned persons, public clocks for the streets and buildings, fire-engines and firemen; gas-works must not contaminate running streams; new market-places are to be provided with public weights, measures, and weighing-houses; and hackney-coaches are to be licensed.

Now, if the reader has had patience to follow out this enumeration, he will probably opine that the Town Council has cut out sufficient work for itself, if it intend to put in force such a multifarious code of local laws as those here grouped together. Nobody is to do anything, until somebody else permits. Leeds ought to



be a nice and dainty town, polished off in all its features; and if it does not become so, it is not for want of plenty of words in the three hundred and ninety-two clauses of this Act. However, unless the Act be an empty sound (which we are not in any way entitled to suppose), every year ought to see some improvement in the general condition of the town.

#### THE STREETS, OLD AND NEW.

The map of Leeds presents to us a town, in which, after crossing the main bridge, there is one street, the Briggate, before mentioned, of unusual width, running nearly north and south; two or three other north and south avenues, such as Vicar Lane, Albion Street, and Park Row; a few ancient thoroughfares running somewhat east and west, and bearing the names of Head Row, Kirkgate, Boar Lane, Swine Gate, and the Calls; an unaccountable number of small streets, lanes, and alleys, turning out of these in every direction; and new streets, of somewhat straighter character, bounding these older ones on all sides.

Everything indicates that Briggate (which in our steel plate is shown as seen from the Bridge) is *the* street of the town—the heart and centre of the whole. The account given by Thoresby of the Briggate, at the time he wrote (about 1726), is curious:—"In this spacious street, which from the bridge at the foot of it is called Bridge-Gate (or, in our northern dialect, which retains much of the Saxon, *Briggate*), stood many of the ancient borough houses, which to this day pay a certain burgage rent to the lords of the manor of Leeds. The famous *Cloth Market*, the life, not only of the town, but of these parts of England, is held in this street, *sub dio*, twice every week, viz., upon Tuesdays and Saturdays, early in the mornings. The 'Brig-end Shots' have made as great a noise amongst the vulgar, where the clothier may, together with his pot of ale, have a 'noggin o' poyrage,' and a trencher of either boyl'd or roast meat for twopence, as the market itself amongst the more judicious, where several thousand pounds worth of broad cloth are bought, and, generally speaking, paid for (except the water-lengths, which cannot then be determined) in a few hours' time; and this with so profound a silence as is surprizing to strangers, who from the adjoining galleries, &c., can hear no more noise than the lowly murmurs of the merchant upon the Exchange of London. After the signal is given by the bell at the old chapel by the bridge, the cloth and benches are removed; so that the street is at liberty for the market-people of other professions,—as the country linendrapers, shoe-makers, hard-ware men, and the sellers of wood-vessels, wicker baskets, rushed chairs, flakes, &c. Fruit of all sorts are brought in so vast quantities, that Halifax, and other considerable markets, are frequently supplied from hence: the mayor's officers have number'd five hundred loads of apples only, on one day." Carrying his attention further up the same wide avenue, away from the river, he continues:—"Above the market for the milk cows is the

*Ichthyopolium* (a very learned name for a fish-market), which, notwithstanding its great distance from the sea, is weekly twice or thrice, if not oftener, plentifully furnished with great variety of fish—though short, I confess, of Preston in Amounderness, where the fish-toll, at one penny a horse-load, and fourpence a cart, has sometimes amounted to six shillings a day, as I am informed by a neighbouring justice of the peace. A little above this is the Moot Hall, in the front of the Middle Row, on one side of which is one of the best-furnished flesh-shambles in the north of England; on the other, the Wool Market for broad cloth, which is the All-in-All. From the Cross, which is well stocked with poultry and other appurtenances, to the New Street, is the Corn Market, which is very considerable." Thoresby mentions one or two other markets, as a proof of the ample supply of necessities and comforts afforded to the Leeds inhabitants; and he then expresses an admonitory hope "that as the inhabitants have fulness of bread, they may ever beware of that pride and abundance of idleness that do frequently accompany it. May the richer sort strengthen the hand of the poor and needy; and they, in a grateful return, be painful and laborious; and may the middle sort demean themselves with that sobriety and temperance, that there may be no more occasion to repeat what a grave and pious divine said was the country's observation: 'that the generality of that sort, in a time of trade and plenty, carry it out in such an extravagant manner, as leaves nothing against a time of dearth and scarcity, wherein they find as little pity as formerly they paid respect to others.'" This homely sermon would not be without its value in other times than those in which Thoresby wrote.

The 'Middle Row,' mentioned in the above passage, was an excrescence such as Edinburgh once had in her 'Tolbooth,' and such as London still has in the midst of Holborn. In that portion of Briggate which extends from Kirkgate nearly to the Corn Exchange, this Middle Row stood till 1822; but at that date the inhabitants of Leeds, thinking very properly that the time had come for its removal, obtained an Act of Parliament, and collected the necessary funds for the removal of Middle Row. As the pigs and vegetables, and cows, and pots, and pans, and fish, were disturbed by this arrangement, a new market, called the 'Free Market,' was built for their accommodation, a little way to the east of the Briggate. The Cloth Market was removed from the Briggate many years before.

Mr. Kohl—whose rapid glances at English life show a singular compound of shrewd observation and hasty inference—gives Leeds a character which will be deemed by its indwellers anything but favourable. He says: "England's manufacturing towns in general are by no means its most ornamental features; but among them all, Leeds is the very farthest from any such pretension, being, I verily believe, the most disagreeable place in the land. Other similar towns, as Birmingham, Manchester, &c., have at least, among the

mass of chimneys, factories, and paltry houses of the labourers, here and there a news-room, a club, an Exchange, a bank, a railway-station, a statue in honour of Wellington or Nelson; but at Leeds there is hardly anything of the kind. The inns, too, are worse than in any other town in England. In the one to which I had been recommended as the best, I found the accommodation very indifferent. The coffee-room was always crowded with travellers, young or old, whose business at this emporium of woollen was either to buy or sell wool, yarn, cloth, blankets, plain worsted goods, white cloths, mixed yarn, flushing linen, or some similar matters; and who were as busy as bees, noting down their pounds, yards, and hundred-weights."

A very decided judgment this, expressed in a very few words. But we might venture in all good faith to ask the German traveller, how many days he remained in Leeds, and what kind of weather greeted him during his sojourn there?—for this latter particular has a woeful effect on the colouring of the written pictures given by travellers. True it is (and the more rapidly the men of Leeds carry out their contemplated improvements, the better for the reputation of their town) that Leeds has few beauties to gladden the eye of a stranger; but Mr. Kohl jumped to his conclusion respecting the inns with a precipitancy scarcely worthy of his credit as an intelligent traveller. He puts up at an inn; he finds the coffee-room occupied by men busily interested in the staple manufacture of the town; he experienced a few uncomplaisances which he does not explain to us; and forthwith he arrives at the startling proposition that "the inns are worse than in any other town in England." This is on a par with the elder Mathews's entry in Jonathan's note-book, that "in England, all waiters are called 'Tidy!'"

#### OLD ST. PETER'S, AND ITS HISTORY.

In describing such buildings of the town as present any notable features, we will begin with the churches, on account of the long and interesting history connected with St. Peter's, the mother church of Leeds. The history of this church is, in effect, an ecclesiastical history of the town; while the modern changes, in part introduced by the present vicar, Dr. Hook, have also their points of interest. Among the most remarkable of our local historians is Ralph Thoresby, who, in the beginning of the last century, wrote *Vicaria Leodiensis*, or 'A History of the Church at Leeds.' This purports to be a record of all the information which has been handed down, respecting the ecclesiastical history of Leeds, from the first establishment of a church in the town; together with memoirs of the successive vicars.

Thoresby thinks it probable that there was a manse and church here during the Saxon Heptarchy; but it is at any rate clear that the Normans found a church at this place, when the preparatory enquiries for Domesday Book were made. By whom the Church was founded, or of what description the fabric might have been, are

matters not now determinable. In 1089, Baron Paganel founded a Benedictine Priory at York, and among the estates or property given to it were the "Church of St. Peter, at Leeds," and the "Chapel at Holbeck," which Holbeck is now one of the busy suburbs of Leeds; so that we have a clear record of the history of these places seven centuries and a half ago. The revenues of the church were divided, one-third for the vicar, and two-thirds for the priory; "by which means the church was deprived of two parts in three of its primitive revenues, by the avarice and sacrilege of the monks, who, in the conclusion, left the secular clergy to feed upon the crumbs that fell from the regulars' table, till the Bishops made a stand against the growing evil." In 1242, at the instance of one of the Bishops, a formal agreement was made between the Prior and the Vicar, respecting the partition of the revenues; but this did not obviate the necessity for a further arrangement in the next following century.

Thoresby was able to search out a complete list of the Vicars of Leeds, from 1242 to 1715, with the dates at which they assumed the clerical duties of the town; and he has something to say concerning most of them. When Edward I., impoverished by his French wars, made a demand for one-half of the revenues of all the clergy, and, moreover, compelled them to call it a "free gift," the Vicar of Leeds occupied a notable place by the promptness of his contribution, and the consequent favours granted by the king. In 1311, the Countess of Lincoln gave up to the priory the advowson of the church at Leeds, which she seems to have held as a great landed proprietor in that neighbourhood. In 1453, William Scot gave a site for a house and garden for the Vicar's manse: this site was bounded by the Kirkgate on the south, and by the street now called Vicar's-lane on the west. William Eyre, who occupied the vicarage in 1470, founded the charity of St. Mary Magdalen, at Leeds.

The Priory of Benedictines at York, before mentioned, having been suppressed by Henry VIII. in 1538, the vicarage of Leeds was given to Christ Church College, at Oxford, in reference (we presume) to certain revenues accruing from it; for the advowson was presented to one Thomas Culpeper. This advowson passed from hand to hand, by purchase and sale, until, in the reign of Elizabeth, it was purchased by the parishioners. Nineteen of the Vicars of Leeds had been instituted by the Priors at York; but Queen Elizabeth, designing to complete the Reformation, appointed Royal Commissioners to visit all the churches, with a view to regulate all theological matters. Leeds was among the number; and there is a curious document in existence, being an Agreement between the Commissioners and the then Vicar, Alexander Fassett, respecting the mode of conducting the service. One of the injunctions was, that the sacramental bread should be round and plain, without any figure on it, but somewhat broader and thicker than the cakes formerly prepared for the Mass, to be broken into two or more pieces. There is an entry in the accounts of the parish soon afterwards, for "Two



thousand and an half of breades, to serve the parish withall, 8s. 4d."

New disputes having arisen concerning the revenues of the Church of Leeds, an arbitrator in 1596 gave an award, by which the tithes and other emoluments were divided between Christ Church College on the one hand, and the Vicar on the other. But no sooner was this matter settled, than a much more entangled question arose respecting the advowson: two ministers were presented at the same time by rival claimants to the advowson; and the celebrated Lord Bacon, as Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper, was to decide between the parties, which he did in favour of the parishioners generally. Passing over the troubled period of Charles I., we find that in 1650 there was a project on foot to subdivide the populous parish of Leeds; to convert some of the chapels into parish churches, and to erect new ones at more convenient places, which were to be endowed out of the public purse. There were at that date two Churches in Leeds—the parish Church of St. Peter, and the Church of St John, which had recently been built and endowed at the sole expense of Mr. John Harrison, one of the inhabitants. St. John's was to form a second parish church, and was to have certain districts assigned to it as a parish; the chapelry of Hunslet, a small and poor one, was to constitute a parish; as was also the chapelry of Holbeck; Beeston was to form a parish; Wortley, Bramley, Armley, and Farnley, were together to form a parish; and Headingley and Allerton were to form a parish. This project does not seem to have been carried out.

Thoresby continues his account of ecclesiastical matters, at Leeds, down to the year 1724. As the two churches of St. Peter and St. John became wholly inadequate to supply the wants of the inhabitants, the landowners and principal inhabitants raised a fund for building a new church and establishing a minister; and in 1721, the first stone of this new building was laid. Since Thoresby's time, the gradual extension of population in Leeds has led to the erection of a large number of new churches; while chapels, belonging to the various Dissenting bodies, have fully kept pace with those attached to the establishment. What may be the number at the present day, we cannot say; but in 1839, there were forty churches and chapels within the town, affording sittings for nearly fifty thousand of the inhabitants.

In the view of St. Peter's Church, as given by Thoresby, about 1720, we have a building evidently owing its form to the contributions of many successive ages. It was very oblong, with short transepts, and side aisles. The windows belonged to many different styles. In the *Ducatus Leodiensis*, Thoresby tells us that the old Church of St. Peter "is a very spacious and strong fabric, an emblem of the church militant, black but comely, being of great antiquity; it doth not pretend to the mode of Reformed Architecture, but is strong and useful." He states the length at 165 feet, breadth 97, height of the nave 51, and height of the tower 96. He further states, that among the 106

churches then in London, only four excelled the Leeds church in length; and that of two-thirds of the London churches, the length was less than the width of that which he was describing. The roof he describes as being "supported by three rows of solid pillars of the Gothic order. In the nave of the church are four aisles (which is one more than usual), which run from the cross aisle to the west end, where is a stately font: 'tis gilt and painted, and stands upon an ascent of three steps, surrounded with rails and banisters. The body of the church is very well pewed with English oak. . . . Upon the north and east are spacious galleries of wainscot, wrought with variety of work. . . . At the meeting of the great middle aisle, with the large cross aisle, the steeple is founded upon four prodigiously large pillars and arches. . . . Against one of these pillars stood the pulpit in the days of yore, when there were no seats in the nave of the church; for before the Reformation there were no pews or different apartments allowed, but the whole body of the church was common, and the assembly promiscuous or intermixed in the more becoming postures of kneeling or standing. The patron of the church was the only layman who was permitted to have a seat within the bars or partition of the chancel from the nave of the church, in the time of Divine service. . . . This spacious quire was, in the days of darkness, cantoned into many distinct cells or chapels by several walls, as is evident by the breaches in the capitals and pedestals of the pillars."

#### NEW ST. PETER'S, AND THE OTHER CHURCHES.

The old structure—the venerable remnant of past ages, patched up from time to time, to maintain something like efficiency—was at length brought to the end of its days. It was pulled down in 1838. Consequent on certain ecclesiastical changes in the parish, a new St. Peter's Church was resolved on; and the architectural skill of Mr. Chantrell has been put in requisition to produce the new structure, which was finished in 1840. It is one of the best among the modern specimens of the pointed style—in that variety which is designated the later Decorated. The nave and the chancel are so planned as to form one clear vista, 160 feet in length, 28 wide, and 47 high. The side aisles are a little lower than the nave, and about 16 feet wide. A transept crosses between the nave and choir, having a tower at its north end; and there is a sort of additional north-aisle, which forms ante-chapels east and west of the tower. The altar is raised several feet above the level of the church, and is ascended by broad steps. The transept tower rises to a height of about 130 feet. Taken as a whole, this church is, both internally and externally, one of the greatest ornaments of the town.

A bold and decided step has been taken, in great part through the instrumentality of the present vicar, Dr. Hook, to make the church arrangements of Leeds more conformable to the wants of a large and increasing population. The parish of St. Peter's was a very spa-

cious one; and the extremities grew out so far and wide from the mother church, that an efficient central control over the whole became difficult. Dr. Fawcett, the late vicar, died in 1837; the same year witnessed the election of Dr. Hook in his place; the next following year was marked by the pulling down of the old church, preparatory to building a new one. In 1839, the perpetual advowson of the vicarage of Leeds became vested in a body of trustees for the benefit of the parishioners: the vicar being chosen on each vacancy by the trustees. In 1844, an Act of Parliament was obtained, sanctioning the division of the parish of Leeds into two or more parishes. The new church was opened in 1840, and the sittings, amounting in number to 1650, were all, with the exception of one pew, thrown open to the parishioners at large. This one parish contained in 1841 about 150,000 inhabitants, and about 21,000 acres of land; and it hence became desirable that such a large body of inhabitants should have more than one parish church: the remaining episcopal places of worship having more the character of chapels than churches. Arrangements were accordingly made in the Act for establishing the Parishes of St. Peter Leeds, St. John Leeds, St. George Leeds, Holy Trinity Leeds, St. Stephen Kirkstall, St. Mark Woodhouse, and Wortley. This list, however, by no means comprises all the churches of Leeds; the former parish of Leeds included the townships of Armley, Beeston, Bramley, Chapel Allerton, Farnley, Headdingley, Holbeck, Hunslet, Potter Newton, Oldcoates, Osmondthorpe and Wortley; and these, with the town of Leeds itself, contained, in 1844, twenty-one churches, besides the chapels belonging to the various Dissenting denominations.

The church which John Harrison built in the reign of Charles I., and known as St. John's, appeared at a period when church architecture had fallen to a very low ebb. Whitaker, who was not indisposed to give all the credit he could to Leeds, found it difficult to apply any terms of praise to St. John's Church. He designates it a most unhappy specimen of taste, built in defiance of all authority and example, with two aisles only, having a single row of columns up the middle. The windows are copies of two distinct and rather remote periods; the tower is placed almost at one angle of the west end; the east end has two parallel windows of equal rank and consequence; there is no change or break in the arches to indicate a choir, in lieu of which a kind of clumsy screen is thrown across, so as to intersect one of the arches. "Let the architect sleep in peace," says the indignant Doctor.

The Trinity Church, built about 1724, and endowed by a nephew of John Harrison, was the third of the Leeds churches—a sort of adaptation of the Doric style to the purposes of a Christian church. Seventy years afterwards, the Rev. Miles Atkinson provided no less a sum than £10,000 for building a fourth church—St. Paul's. The body of this church is a somewhat tame imitation of Greco-Roman examples, but the steeple is not without beauty. A fifth church, that of

St. James', was built originally for and by Dissenters; but passed by purchase into the hands of the Establishment. A few of the modern churches are handsome structures; and some of them are distinguished for their large size: three of them will accommodate two thousand five hundred persons each. Perhaps the most striking of the modern places of worship, after new St. Peter's, is the Unitarian Chapel of Mill-Hill, (Cut, No. 3) opened at the end of 1848. It is a very elegant specimen of the perpendicular style. The chapel is divided in the interior into a nave and two aisles by columns and pointed arches. Owing to the peculiar form of the ground, there is a transept on one side only—the west. A small portion of the length is separated, at one end, by lofty arches and columns, to form a chancel and two vestries. The carved roof is open to the body of the chapel. Externally the details of the Perpendicular style are well carried out, and constitute it an ornament to the town. The chapel form instead of the church is developed in this particular—that there is no other steeple or tower than such as is formed by the pinnacled gable-end of the nave and transept. There is also a new and very handsome Independent Chapel in East Parade.

#### THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS GENERALLY.

The educational buildings of Leeds are of not much mark or feature as architectural ornaments. The well-wisher to the little denizens of the town hears with pleasure of the day-schools, the factory-schools, the infant-schools, the Sunday-schools, and industrial-schools; many of which are not the less useful for being situated in nooks and corners, where external adornment is out of the question. There is one school, however, whose recent erection and architectural beauty claim for it a marked superiority over all the others. This is the Industrial School, situated in Burmantofts, and opened in 1848. The grounds occupy six acres, and the ground and the building are said to have cost no less than £16,000. The building belongs to the (once and again) popular Elizabethan style. There is a front of great length, nearly 300 feet, with a highly-enriched centre, comprising bay windows, octagonal turrets, triangular parapets and gables, ornamental chimneys, and the other characteristics of the style. The sides, back front, and contiguous buildings, are all in architectural harmony with the principal front. The building is so arranged as to furnish school-rooms for four hundred scholars, besides kitchens, dining-rooms, chapel, dormitories, wash-house, laundry, tailor's shop, shoemaker's shop, store-rooms, master's residence, teachers' apartments, &c.—all on a very complete scale.

With respect to the schools for the middle classes, they have the usual stamp of brick-and-mortar "respectability;" but Leeds is not without some of those ancient establishments whose history is interesting, whether the fabric be gorgeous or humble. The chief of these is the Grammar School. This school owed its



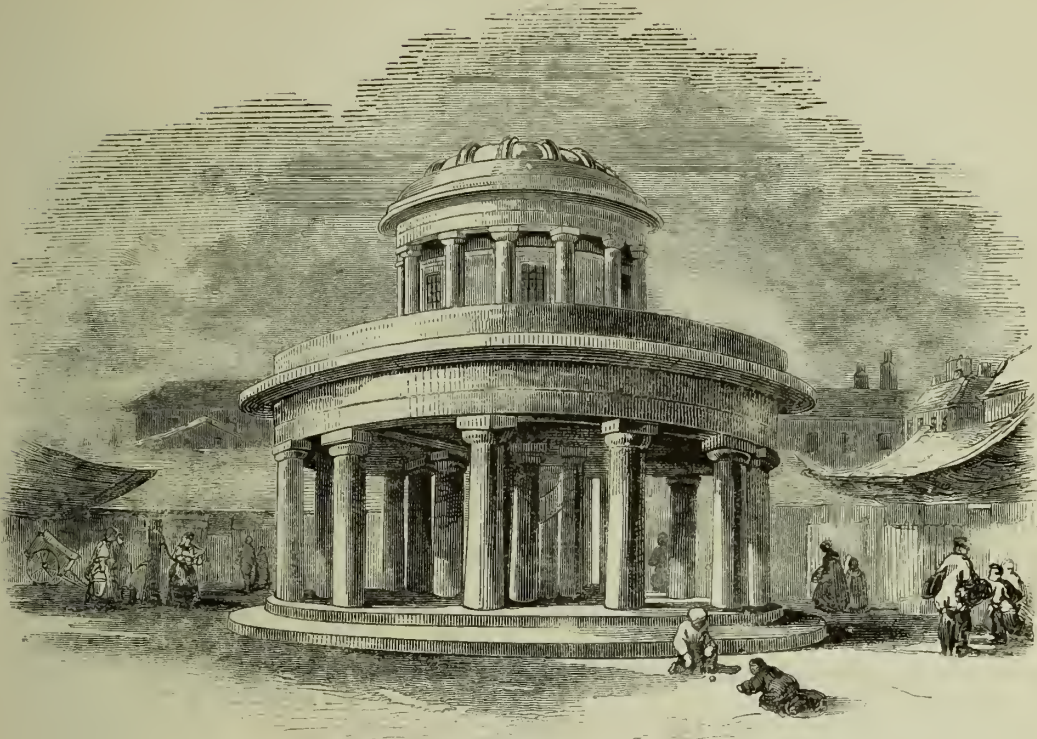


3.—MILL-HILL CHAPEL.

origin to the Rev. William Sheffield, who, in 1551, bequeathed certain estates to trustees, "to the use and for the finding sustentation and living of one honest and substantial learned man, to be a schoolmaster, to teach and instruct freely all such young scholars, youths, and children, as shall come and resort to him from time to time: to be taught, instructed, and informed, in such a school-house as shall be found, erected, and builded, by the parishioners of the said town and parish of Leeds." The townsmen purchased a site, and built a school-room; and bequests and purchases at subsequent periods gradually raised the annual income of the charity (which in 1553 was worth only £4 13s. 4d. annual rental) to a considerable sum. One of the bequests, made by Sir William Ermystead in 1555, was contingent on the school being made open to "all such as shall repair thereto, without taking any money more or less for teaching, saving of one penny of every scholar, to enter his name in the master's book, if the scholar have a penny; and if not, to enter and to continue freely without paying." The number of scholars is usually about a hundred; they have a title to compete for one of Lady Betty Hastings' Exhibitions at Queen's College, Oxford, and four scholarships at Magdalen College, Cambridge.

Leeds has a fair sprinkling of libraries and literary societies. One of the libraries, founded by Dr. Priestley

about eighty years ago, is one of the most extensive in the north of England, and occupies a room of great beauty and magnitude. Most of the others are of small extent. The Philosophical and Literary Society, the Literary Institution, and various other institutions for the cultivation of literature, science, and the fine arts, hold their respective meetings periodically, and exert their usual refining influence on such of the inhabitants as can avail themselves of such advantages. The Philosophical Hall, where lectures are delivered and museum curiosities deposited, is a handsome structure in Park Row, and has been the scene of many pleasant meetings of an intellectual character. The Leeds Zoological and Botanical Gardens, situated at Headingley, north-west of the town, were opened in 1840. They occupy a slight hollow between rising grounds, and have been laid out with much taste, and at a considerable expenditure. But, alas! Fortune has frowned on the scheme. Whether the gardens are too far away from the people, or the people are indifferent to the gardens, or the proprietors expended too much money, or require too large an interest on the money actually laid out, whatever may be the cause, these gardens have recently become private property, to be attached, as pleasure-grounds, to a neighbouring mansion; so that it depends on the liberality of the new proprietor to give or withhold public access to the



4.—SOUTH, OR LEATHER-MARKET.

gardens. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true!" Leeds should bestow an inquiring glance on the three magnificent public parks at Manchester. Wool should not allow cotton to outbrave it in these matters.

Leeds has the usual variety of 'public buildings,' though hardly, perhaps, its fair share of ornamental structures. There are hospitals and almshouses, assembly-rooms, concert-rooms, music-halls, and a theatre; infirmaries, dispensaries, houses of recovery, and so forth. Its municipal and judicial buildings, too, are of the customary character; and its barracks, like all other barracks, encroach on a very large area of ground. We must, however, make especial mention of the new Gaol, opened in 1847, perhaps the largest, most comprehensive, and most costly of all the new buildings in Leeds,—always excepting the railway works, which, wherever they begin, or whithersoever they tend, take the lead of everything else as gold-eaters. Yet it is somewhat melancholy to think that the best buildings in *any* town should be the gaols. When shall we see the day when schools will cost more than prisons, and boy-educators receive higher remuneration than man-punishers? It was aptly observed in the 'Leeds Mercury,' (which can hardly be named without calling to mind the eminent services rendered to Leeds and its neighbourhood by the late editor, Mr. Edward Baines), while speaking of the Industrial Schools (described in a recent paragraph), and of certain complaints which have been made of its costliness:—"While we have

spent £43,000 in the erection of a gaol, for the safe custody and discipline of 284 prisoners, it should not be thought unreasonable to spend less than one half of that sum for the purpose of so training up 400 of the youthful dependents upon parish bounty, as to prepare them to become useful and independent members of society."

The Markets—such as the Central Market, the New and Old Shambles, the South or Leather Market, (see Cut, No. 4,) the Free Market, and the Corn Market—exhibit a mixture of the new and the old forms given to such places. The Central Market, about twenty years old, is a good example of the modern improvements which have been brought to bear in such matters: its Grecian front, spacious shops, galleries, and avenues of stalls, enable it to take rank among the best of modern markets. The Free Market occupies what was once the Vicar's Croft, and affords a convenient *locale* for the cows, pigs, fish, and vegetables that used to throng the almost impassable Briggate. The Corn Exchange is one of the best features in this last-named street: between the columns of the entrance is a statue of Queen Anne, which once occupied a place in the front of the Old Moot Hall, pulled down about twenty years ago.

Of the purely commercial buildings of Leeds, by far the most important are the *Cloth Halls*; to be described in a later page. The Banking-houses of modern times often present rather striking architectural features; and



Leeds has a few such : but one of the best structures at Leeds is the Commercial Buildings, (see Cut, No. 5,) situated at the southern end of Park Row. It has three fronts, to as many streets, and a fourth front adjoining a Cemetery, so as to be completely isolated. The architect has selected a Grecian design. On the ground-floor is an entrance-hall, in which 'Change' is held daily. On the right of the entrance is a news or reading-room, nearly seventy feet long, with a proportionate width and height, divided longitudinally into three compartments by ranges of Corinthian columns. Adjoining the news-room is a committee-room, in which newspapers and maps are preserved for the inspection of the subscribers, and in which some of the business of the establishment is carried on. On the left of the entrance-hall is the coffee-room of the hotel and tavern, which is included in the building. Distributed in various parts are offices for brokers, &c. On the first-floor are dining-rooms, concert-rooms, and various other apartments. The area of ground covered by the establishment is said to be more than 1,300 square yards, and the expense to have been nearly £35,000. The most beautiful part of the building is the staircase, which occupies a circular hall upwards of thirty feet in diameter, crowned with a panelled dome, and lighted through stained glass.

We will not ask the reader to dive into the dark and dirty alleys, which lie in close proximity to the better buildings of the town ; nor will we treat him as if he were a Commissioner of Sewers, destined to study the "world underground." The Leeds and Thirsk Railway will, indirectly, be the means of providing Leeds with a new and abundant supply of water, from springs near the Bramhope Tunnel on that line. The Waterworks Company have taken up the matter ; and Leeds may, perhaps, have occasion to regard this as a blessing.

#### THE BRIDGES, THE FACTORIES, THE CHIMNEYS, THE SMOKE.

The river Aire, we have said, winds through Leeds in a direction nearly east and west. It is crossed by bridges, which increase in number as the population and commerce of the town advance. Leeds has had the credit of introducing a bridge of very curious construction ; from the plan of Mr. Leather, an engineer, whose name is connected with many public works in the same town. It is a suspension-bridge over the river Aire, at Hunslet, on what has sometimes been called the *bow-and-string* principle. Instead of chains being employed as the chief means of suspension, as in ordinary cases, there are two strong cast-iron arcs, which span over the whole space between the two abutments. These arcs spring from below the level of the roadway, but rise at the centre considerably above it ; and from them the transverse beams which support the platform of the bridge are suspended by malleable iron rods. The suspending arch is about a hundred and fifty feet span ; and there is also a small land-arch of stone at

each end. The footpaths are on the outside of the two suspending arcs, and the carriageway passes between them. Each of the suspending arcs is cast in six parts. The east-iron transverse beams which support the roadway are suspended at intervals of about five feet. The roadway is of timber, with iron guard-plates on each side ; and upon the top of the planking are also laid malleable iron bars, ranging longitudinally for the wheel-tracks, and transversely for the horse-tracks.

This was the second bridge of the kind ; the first being the Monk Bridge at Leeds, constructed by Mr. Leather in 1827. This Monk Bridge is of greater length than the Hunslet Bridge, owing to the vicinity of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal to the river Aire ; but so far as regards the suspension arch itself, the Hunslet Bridge is much the larger. The Monk Bridge has a suspension arch over the river, two land-arches over the footpaths, and an elliptical arch over the canal. Since the introduction of this new system by Mr. Leather, it has been extensively adopted in bridge-building in various parts of the kingdom.

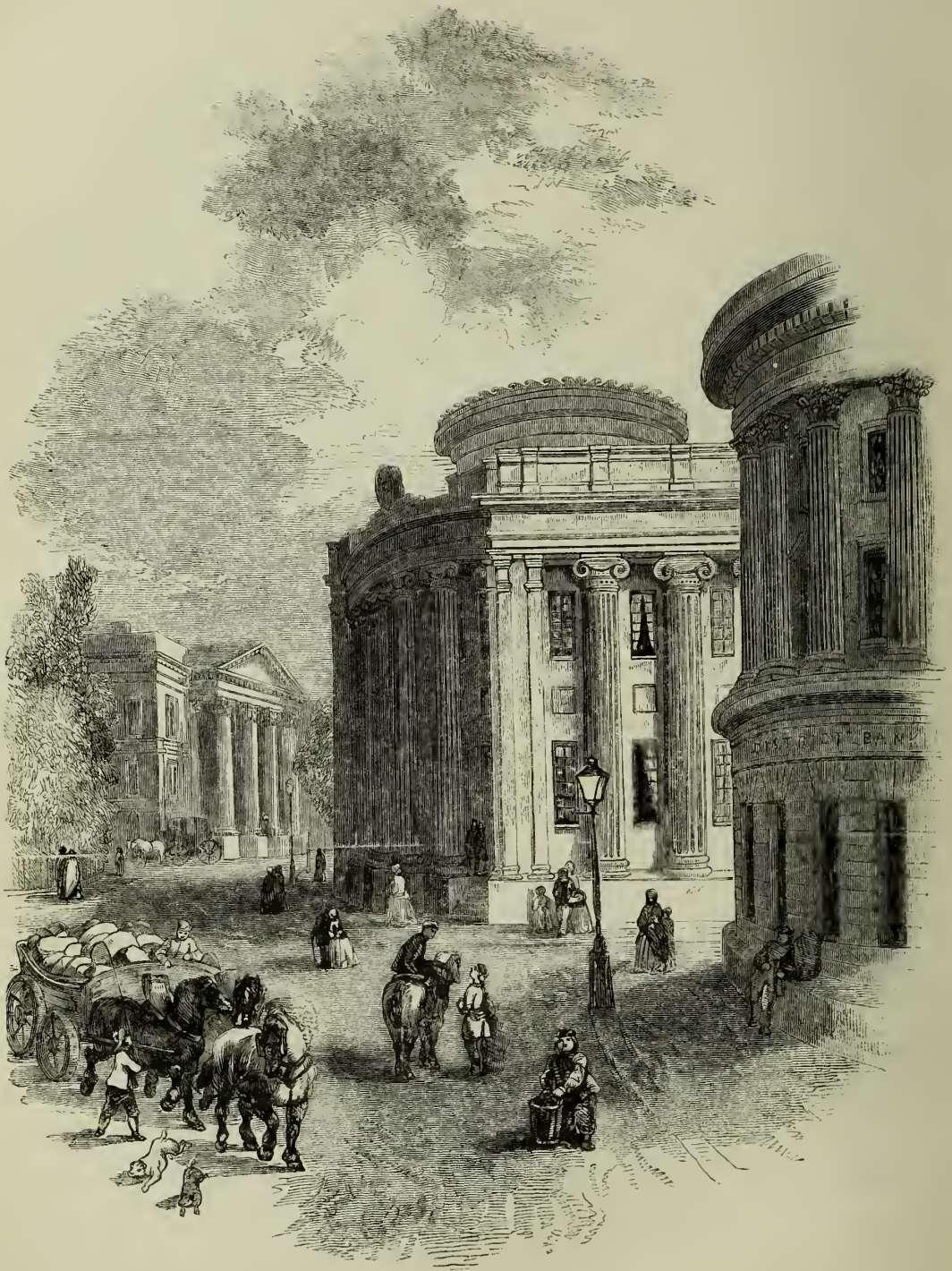
Wellington Bridge, built of stone ; Victoria Bridge, also of stone ; and Crown Point Bridge, built of iron,—are three other bridges which cross the Aire in or near Leeds, and erected in modern times. But the bridge which is more particularly associated with the history of the town, is the old or original bridge. This bridge evidently marks the site of a very ancient line of passage. Whitaker thinks that there was a Roman road along the site of the present Briggate, and that there was a ferry over the Aire where the bridge now stands. No direct notice, however, of a bridge at that spot has been met with earlier in date than 1376 ; at which time there was a chapel on the bridge, where mass was said. After the Reformation this chapel was used as a school-house, in which capacity it was occupied for nearly two centuries ; it was converted into a warehouse in 1728 ; and was finally pulled down in 1760, on occasion of the widening of the bridge. The traffic on this bridge is said to be scarcely exceeded by that on any bridge out of London.

Before Leeds became a centre of railway operations, the town was supplied with fuel from many places in the immediate neighbourhood. Railways have, however, opened up a new and abundant supply ; and it became a question simply of relative cost, whether the near or the distant collieries shall supply most fuel for the hundreds of blazing furnaces in this busy, sooty, smoke-enveloped town.

This last expression, however, reminds us that there is a little act of justice yet to be rendered to Leeds. Whether or not smoke *can* be banished, Leeds has at any rate been among the foremost to make the attempt ; and if a dark cloud of carbon still hovers over the town, the light of modern science has not been wanting among its townsmen, so far as experiments for the removal of this cloud are concerned. That smoke is rich unconsumed carbon, ready to pour out its heat and light if properly managed, has been long known, and has been frequently elucidated by Dr. Arnott in

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5.—TOWN HALL, COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS, ETC.



his own incomparable manner. If smoke be such a treasure, why is it not made available? Because (say the philosophers) the *fuel* and the *draught* are not rightly proportioned to each other in quantity, nor brought to bear on each other in the proper way.—“How then can this be remedied?” ask the uninitiated public. “By a better arrangement of furnaces and chimneys,” is the reply. Dr. Arnott, in his ‘Essay on Warming and Ventilating,’ shows that we lose seven-eighths of the heat of the coal employed in our common open fireplaces, on account of their ill-judged construction. We must not, it is true, pay the furnace-fires the bad compliment of placing them on a level with open parlour fires, in respect to improvident combustion; yet it is admitted that there must be “something wrong,” else we should not have the black floating masses above us—wasting the coal-store, vexing the tidy housewife, rendering the “unwashed” artizan almost unwashable, and mixing with our oxygen and nitrogen a larger dose of carbon than nature intended for the use of the lungs.

To find out what was this “something,” and to devise a probable method of cure, were two objects of an Association formed at Leeds a few years ago. The Association called before it, by advertisement, such scientific and practical men as seemed fitted to offer valuable opinions on the matter: a day was fixed, an examination took place, and a report of the proceedings was published. Although it was found that no one of the proposed amendments was decidedly efficacious as a cure, many of them certainly introduced improvements. So earnestly was this matter taken up, that no fewer than ten patented inventions, or methods, for the prevention of smoke, were employed by the various manufacturers of Leeds; so that if this dusky enemy still hovers over the town, it is not for want of hard fighting to repel him. One of the witnesses who gave evidence on an enquiry into this subject in 1843, before a Committee of the House of Commons, put a scrap of philosophy into a very few and intelligible words, when he said that “Englishmen are so fond of having their own way.” True: Englishmen *do* love to stir their fires, and to heap coals on them, and to kindle a blaze—in “their own way;” and there are some manufacturers who love to have a fine voluminous cloud of sooty particles pouring forth from their factory shafts, as a sort of advertisement of the amount of business doing below. They go through a sort of logical process, as thus:—when the smoke rises, it shows that the furnace-fires are burning; when the fires are burning, there is work doing; when there is work doing, the firm maintains its status among the townsmen; consequently when *no* smoke rises, the chain of inductions leads to a result of an anti-commercial character. As to the philosophy of the matter, Professor Faraday has said:—“The principles upon which smoke, that is the visible part, proceeding from the combustion of coal, may be entirely burned, is very plain and clear; it can be done by completing to the end that combustion which has been began. There can be no difficulty,

as a natural effect, to obtain perfect combustion of smoke. Imperfect combustion of the fuel, by which I mean ultimate production of smoke, must in all cases, I presume, depend upon the convenience or the ignorance of the user—the manufacturer. In large fires, like those of steam-engines, and other large manufactories where coal is used, it depends more, I think, upon his ignorance than his convenience; inasmuch as if he were obliged to burn his smoke, he would in a very short time be able to do so, by the ingenuity and philosophy which is now in activity, without any loss to himself in a pecuniary point of view.”

We must apologise to the reader for thus plunging him, with or without his consent, among factory chimneys and their exhalations; but, in good truth, these chimneys, and their significant mode of “emancipating the blacks,” in such a town as Leeds, will make themselves noticed; we cannot avoid them without avoiding the town altogether; and we may as well, therefore, treat them as part and parcel of the town’s notabilities.

Among the arrangements which either contribute to or result from the manufactures of Leeds, a word must be said for the Bramley stone quarries. They are situated at Bramley Fell, about three miles from Leeds, on the line of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal. They occupy a slanting spot of ground, covered with stunted trees. The excavations are numerous rather than large or deep. If we remember rightly, the balustrades of New London-bridge are formed of stone taken from this quarry; the stone is of excellent quality, and is quarried with remarkable facility. There are some useful sandstone quarries, also, at Wodchouse, about a mile to the north of Leeds.

The coals, the water, and the stone, are brought into Leeds from the vicinity; and when so brought, they give employment to thousands of industrious artizans. The engineering establishments of Leeds, especially, are of a first-rate character—large, comprehensive, and of wide reputation. One of the most notable at the present day is the locomotive factory of Messrs. Wilson, at Hunslet: it has grown with the startling rapidity of the locomotive itself: and on the occasion of the opening of a new “erecting shop” (said to be the largest in the kingdom) in 1847, the partners entertained no less than two thousand guests to dinner in this monster-room. It is not the least pleasant part of the affair, that the whole of the workpeople employed by the firm, amounting to six or seven hundred, were present—together with a right pleasant sprinkling of wives, sisters, daughters, and sweethearts—eating, drinking, speechifying, returning “thanks for the honour,” &c., music, laughing, talking, dancing: they “made a night o’it,” which seems to live in the memory of those who took part in the festivities of the occasion.

In all such establishments as this, or of the Messrs. Fairbairn, or others among our great machine-makers, the operations are in the highest degree interesting. The beautiful order and system observable, both in the machinery and in the manufacture of machinery, furnished Sir George Head with one of his quaint obser-



vations:—"With reference to the extreme facility whereby the powers of an engine are brought into action, and accumulated forces expended in some particular moment of contact, without affording to the observer any sensible indication of the resistance that has been overcome—it would seem, that the greater the deed to be done, the less the noise and disturbance; and this, as it were, in analogy and contrast with the struggle to conquer of a determined heart, and the squabbling warfare of more grovelling minds. The above reflection occurred to me on witnessing, within a celebrated manufactory of machinery, the attempt, while the more important operations within the chamber were performing in glibness and comparative silence, to reduce an old misshapen grindstone to its pristine circular form. As it revolved under an overpowering force, notwithstanding the softness of the material, the remonstrance of this *λαας αναιδης*, this 'radical grindstone,' was absolutely deafening. Although grown ancient in the cause of the levelling system, and protuberant in the exercise of grinding down its betters, yet the moment the experiment was retorted upon itself, it emitted cries as if an hundred hogs were under discipline."

The same writer, in another page of his 'Home Tour,' makes a few valuable observations on the artisans employed in such establishments—valuable, because they come from one who knows much both of our manufacturing and agricultural districts. "There can be no spectacle," he says, "more grateful to the heart of an Englishman than, viewing the interior of a manufactory of machinery, to observe the features of each hard-working mechanic blackened by smoke, yet radiant with the light of intelligence; to contrast with his humble station the lines of fervid thought that mark his countenance and direct his sinewy arm, and to reflect that, to such combination of the powers of mind and body, England owes her present state of commercial greatness. It is no less pleasing to consider, that although particular classes of men have suffered by the substitution of machinery for manual labour, such evils arise from the mutability of human affairs—are such as the most zealous philanthropist cannot avert—and, lastly, are of themselves insignificant compared with the general demand for labour throughout the country, which has not only kept pace with the increase of machinery, but no doubt might be shown even to have exceeded it. Nay, it might be made manifest, that not only is the grand total of operatives employed throughout the manufacturing districts augmented, but additional employment afforded in like proportion for mechanics, to supply the wear and tear of machinery and buildings dependent thereupon, as well as for workmen upon all works to be traced to a similar cause—such as railroads, bridges, viaducts, aqueducts, &c." These words were written at a time when it was the fashion to cry down manufacturing labour as a wretched and demoralizing system.

Before we turn our gossip in the direction of the

greatest of the Yorkshire manufactures—the staple of the place—we must speak of a solitary remnant of early days, near Leeds,—

#### KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

There are not many of our great manufacturing towns which have monastic ruins so near to them as the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey are to Leeds. It is pleasant to have such a spot to ramble in, as a memento of the past in the vicinity of the present; but it is *not* pleasant to have fire and smoke almost under the walls of this venerable ruin; the 'Kirkstall Forge' is much too near a neighbour to the fine old crumbling arches of the Abbey.

Kirkstall Abbey has the reputation of having exhibited unity of design and execution to an unusual degree. It was all planned by one man, and by him carried out to completion. Dr. Whitaker says of this majestic ruin: "Not only the arrangement, proportion, and relation of the different apartments are rigidly conformed to that peculiar principle, which prevailed in the construction of religious houses erected for, rather than at the expense of, the monks; but every moulding and ornament appears to have been wrought from models previously studied, and adapted to the general plan. Deviating by one step from the pure Norman style, the columns of the church are massy as the cylinders of the former age, but channelled rather than clustered; the capitals are Norman; the intercolumniations, though narrow, yet nearly one-third wider than those of the most massy Saxon; the arches which surmount them are grooved and moulded with an evident relation to the columns. One feature of the pure Norman is wanting in this, though a building of much higher dignity than those churches in which it is often found. Even on the great west-door of the church there are no basso-relievos or other enrichments of sculpture; but though the entrance is deep and complex, and has had detached single shafts beneath each of its members, there appears to have been a studied abstinence from everything gaudy and ornamental."

The rise of Kirkstall Abbey has a legend attached to it; which, like legends generally, will form part and parcel of its history as long as the crumbling stones remain. The legend runs thus:—During the reign of Henry I., in the early part of the eleventh century, the Virgin Mary appeared in a dream to Seleth, a poor shepherd residing in the south of England. She said, "Arise, Seleth, and go into the province of York, and seek diligently, in the valley of Airedale, for a place called Kirkstall; for there shalt thou prepare a future habitation for brethren serving my Son." And Seleth trembled in his sleep, and was fearfully troubled: but the vision continued: "Fear not, Seleth! I am Mary, the mother of Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world!" Upon which he arose and betook himself to travel, in search of Kirkstall: living upon charity and the spontaneous productions of the earth. When, after having escaped great dangers and fatigues, he arrived

at the entrance of a shady valley, which some herdsman informed him was the place he was in search of; he fixed his solitary abode there, paying his devotions. Long was his humble cell revered by the neighbouring villagers, and visited by the curious or the pious; in times of distress the intercessions of Seleth were resorted to; and the hermitage of Kirkstall became famous throughout the country. The reports of his piety and self-denial reaching the ears of some young devotees, Seleth was persuaded by them to accept the office of Superior. Their united body was formed into a small community, which built for themselves cells beside the River Aire.

At the point where the legendary passes into the historical, we find that Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who had estates at or near Leeds, while suffering under a violent disease, engaged himself by a solemn vow to erect a monastery if ever he should recover his health. He acquainted the abbot of Fountain's Abbey with his vow; and this abbot, having just before heard of the pious recluses at Kirkstall, impressed upon him the benefits which would accrue from the erection of a religious house at that spot. Arrangements were soon made by all the parties interested, Kirkstall Abbey was built, and an abbot and monks took up their abode there in 1152, during the reign of Stephen. The abbots had at first many contentions respecting a disputed title to the estate; but the abbey ultimately rose to great prosperity.

The ruins of Kirkstall extend over a considerable area. Their length from north to south is about 340 feet, and from east to west 445 feet. They enclose a quadrangle of 143 feet by 115. At a small distance north-west of the principal mass stands what was once the chief gate of the abbey. The church is in the form of a cross; over the intersection of which is a square tower, of Tudor architecture. The roof between the tower and the east end was adorned with fret-work and intersecting arches; but the weather now plays its havoc where the roof once stood. At the east end are the broken remains of the high altar. South of the church, and on the east part of the ruins, are several vaulted chambers, supported by strong columns, and most gloomy in appearance. The pencil—the moonlight, or rather moonlit pencil, as we will in this instance term it—of Mr. Harvey, (see *Cut*, No. 6), will show that these ruins still present some lovely artistic bits.

#### THE FLAX FACTORIES OF LEEDS.

Leeds—as was explained in a former page—stands at the north-east corner of the clothing district of the West Riding. It is the chief town of the district, in respect both to the *flax* and the *woollen* manufactures. None of the other towns, excepting, perhaps, Barnsley, partake in any notable degree in the former of these two manufactures; but at Leeds it has led to the construction of one of the finest factories in the world, and to others of great magnitude.

No one who pretends to know anything about Leeds

at the present day, can afford to remain in ignorance of 'Marshall's flax-mill': it is one of the lions of the place. Without, within, over it, under it—all is vast, strange, and wonderful. Situated at a short distance south of the River Aire, and bounded mostly by poor dwellings, it must be sought for before it will be found; and when found, there is one portion of the establishment, the *old* mill, which is too much like other mills to call for observation; but the *new* mill is a marked feature.

Egypt seems to have been in the thoughts of the architect when he planned this building; for the chimney has the form and proportions of the world-renowned 'Cleopatra's Needle;' while the chief entrance exhibits a front nearly analogous in character to that of an Egyptian temple. The building, unlike almost all other large factories, is only one story in height. It exhibits on the eastern façade a long range of windows of large dimensions, a range of massive pillars or pilasters between the windows, and a bold cornice running along the top. The whole front being formed of stone, and minute detail being avoided, there is a sort of massive grandeur in this long low façade. The other façades are remarkable only for their great length.

Those who have the good fortune to get a peep into the interior, will not soon forget the sight which meets the eye. One room comprises the whole: but such a room! If we call it the largest in the world, we cannot be far in error. About four hundred feet long, by more than two hundred broad, it covers nearly two acres of ground. Birmingham is justly proud of its Town Hall, but this wonderful factory-room is nine times as large; Exeter Hall is one of the largest rooms in London, but it would require seven such to equal the area of this room; the London club-houses present façades of great length, but it would require four of the largest to equal the length of this room. The room is about twenty feet high, and the roof is supported by about fifty pillars. The spaces between the pillars allow the roof to be partitioned off into a series of flattish domes, or groined arches, sixty or seventy in number; and in the centre of each dome is a lofty conical skylight, of such large size that the whole series together contain ten thousand square feet of glass. The view through the room is quite without a parallel. Vista after vista meets the eye, formed by the ranges of columns; whether we stand at the side, the end, the corner, the centre—still these long-stretching, well-lighted, busily-occupied avenues carry the eye in beautiful perspective to far distant points. There are, we believe, upwards of a thousand persons in this room alone, mostly females; and the large and complicated machines are very numerous: yet there is a kind of airiness and roominess felt, unusual in factories. Here, in one part of the room, are the "flax-drawing" operations going on; in another part the "roving;" in another the "spinning;" in another the "twisting;"—all with such perfect harmony and system, that confusion and idleness are equally out of the question.





6.—KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

We have seldom any inducement to go to the lower regions of a factory, the vaults or passages of the basement: but such a visit is not without its interest in this vast structure. Brick-vaulted passages extend hither and thither; containing in some parts the shafts for moving the machinery above, and in others the arrangements for warming and ventilating the building. These arrangements are consistent with all else around us: there is a steam-engine employed in forcing air into two large steam-chests, where it becomes heated previous to being passed into the mill; and in order to regulate the temperature to the state of the weather, valves and doors are placed in various parts.

As little inducement have we, generally, to visit the roof as the basement of a factory; but here the roof is perhaps the strangest part of the whole building. The roof is a green field, on which (if we mistake not) sheep are allowed to graze! Being so large and so flat, and being covered thickly with plaster and asphalt, the roof offers a good support for a stratum of earth; while this earth renders an equivalent service by protecting the asphalt from the heat of the sun. Here we walk, then, among the grass—"out in the fields," if we please so to term it; and at every few yards we meet with the skylights, which shoot up conically to a height of seven or eight feet above the grass. Beneath us, we look down through the skylight at the spindles busily at work; above us, is the blue sky; around us, the build-

ings and smoke of Leeds. The drainage of this factory-field passes down the fifty pillars which support the roof: they are made hollow for this purpose.

If anything could make us delighted with the flax manufacture, it would be to see it carried on in this unequalled room. There are, however, many dirty processes which are conducted in the old mill; and all the other flax-mills of Leeds have their share in these less-attractive operations. This is not the place to dwell at any great length on the details of the manufacture; but it will suffice for our purpose to say that the making of flax-yarn or flax-thread is the ultimate process in the great factories of Leeds. The weaving of this yarn into cloth is not a feature of Leeds' industry. It groups itself (so far as Yorkshire is concerned) in and around the town of Barnsley, lying about five-and-twenty miles south of Leeds. There are manufacturers at Barnsley, who buy flax-yarn from the spinners, and give it out to hand-loom weavers: these latter ply the shuttle from morning to night, in their own humble homes, and produce those varieties of flax-cloth to which the dealers give the several names of 'linen,' 'duck,' 'drill,' 'check,' 'drabbet,' 'huckaback,' 'tick,' 'diaper,' 'towelling,' &c.

#### THE DOMESTIC OR COUNTRY CLOTHIERS.

The woollen manufacture is far more important to

this district than that of flax. The west of England used to take precedence in this matter; but it must now yield the palm of superiority to the West Riding. The Gloucestershire clothing villages lie mostly on the Stroud Water, those of Wiltshire on the Avon and its tributaries, and those of Yorkshire on the rivers before-named: the valleys of these rivers have been, and still are, the chief localities of the manufacture. Dyer, in his poem of 'The Fleece,' versified in a humble way this kind of valley-industry:

"Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,  
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,  
Is by the noisy fulling-mill received;  
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,  
And hammers, rising and descending, learn  
To imitate the industry of man.  
Oft the wet web is steeped, and often rais'd,  
Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;  
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,  
Wring out the latent water."

The woollen manufacture flourished in England soon after the Conquest, and we have frequent allusions to it in the subsequent reigns. Edward III., while on the continent, found that the Flemish clothiers were more skilful workmen than the English; and he invited some of the former over. Fuller, in his 'Church History,' says, that the Flemish apprentices were treated by their masters "rather like heathens than Christians, yea, rather like horses than men; early up, and late to bed, and all day hard work and harder fare, (a few herrings and mouldy cheese)." And then follows a picture of what such apprentices might hope for, if they would only come to merry England. "Here they should feed on fat beef and mutton, till nothing but their fulness should stint their stomachs; yea, they should feed on the labours of their own hands, enjoying a proportionable profit of their gains to themselves. Their beds should be good, and their bed-fellows better, seeing that the richest yeomen in England would not disdain to marry their daughters to them—and such English beauties, that the most curious foreigners could not but commend them." Whether Edward III. really gave such a glowing description of England to the Flemish clothiers, we know not; but it is understood that Flemings did settle from time to time in this country. Town after town became the centre of the manufacture; roads were made, and pack-horses employed; these roads were improved, and wagons built; the canal and the barge gradually gained ground over the road and the wagon; the railway and the locomotive gained a triumph over them all. The steam-engine came to the aid of the workman, and the factory to the aid of the employer. Hull and Goole became ports for the shipment of cloth; and thus arose the vast clothing manufacture of the West Riding.

We can only understand the social features of this manufacture, by viewing it in its three developments: the *Master Clothier* system of the West of England, and the *Domestic* and *Factory* systems of Yorkshire. In the first of these, the master-clothier buys his wool

from the wool-stapler, and employs persons to work it up into cloth; giving each separate process to distinct sets of men, who work either at their own houses or at the house of the master-clothier.

The *Domestic* system, acted on in the villages of the West Riding, is very remarkable, and has given quite a tone and character to the Yorkshire clothiers, which has withstood all changes, such as have affected the cotton manufacture. In the beginning of the present century, before the factory system became developed to any remarkable degree in the clothing district, there were between three and four thousand small master manufacturers in the West Riding. These were scattered over the whole face of the district which we have marked out, lying south and west of Leeds; they were men of small capital, some with a small farm annexed to their business, and some with a field or two, to support a horse or a cow. Although they occupied the entire range of villages, whether among the hills or in the valleys, yet they grouped themselves in something like order, according to the two kinds of broadcloth which they made—the *mixed* cloth or the *white* cloth. The mixed cloth manufacturers resided chiefly near Leeds. The white cloth manufacturers located themselves chiefly in a tract of country forming an oblique belt along the hills that separate the Vale of Calder from the Vale of Aire, beginning near Wakefield, and ending near Shipley. Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, and Huddersfield formed the central or market-towns for these villages, and became the seats of the larger factories. Although the steam-engine has wrought great changes in the larger towns, every one of the villages above-named retains nearly the same manufacturing features to the present day.

The third system—that of *Factories*—is the growth of the steam-engines and of machinery, and essentially belongs to our own day. Here the entire range of processes is conducted in vast buildings, replete with every aid which science and capital can furnish. Here a bag of wool goes in at one door, and a bale of finished superfine cloth comes out at another: every stage of the operations having its distinct part of the building. In the *Domestic* system, the master and the workman were combined in one person; in the factory system the employer is the owner of all, and pays the wages of labour in money.

In the early days of the woollen manufacture, the wool was 'scribbled' and 'carded' at the humble home of the workman, perhaps by the members of his family; it was then 'spun' and 'woven,' then carried to the fulling mills to be 'fulled,' and lastly, returned and sold in the white state. A next stage in advance was to scribble the wool by some sort of machinery, which was worked by asses or horses, or by a species of rude windmill. As, however, the fulling was performed in mills situated on the banks of the streams, and moved by water power, it required no great sketch of inventive skill to adapt the scribbling machinery to the same localities. These united fulling and scribbling mills were invariably situated on the



banks of the Aire, Calder, Wharfe, or some other West Riding stream. Great as were the conveniences of these mills to the clothiers, yet there were countervailing disadvantages, which, to us at the present day, seem rather formidable. It was customary, for instance, for carts to come as many as twelve miles into the clothing districts for wool three times a week, which wool had to be brought first into the district from neighbouring towns; when scribbled, it had to be returned to be spun and woven; then it had to be re-sent to the mill to be fulled, and lastly to be returned for sale at the market. Hence the clothiers situated at a distance from these mills found it to their interest to club their means together, and build other mills for their own use. The invention of the steam-engine gave a great impetus to the change; for, with the aid of beds of coal lying immediately beneath the district, the clothiers became more and more independent of the rivers. The same cause also led to the more frequent centralization of the manufacture in large towns than in the country districts.

The first 'Company Mill,' near Leeds, according to the new order of things, was erected at Stanningley, about five-and-thirty years ago; the next was built at Ecclesfield; and they have since multiplied with great rapidity. Each 'Company Mill' is a joint-stock undertaking, of which all the partners must be clothiers. In the formation of such an enterprise, a number of clothiers, varying from ten to fifty (generally about thirty), determine on the amount of capital to be raised, and divide it into shares, generally of 25*l.* each, which they appropriate according to the means and inclination of each one individually. Deeds of partnership are drawn up, land is purchased, a mill is erected, machinery is put into it, a manager is appointed, and work is taken in to be scribbled, or fulled, or both—the price of the work being matter of agreement, and the work being executed, both for those who are not, and for those who are, partners in the mill.

The more simple and less systematic of these Company-mills are managed somewhat as follows:—There is neither partnership deed nor printed regulations; but the company is governed by a president and a committee, chosen from the partners, who meet once a week for the transaction of business, and who make bye-laws for their own guidance. At one of these meetings they appoint a person, who takes upon himself the multifarious duties of manager, book-keeper, treasurer, and secretary; he receives and pays all moneys. At subsequent meetings the committee give him directions what to do, and he acquaints them with what he has done during the week. He accounts to the partners, at any time when called on, for the business which he has transacted, and the money which he holds or has disbursed. When his funds are run out, he asks for more, which the partners severally and equally advance. The partners have no legal hold on each other, or on their manager. It is an understanding that whatever work the partners have to do must be done at their own mill,—the joint-stock shop is to be dealt at by all.

But in the more recent and better managed Com-

pany-mills, matters are not left in such a rude state. There is a regular deed of partnership drawn up; and it is specified to exist for a definite number of years. Some of the partners are appointed regular trustees for the whole. The maximum number of shares to be held by each partner is limited; and the shares are paid for by regular instalments. The clothier-partners all reside near the mill. All the partners are bound by penalty to act in turn on the committee; and all committee proceedings are duly entered. Each member's subscribed share is held as a security for the due fulfilment of his engagements towards his co-partners. The money is deposited in a bank. All work done at the mill, whether for the partners or others, is paid for once a month. The accounts are made up at a general meeting of the partners every four months.

This, then, is the general character of the 'Company Mill' system;—a system to which we do not remember anything exactly similar in any other branch of manufacture. At Sheffield, it is true, there are 'wheels,' or grinding establishments, at which are a large number of workmen, employed independently of each other; but they simply rent a certain amount of standing-room and of steam-power, each one for himself, and have no share in the proprietorship of the building itself. In the best of these West Riding joint-stock mills, the processes carried on therein are scribbling, carding, and slubbing the wool, and fulling the cloth after the weaving has been effected; the processes of spinning, warping, weaving, and burling are done at home by the members of the clothier's family. The whole of the cloth so produced is sold in the 'balk,' or rough state, at the cloth halls, unfinished and undyed; the purchasers either possessing or employing the requisite manufacturing means for conducting the finishing processes. The cloth generally brought to these Company-mills is of inferior quality, varying from four to seven shillings a yard in the 'balk' state.

The 'Shoddy Mill,' (another West Riding idea) is a remarkable exponent of our age—of the spirit which leads men to grind, and cut, and melt, and alter any or every thing that can by possibility come into use. There are many such mills on the river Calder, between Leeds and Dewsbury, or in the vicinity of Dewsbury. 'Shoddy' is the very homely name for old woollen rags when torn or cut up into infinite fragments; and 'devil' is the very emphatic name for the machine by which the process is conducted. The ruthless tearing which the rags undergo is effected in machines carefully enclosed or boxed in, and containing cylinders armed with hooks, and rotating in opposite directions. The rags are put in at the top of each machine, and come out at the bottom like coarse dirty wool. The shoddy thus prepared, by being moistened with oil, and mixed with a little new wool, is coaxed and persuaded into the assumption of the various forms of carding and yarn, and at length takes part in the formation of cloth which—though perhaps smart and glossy without—is somewhat hollow-hearted within.

As a feature in the 'Home Tour' of Sir George Head, this shoddy process came in for its share of good-humoured satire:—"The trade or occupation of the late owner, his life and habits, or the filthiness and antiquity of the garment itself, oppose no bar to this wonderful process of regeneration: whether from the scarecrow or the gibbet, it makes no difference; so that, according to the changes of human affairs, it no doubt frequently does happen, without figure of speech or metaphor, that the identical garment to day exposed to the sun and rain in a Kentish cherry orchard, or saturated with tobacco-smoke on the back of a beggar in a pot-house, is doomed in its turn, '*perfusis liquidis odoribus*,' to grace the swelling collar, or add dignified proportion to the chest of the dandy. Old flannel petticoats, serge, and bunting, are not only unravelled and brought to their original thread by the claws of the 'devil;' but this machine effectually, it is said, pulls to pieces and separates the pitch-mark of the sheep's back—which latter operation really is a job worthy of the very devil himself. Those who delight in matters of speculation have here an ample field, provided they feel inclined to extend their researches on this doctrine of the transmigration of coats; their imagination may freely range in unfettered flight, from the blazing galaxy of a regal drawing-room, down to the night cellars and lowest haunts of London, Germany, Poland, Portugal, &c. But as such considerations only tend to put a man out of conceit with his own coat, or may afflict some of my fair friends with an antipathy to flannel altogether, they are much better let alone."

#### THE CLOTH FACTORIES, AND THE CLOTH HALLS.

The manufacturing arrangements of the large woollen-cloth factories of course differ from those of the domestic manufacturers, the Company-mills, and the Shoddy-mills. They are fine examples of that centralization, combined with subdivision, which marks in so striking a degree the system of modern industry. The town of Leeds, as well as Huddersfield and Halifax, contains cloth factories only a little less vast and comprehensive than the cotton factories of the Manchester district. The grasp of mind required in the chief conductors, the perpetually-recurring claim on the inventive skill of engineers to devise new adaptations of machinery, the economy of space in the whole building, the marshalling of the industrial forces, so that neither confusion nor delay shall occur in the order of processes, the watchful attention to the fluctuations of taste and fashion, the invention of new designs, as a means of leading (instead of always following) public taste, the means of varying the productive strength of the establishment according to the fluctuations of home and foreign commerce, the endeavours (now made by most of the larger manufacturers) to encourage various arrangements for the moral and social benefit of the work-people,—all combine to give great largeness of character to the general features of such establishments.

The western suburbs of Leeds are rich in these great woollen factories. Taking as a type one of the most complete of these, and assuming that the rest display the same characteristics in more or less complete development, we find the following arrangements. An immense pile of buildings encloses two or three large open quadrangles; more resembling a small town than one establishment. Here we have wool-warehouses, five or six stories in height, laden with clothing-wools from all available quarters, with all the mechanical appliances for raising and lowering and transferring the wool. At another point are ranges of buildings where various handicraft employments are carried on, not requiring the aid of steam-power. At another, where this giant agent is brought into requisition, we find one range of buildings employed in the carding and other preparatory processes, another in the spinning, another in the weaving (for broad-cloth weaving is now brought within the grasp of the power-loom), another in the fulling, another in the shearing, and so on. Then we see dye-houses and drying-houses, store-rooms for dye-stuffs and oils, shops for the repairs of machinery, engine-rooms and boiler-rooms, warming and ventilating apparatus, and various departments which it would be no easy matter to enumerate. All these within one boundary wall, all under one supervision, with subordinate heads of departments, all brought within a system of book-keeping and tabulating, so that every one knows where he ought to be and what he ought to be doing,—this constitutes a woollen-cloth factory, such as we find existing in the great towns of the West Riding.

We can as little undertake to describe in this work all the processes of the woollen manufacture as those of flax; both would be a departure from the general plan. A mere enumeration of the designations of the artisans employed becomes a formidable list: we find sorters, scourers, beaters, pickers, scribbler-feeders, carder-feeders, roller-joiners, slubbers, jenny-spinners, mule-spinners, mule-piecers, warpers, weavers, mill-men, roughers, dyers, cutters, brushers, markers, drawers, pressers, and packers. Even here it is not quite certain that all are included. We may, however, just indicate the order in which the chief processes succeed each other.

First, then, the crude wool. Some of this is derived from our own grazing districts, some from Germany, and some from Australia; the wool from any or all other places now imported is but small in quantity. It is brought to the factories in bags or packages of various dimensions. The 'sorter' sets to work; he opens a package, spreads out some of the wool before him, slightly loosens and disentangles it, and by a nice discrimination of hand and eye, separates it into five or six parcels, according to the varying quality—softness, strength, colour, cleanness, regularity, are all taken note of in this sorting. The wool is next 'scoured' or cleansed in hot alkaline liquor; and if the cloth is to be 'wool-dyed,' the wool passes through the dying process at this period; but if it be 'piece-





7.—COLOURED-CLOTH HALL, EXTERIOR.

dyed,' the dyeing is deferred to a much later stage of the operation.

Then come the remarkable processes by which the locks of wool are disentangled fibre from fibre. The wool is oiled, and put into the 'willy,' where a revolving motion causes the locks to be caught and torn asunder by sharp spikes. The wool next goes to the 'scribbling-machine,' where cylinders, armed with innumerable teeth, and revolving in opposite directions, tear and draw the wool from one to the other, until the fibres become combed out to something like an orderly arrangement. This order is still further attained by the 'carding-machine,' where the fibres are arranged into a kind of delicate band or sheet, about thirty inches long by six wide; and these bands are rolled up into 'cardings,' which are pipes or loose rods of wool, about half an inch thick. Then come into requisition the services of the 'slubbing-machine' or 'slubbing-billy'—(what oddities we meet with among technical terms!) Children place the cardings end to end on a sloping apron or band; and these cardings are caught up by the machine, joined permanently end to end, drawn out or elongated, and slightly twisted to the form of a delicate kind of cord, or 'slubbing,' of which from one to two hundred yards are produced from an ounce of wool. Lastly, the beautiful 'mule spinning-machine,' or 'mule-jenny,' gives that final

elongation and twisting which transforms the 'slubbing' into 'yarn' for the use of the weaver.

The weaver requires to pass the yarn through many processes to fit it for his purpose. He selects one quality for the *warp* or long thread, and another for the *weft* or cross thread; he sees that it is properly stiffened by immersion in a glutinous liquid; he requires that the 'winding,' the 'warping,' the 'beaming,' and the 'drawing-in,' (which relate to the adjustment of the yarn upon the loom and the shuttle) shall be properly performed; and he then produces his 'clack, clack, clack'—the invariable accompaniment of the weaving of yarn into cloth. In the Domestic manufacturer's system, all the cloth is woven by hand; but in the large factories there is an admixture of the hand-loom and the power-loom systems.

The woven cloth is scoured or cleansed, and is then *milled, felted, or fulled*—that is, beaten and rubbed until the fibres of wool have become so interlaced, as almost to hide the threads which form the cloth. The 'burlers' then pick out with tweezers all irregular knots, burs, or hairs; and many minor processes are about this time adopted. In the finishing of the cloth, the 'raiser' rubs it with a kind of brush studded with teazle-heads, which raise up all the little woollen fibres so as to give great roughness to the cloth. The 'cropping-machine,' by a very delicate and remarkable action,

shaves off the whole of these upstanding fibres, and we have then the delicate *nap* or *pile* of the cloth. The finer the cloth, the more numerous are the finishing processes,—among which are ‘boiling,’ ‘picking,’ ‘pressing,’ and ‘steaming.’

The whole of the cloth made by the domestic manufacturers, is sold in the Cloth Halls *before* the finishing processes; these latter being conducted by, or at the expense of, those who purchase the cloth. To the Cloth Halls, then, we must bend our steps. We have said that the Cloth Market used to be held in the Briggate: this inconvenient arrangement was put an end to in 1711, when a Cloth Hall was built. A second superseded the first, in 1755; this was destroyed or pulled down: and in 1758 and 1775 were built the two Cloth Halls, which still exist, and where more cloth has been sold, perhaps, than in any other existing buildings in the world.

First, for the Coloured or Mixed Cloth Hall. This is represented, internally and externally, in two of our illustrations (Cuts, Nos. 1 and 7). The Hall is in the busiest centre of Leeds, near the Commercial Buildings, and near the spot to be shortly occupied by the great central station of the railways. It is a quadrangular brick building, enclosing an open area of large dimensions. It is divided into six departments or streets, which have their own distinctive names, such as ‘Cheapside,’ ‘Change-alley,’ &c. Each street or avenue contains two rows of stalls, one on either side of a walk or passage. Each stall is about two feet in width, and is marked with the name of the person who owns or rents it. There are two thousand of these stalls, all occupied by the domestic or country clothiers.

Then comes the busy market-day. At about nine o’clock on the mornings of Tuesdays and Saturdays, a bell rings, the hall is opened, and the clothiers flock into it, each having brought (mostly by horse and cart) the fruit of three or four days’ labour. The stalls are set out with wonderful celerity, and the buyers make their appearance. Who are these buyers? it may be asked. Sometimes they are merchants who have no manufacturing of their own; sometimes they are persons who combine the characters of merchants and manufacturers; and sometimes they are experienced ‘buyers’ in the pay of the larger firms. All the cloth in this hall has been dyed in the wool, prepared, spun, woven, and fulled, but not sheared or finished: the purchaser has to attend to the latter, in whatever way he deems best. The buyers are sharp, quick, business-like men; the sellers—some possessed of a little property, but others in humble circumstances—are plain, homely, shrewd, and honest-looking personages. Bargains are made with great quickness. The buyers pace up and down the avenues, look at the stalls as they pass, listen to the invitations of the sellers, examine the specimens exposed, and make a short contest about price; but it is always short, the ‘chaffering’ is speedily brought to an end either by one party or the other. All the sellers know all the buyers; and the discussions about ‘olives,’ or ‘browns,’ or ‘pilots,’ about ‘6-quarter’

or ‘8-quarter;’ about ‘English’ or ‘Foreign;’ about ‘high quality’ and ‘low quality’—are heard on all sides. These Yorkshiremen can set a good example to dealers elsewhere; for the market only lasts one hour and a quarter, during which time dealings to a large amount are conducted.

Directly the Coloured Cloth Hall closes, the White Cloth Hall is opened. This is situated in a more eastern part of Leeds. It is conducted much on the same principle as the one described above. The cloth sold here is in an undyed state, and presents a kind of yellowish white colour. The hall business being concluded, the clothier takes the cloth to the warehouses of the respective purchasers; where, after measuring, examining, and entering in books, the buyer receives his cloth, and the seller receives his money: the former proceeds to finish what he has bought, and the latter proceeds to buy wool in anticipation of another market-day. He walks, or rides, or drives, or ‘rails’ back to his clothing village among the hills and valleys, and then sets to work again as before.

Thus is the cloth traffic conducted. At Halifax, Bradford, and Huddersfield, there are cloth halls like those of Leeds (in principle if not in size): each one serving as a market for the surrounding clothing villages. It is a pleasant hour for a southron in these halls on market-days. He sees the kind of cloth and the kind of people; he observes the mode of conducting the clothier traffic: and he hears the peculiar dialect of the Yorkshiremen—a dialect which, like that of the lowlands of Scotland, bears many traces of the Danish occupation of those districts a thousand years ago; mixed with other traces of the Flanders or Frieseland emigrants to Yorkshire in later times. There is a rhyme current in Halifax, to the effect, that

“Gooid brade, botter, and cheese,  
Is gooid Halifax, and gooid Friese.”

We feel very much tempted to give two or three stanzas from an ‘Address to Poverty,’ contained in a Glossary of the Yorkshire dialect. Those who are familiar with any of the West of England dialects, will perceive here many marked points of difference:

“Ah’ve hed thy cumpany ower lang,  
Ill-leakin weean! thoo must be rang  
Thus to cut short my jerkin.  
Ah ken thee weel—Ah knaw thy ways,  
Thoo’s awlus kept back cash and clecas,  
An’ forc’d me to hard workin.

Sud Plenty, frac her copious hoorn  
Tteam oot te me good crops o’ coom,  
An’ prosper weel my cattle,  
An’ send a single thoosand pund,  
’Twad bring all things complectly roound,  
An’ Ah wad gi’ thee battle.

Noo, Poverty, ya thing Ah beg,  
Like a poor man without a leg,  
See prethee daun’t deceeave me;  
Ah knaw it’s i’ thy pooower to grant  
The labtle faver ‘at Ah want—  
’At thoo wad gang an’ leaave me!’”

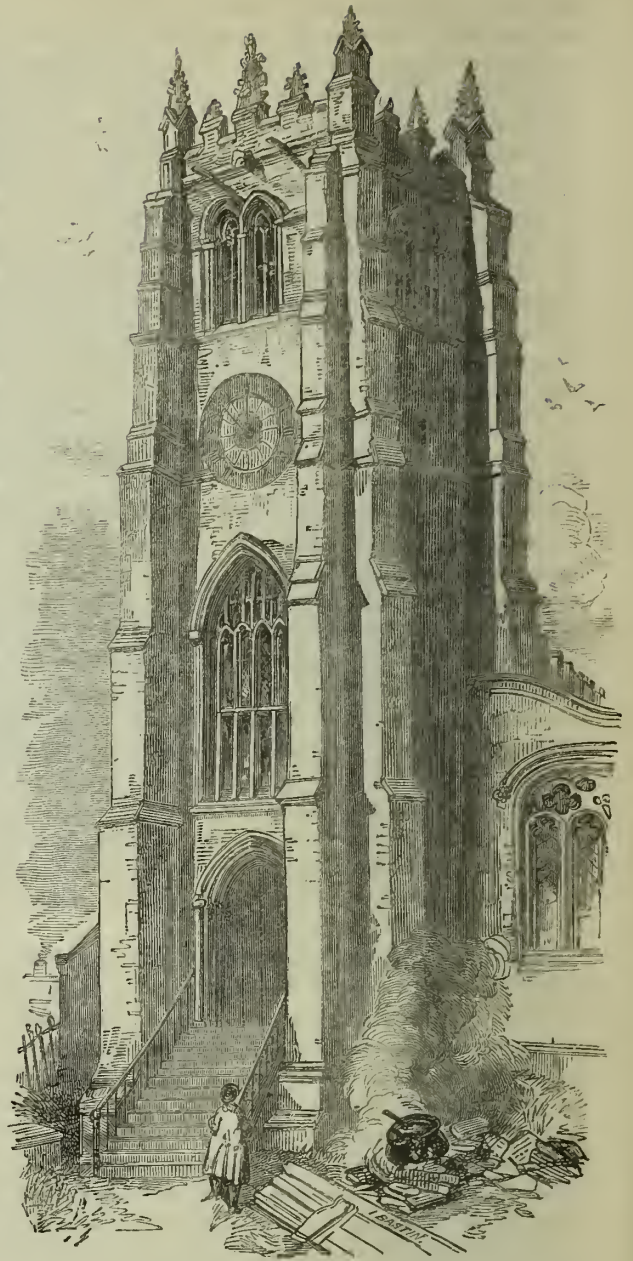


## THE FAMILY OF CLOTHING TOWNS.

All the clothing towns present more or less of interesting features to a stranger, chiefly arising from their industrial arrangements. Take Bradford, for example—a town which has furnished two of our illustrations. (Cuts, Nos. 8 and 9). It is impossible to approach Bradford from either side without seeing that it is thoroughly a clothing town. Nature seems almost to have planted the spot on purpose. The distance is not far otherwise than equal from Bradford to Halifax, to Leeds, to Keighley, to Wakefield, to Dewsbury, and to Huddersfield: and streams of traffic pass to and fro between them. Bradford was, in Leland's time, a "pretty quick market town, which standeth much by clothing;" and it has "stood much by clothing" ever since. The streets, the markets, the Cloth Hall, the churches—all are probably about on a level with those of other towns of equal size; but as our topographical details are purposely limited to Leeds and its immediate vicinity, we will notice, in a few lines, how far Bradford and Halifax differ from Leeds in the general character of their wool manufactures.

Bradford and Halifax are famous for varieties of manufactured goods which do not meet the eye at Leeds. Leeds is the head-quarters of *woollens*, made of short wool, and *fulled* or *milled* so as to hide the threads; but Bradford and Halifax are the seat of the *worsted* or long wool trade, where no attempt is made to hide the woven thread by a nap or pile. The meaning of the word *worsted*, as here used, is best illustrated by mentioning some of the principal kinds of goods made of long wool—'cashmeres,' 'orleans,' 'coburgs,' 'merinos,' 'lastings,' 'alpacas,' 'damasks,' 'camlets,' 'says,' 'plainbacks': these are the main results of the spinner's and weaver's labours in the two towns above-named. Mix a little cotton, a little silk, or a little of both, with the long wool, and we have 'challis,' 'mousselines-de-laine,' 'paramattas,' 'shalloons,' 'taminets,' 'fancy-waistcoatings,' and a host of other varieties—all of which spring from this district as a centre.

Such are the forms in which the fleecy clothing of the sheep becomes the fanciful covering of men and women; and such are the directions in which this department of industry gives character and distinctive features to the West Riding of Yorkshire. Leeds, as we have seen, mingles with it a large development of the flax and the engineering trades. When we reach Bradford, we get to the centre of the worsted trade; more worsted, or long-wool yarn, is spun here than in any other town in the kingdom—perhaps in the world: it not only supplies the stuff-manufacturers of other towns in the West Riding, but the shawl-weavers of Paisley, and the bombazeen-weavers of Norwich, come frequently to the same market. At Halifax, the two great staples of the district—the woollens and the worsteds—are more evenly divided than at any of the other towns. At Huddersfield, the fancy trade is growing up to a level with the broad-cloth. At Rochdale the worsted trade exhibits itself in the form



8.—TOWER OF THE OLD CHURCH, BRADFORD.

of flannels; and at Dewsbury and Heckmondwike in that of blankets. At Saddleworth, wool and cotton, Yorkshire and Lancashire, come so near to a level in strength, that it is difficult to say which has the precedence: it is a sort of 'border' country, where the wool of the east meets the cotton of the west, and both use the territory in common. Each of these towns—say, about seven in number—has a belt of villages around it—a group of little satellites, which follow the fortune of their primaries; and the primaries and satellites together form the busy, populous, intelligent, and wealthy

'CLOTHING DISTRICT OF THE WEST RIDING.'

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from a sketch by J. Jackson

NEWCASTLE, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST

# NEWCASTLE.

## THE TYNE, AND THE COLLIERIES.

Stow tells us, that "within thirty years past the nice dames of London would not come into any house or roome where sea-coales were burned; nor willingly eat of the meat that was either sod or roasted with sea-coal fire." If the "nice dames of London" were as scrupulous in 1849 as Stow informs us they were in the days of Queen Elizabeth, Newcastle would have rather a sorry tale to tell: here two or three millions of tons of coal annually shipped would wofully fall away, if meat were neither "sod nor roasted" therewith; and we should not then have an inducement to invite the reader to a trip to the land of 'black diamonds.'

Newcastle is the last great centre of enterprize towards the northern margin of England—the last town in which industry, population, shipping, commerce, and wealth, present themselves on that scale of magnitude which gives rank and importance to a town. Newcastle has been the resting-place of many an army, and, in later days, of many a traveller, on the line of route to and from Scotland. It marks the eastern extremity of a wall which shielded the Roman conquerors from the barbarous tribes beyond. It speckles the shores of the last busy English river towards the north, and gives to that river the appearance of one continuous harbour. It is the very centre of the coal district, and the commercial market for the lead district. It is the outlet whence vast cargoes of manufactured produce find their way to southern England and to foreign climes. It is the birthplace of railways and of locomotives,—for coals made use of such agencies long before man trusted *himself* to their guidance. It has still a castle, to indicate its past connection with feudal times; while, on the other hand, it has modern activity enough to show that nothing but a lingering reverence for the past would save that castle from demolition, as a stumbling-block in the way of street improvement. It has ranges of houses and shops, such as no other town in England can excel, and few can parallel, in architectural grandeur. It has, within and around it, a population singularly varied, by the impress which particular employments give to those engaged therein. The Tyne, too, knows no rest: it is called upon to bear to the ocean innumerable vessels, of every size, shape, and burden, laden with the treasures—rough, and coarse, and dirty, but yet treasures—which Newcastle and its vicinity have to offer.

### NEWCASTLE IN FORMER DAYS.

How Newcastle grew up to distinction, may be traced without entering very fully into antiquarian matters. After the conquest of this part of Britain by the Romans, Hadrian, about A.D. 120, built a wall

across England from the mouth of the Tyne to the Irish Sea. It is supposed that this wall was at first merely a hedge of large stakes, fixed deeply in the ground, intertwined with wattles, and covered with turf. One or two of such walls are mentioned; but the wall which has maintained its place in history, and which still leaves vestiges visible, was built by Severus, about A.D. 210. Some ages after the departure of the Romans, Newcastle became known by the name of *Monkchester*, and retained that name until after the Conquest; this name originated from the number of monks living there. Abbeys, monasteries, and churches appear to have existed in this part of England in considerable number, prior to the reign of Alfred; but from that date to the time of the Conquest, the Danes carried desolation whithersoever they went; and the Normans found scarcely any ecclesiastical establishments existing in the northern counties. The modern name of Newcastle arose out of the construction of a castle at Monkchester, about A.D. 1080. The town was surrounded by a wall, by some of the succeeding monarchs; but whether John, Henry III., or Edward I., is not clearly known. The wall had many towers and many gates; and it is possible, even at the present day, by tracing the names of some of the old streets—such as Westgate, Gallowgate, Newgate, &c.—to form some conception of the course which the wall followed.

About the beginning of the reign of Stephen, Newcastle appears to have been for some time in the hands of David of Scotland, or of his son, Prince Henry; and the town and its neighbourhood were on many other occasions during the next three or four centuries subjected to the predatory incursions of the Scots. Among the 'great days' of Newcastle was that on which, in 1503, Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., passed through Newcastle on her way to Scotland, where she was to become the bride of James IV. According to the circumstantial details given by Leland, Margaret and her splendid retinue were met, about three miles south of Newcastle, by the Prior of Tyne-mouth and Sir Ralph Harbottle,—the former with thirty, and the latter with forty, richly-attired horsemen. Upon entering the bridge, the procession was joined by the Earl of Northumberland and his retinue, the collegiates, the Carmelite friars, the mayor, the sheriff, and the aldermen, clad in their several modes. Then, as Leland tells us, "at the bryge end, upon the gatt, was many children, revested of surpeliz, synggyng mello-diously hymnes, and playing on instrumentes of many sortes." Within the town, all the houses of the burgesses were decorated; and the streets, house-tops, and rigging of the shipping were filled with spectators, including "gentylnen and gentylnwomen in so grett number that it was a playsur for to se."



Wranglings and fightings between the English and Scotch in times of enmity; processions and feasting in times of peace; and terrible visitations of the plague (which seem to have been more frequent in this town than in almost any other part of the kingdom)—fill up a good deal of the annals of Newcastle in past ages. In 1603, King James spent four days in Newcastle, on his way to London to become crowned king of England. Here, as in other similar instances, the great personage of the day was received at the gates of the town by the mayor, aldermen, councillors, and chief inhabitants. The mayor presented the burghal keys and sword, and a purse full of gold: the king graciously returned the keys and sword, and as graciously kept the gold. On the Sunday, the king attended at the church, where the Bishop of Durham preached before him. On the Monday he visited the whole of the town, and released all prisoners, "except for treason, murder, and papistrie." So thankful, we are also told, were the townsmen of Newcastle for his Majesty's visit, "that they thankfully bare all the charges of his household during the time of his abode with them." If history does not belie him, King Jamie must have been well-pleased to let his new subjects take this honour to themselves. Fourteen years afterwards, James passed through Newcastle again, on occasion of a temporary visit to Scotland; and again was he presented with some 'jacobuses' by the obsequious mayor.

Newcastle was much involved in the turmoils of the civil war; and there seems to have been a curious mixture of loyalty and republicanism afloat at that time at Newcastle; for Charles I., in 1646, having fled from his enemies in the midland counties, took refuge at Newcastle, and placed himself under the protection of the Scots army. Bourne says, that "upon his Majesty's entrance into Newcastle, he was caressed with bonfires and ringing of bells, drums and trumpets, and peals of ordnance; but guarded by 300 of the Scottish horse,—those near him bareheaded." The king appears to have been kept in a sort of honourable confinement, midway between imprisonment and liberty: we are told, that "both he and his train had liberty every day to go and play at goff in the Shieldfield, without the walls." The people, on one occasion, took a singular mode of showing sympathy for him. "A little after the king's coming to Newcastle," says Whitelock, "a Scotch minister preached boldly before him; and when his sermon was done, called for the fifty-second Psalm, which begins:

'Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself  
Thy wicked works to praise?'

Whereupon his Majesty stood up and called for the fifty-sixth Psalm, which begins:

'Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,  
For men would me devour!'

The people wayed the minister's Psalm, and sang that which the king had called for."

The king, however, was imprudent enough to

attempt an escape from Newcastle, under circumstances which presented very little prospect of success; and a consequence of his failure was, that the remainder of his residence in that town was rendered more and more irksome. The troops, Bourne tells us, discomfited the fallen monarch:—"the king, having an antipathy against tobacco, was much disturbed by their bold and continual smoking in his presence." At length, in the next following year, the Scots gave Charles up to the English, and the unfortunate monarch was marched off to London.

The historical proceedings of Newcastle, after the termination of the civil war, settled down into merc annals, disturbed only on two occasions—the rebellions of 1715 and 1745: on both which occasions Newcastle appeared among the defenders of the Hanoverian line.

#### ASPECT; RAILWAYS; BRIDGES.

The history of a town like Newcastle breaks off into a new channel after the time of the Charleses and Jameses. We cease to read of wars and castles; and we hear more and more of industry and commerce. The great men cease to be barons and lords: they are replaced by shipowners and merchants. We cease to hear of especial favours granted to the townsmen by the sovereign; for the townsmen carve out favours for themselves. The annals of political or warlike events, few and far between, are succeeded by the annals of progress—steady, social, general progress; in which all, from the landowner to the workman, fall into their respective places by the mere force of the circumstances which surround them. We may here pass from the past to the present of Newcastle.

Newcastle presents many remarkable features in respect to situation. Gateshead bears towards it much the same relation as Southwark bears to London: a busy river separates the pair in each case; and in each case the southern portion presents fewer objects of interest to a stranger than the northern. Newcastle and Gateshead, both alike, however, stand on a steeply-inclined plot of ground, descending to the river's brink. The lower portion of Newcastle, next to the river, has crept along east and west year after year, until it now extends not much less than three miles. Most of the streets running north and south, within a quarter of a mile of the river, have a very rapid descent. Dean Street, for example, which forms part of the great highway from London to Edinburgh, has a descent of about one foot in twelve. Northward of these exceedingly steep streets, lies a less dense but still busy part of the town, ascending with a more gentle slope: and the boundary of the whole is the Town Moor—a broad level district, lying at an average elevation of two hundred feet above the river. Gateshead is even more formidable in respect to steepness than its opposite neighbour, Newcastle. Here the ascent from the river's bank is no less than five hundred feet in two miles; and some of the streets, leading from the old railway station to the bridge, are such as horses and drivers

regard with an anxious eye. From this station, or from any contiguous spot, the view over the two towns is very striking: the river, the shipping, the coal-keels, the factories, the glass-works, the pottery-works, the lofty chimneys, the steeples, the new railway bridge—that grandest of features in the town—all combine to form a scene of great activity and interest. Our steel plate gives one of the many general views which may be obtained of the town.

Let us see what this famous railway-bridge is, or rather is to be. To understand its position and object, we must know what are the outlets which railways have afforded to Newcastle.

In the first place, then, there is the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, which, taking the great northern wall as its pretty close companion, stretches across the island nearly from one sea to the other; and has been instrumental in supplying the west with coals from the east. Then there is the North Shields line, which, starting from Pilgrim Street, near the eastern margin of Newcastle, spans over several hollows by lofty viaducts, and passes through North Shields to Tyne-mouth. Next, we have the Newcastle and Berwick Railway, which makes use of a portion of the last-mentioned line, and then darts off northward towards Scotland. Lastly, we have the net-work of Durham railways, which, taking their departure from Gateshead, open up a communication with South Shields, Sunderland, Durham, York, and the south generally.

Then came the great work—a work fit for the age and the place. All these railways stopped short at the several margins of the town; but commerce could not permit such a state of things to remain: she *must* and *will* have a central station; and this station requires enormous viaducts, stretching over the deep-lying portion of the town. We, consequently, find the following gigantic plan now being carried out:—A spot of ground was selected near Neville Street, rather to the west of the centre of Newcastle, as the site of a grand central station; and thither the various lines of railway were to be brought. The Carlisle line was to shoot past its former terminus, and arrive at Neville Street by a bold curve passing almost close to the Infirmary. The Shields line, taking with it the Berwick line, was to span over Pilgrim Street, then, still more loftily, over the junction of the ‘Side’ with Dean Street, and join its opposite Carlisle neighbour at Neville Street. But the great enterprize remains to be noticed—the crossing of the Tyne. The existing Newcastle bridge accommodates the lower parts of Newcastle and of Gateshead; but the railways occupy the heights of the two towns; and any railway bridge over the Tyne must necessarily soar at a vast height above the river. The townsmen have for many years had under consideration the construction of a ‘high level’ bridge, for the service of the higher parts of the two towns; and after much negotiation, a plan was agreed upon between the railway companies and the corporation, by virtue of which the former undertook the construction of a *double* bridge—one of the most astonishing structures,

perhaps, in England; consisting of a common foot and carriage bridge at a great height above the river, and a *railway over that!* This railway was to pass almost close by the castle, and to join the others at the grand central station.

Such was the comprehensive plan proposed; and the present state of things at Newcastle shows how rapidly the plan is approaching its completion. The great station is in progress. The viaduct crosses the low-lying streets from Pilgrim Street to the vicinity of the castle; so that in passing up the ‘Side’ or up Dean Street, we see the locomotive panting away far above us. The railway-bridge over the river, when finished, (the present traffic arrangements being only temporary) will exhibit two piers at the margin of the river, and four others in the stream itself, besides minor piers to support the land arches. These piers are of masonry, and of immense strength. The distance from pier to pier is about a hundred and twenty-four feet, and this determines the span of the arches. At a height of about ninety feet above high-water level runs a level bridge for carriages, horses, and foot-passengers; and at a further height of about twenty-five feet above this roadway runs the railway itself. The astonishing magnitude of this grand work will be better conceived by bearing in mind, that the entire height of masonry and iron-work, from the bed of the river to the parapet of the railway, exceeds a hundred and thirty feet! The whole length of the structure, from the high ground of Gateshead to the high ground of Newcastle, is nearly fourteen hundred feet. It has been estimated that the iron-work in the structure will weigh nearly five thousand tons! The mason-work, in and over the river itself, will cost above a hundred thousand pounds, the mason and brick-work of the land arches about an equal sum, and the iron-work a still larger sum. The bridge and viaduct are seen in the distance in Cut No. 1, while the arch at the bottom of Dean Street is shown in Cut No. 2.

Railway affairs may fluctuate; directors and shareholders may wrangle; ‘calls’ may be amazingly rapid, and dividends amazingly small; golden dreams may be dissipated; estimates may be greatly exceeded;—all this may occur, and Newcastle may have its share of these troubles; but the ‘high-level’ bridge will stand for ages, a monument of enterprise, skill, and beauty. We may state that, at present, the trains pass along a temporary timber bridge, which will be removed when the permanent bridge is finished; and that the three old stations are still used during the erection of the great central station. The autumn of the present year will probably witness the completion of the whole arrangements.

The present existing old bridge, at Newcastle, is the only one between the railway bridge and the sea. Indeed, such a low bridge ought not to have been built there at all; for the river above that point is thereby quite shut out from the approach of shipping; and the whole commercial arrangements of Newcastle have had to bend to the influence of this circumstance. There





1.—NEWCASTLE, FROM HILGATE.

seems great probability that the Romans built a bridge across the Tyne, of seven arches; for various remains were discovered in the last century, in the bed of the river, serving to indicate such a fact. This bridge, or rather a bridge on the same site, was several times destroyed and renewed. The last destruction of this kind took place in 1771, when the bridge was overwhelmed by a flood. The present structure was finished and opened in 1781, at a cost of £30,000. It consists of nine elliptical arches. At the beginning of the present century it was widened on both sides, by buttresses in connection with the piers.

#### THE CENTRAL TOWN: MR. GRAINGER'S STRUCTURES.

The scene which presents itself to view on entering Newcastle differs greatly, according as we take the 'high-level' or the 'low-level' entrance. We shall find it convenient to adopt the former, and plant the reader at once pretty near the centre of the town.

Newcastle owes no small share of the beauty which marks some of its streets to one single individual,—possessing a bold original mind, which could think and plan for itself, and conquer, one by one, the difficulties

which would have crushed a less vigorous man. If we were to regard this as a matter simply of pounds, shillings, and pence, we should have to place it on a lower level than many a building-enterprise: it is not every one that, in enriching his native town, can also enrich himself,—the town retains the adornment for ages, whether the author of it dies a rich or a poor man. Let us see what has been done by Mr. Grainger, and how it has been done, at Newcastle. It is necessary to know what the town was in the early part of the present century, before we can form an estimate of the amount of boldness, courage, and perseverance necessary to work out the subsequent changes. In by-gone ages the Franciscan convent and the nunnery were surrounded by twelve acres of ground, in the heart of the town; but these were, in later days, replaced by an old mansion (the temporary prison of Charles I., alluded to in a former page), with its gardens and plantations. Down to Grainger's time this garden and plantation remained,—unproductive, on account of the smoke which for so many ages has enveloped the town, and useless to the town in any other way. He watched the ill-ordered empty space with a longing eye; he thought of the excellent building-stone in the





2.—VIADUCT, AT END OF DEAN STREET.



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quarries near at hand; he built up in his mind imaginary terraces, and squares, and sumptuous streets; and resolved to bide his time.

Mr. Grainger entered upon various works, as a builder, for other parties; and in the course of a few years built many portions of new streets,—such as Carlol, Blackett, and New Bridge Streets. Then came the rather ambitious project of Eldon Square, with its handsome rows of stone-fronted houses. Every enterprise successfully brought to a completion, acted as a stepping-stone to something higher. Grainger had advanced greatly and rapidly; and he next conceived the plan of building about a hundred and thirty stone-fronted houses, of a more ornamental character than any yet seen in the town, in the northern part of Newcastle, near the Town Moor: the plan was fully carried out, and the town has unquestionably gained a great ornament by it. His next enterprise was the erection of a building which, under the name of the Arcade, and opening into Pilgrim Street, presents to view a fine stone front, extending nearly a hundred feet in length, and an interior extending two hundred and fifty feet in depth. The whole building affords offices for two Banking-houses, Post-office, Stamp-office, Excise and Permit-office, and other establishments.

Up to this date, say about the year 1832, Mr. Grainger's operations within the town had given new buildings to the value of £200,000, nearly all of them stone-fronted, and far above the usual standard of street-architecture in other towns. But his great work, the development of his vast schemes, was yet to come. The twelve acres of unemployed, or ill-employed, vacant ground in the heart of the town, on which his thoughts had been centred for many a year, at length came into the possession of Mr. Grainger, at a purchase-price of £50,000; and about the same time he appropriated another sum, of nearly equal amount, to the purchase of some old property in the immediate vicinity. What was to come out of this, nobody knew but himself: the plans were wholly developed in his own mind before his fellow-townsmen knew aught concerning them. Something notable was expected, but this something was still vague and conjectural.

The first feature was the construction of a fine central street, in continuation of Dean Street: no ram's-horn (however proverbially crooked) can be more tortuous than the entrance into Newcastle from the old bridge; and it was to lessen a portion of this crookedness, on approaching the heart of the town, that the new street was planned. A butcher-market and a theatre stood in the way of the improvement; but the improver was not to be deterred by such obstacles. The Corporation gave up the old market, and agreed on the plan for a new one, and on the price to be paid for effecting the change. Works were commenced immediately; and in October, 1835, was opened the finest market in the kingdom—the finest at that time, and (we believe) still the finest in 1849: nay, it is even said to be the finest in Europe. The Theatre was the next point: a few difficulties arose

in this matter, for the theatre was a neat and convenient one; but Mr. Grainger cut the matter short by offering to build a new and handsomer one, and to present a good round sum of money into the bargain: this was accepted, and the theatre built. In all these matters, and others of a similar kind, Mr. Grainger's promptness in action became conspicuous; and the townsmen began to look out for something bold and decisive whenever he took a matter in hand.

When the whole of the property for the new central street was purchased, then arose Grainger's greatest mechanical difficulties—the levelling of the ground. Such was the alternation of hill and hollow, that the formation of a fine and regular street in the planned direction struck many with amazement, and many more with doubt. In some parts the ground had to be excavated to a depth of 27 feet, to form the basement of houses; in other parts valleys had to be filled to a height of 35 feet, and houses to be built thereupon, in order to form a street of uniform level. There were instances in which more masonry was buried underground than appeared in the whole elevation of the house above. The lowering of hillocks and ridges was so much more considerable than the filling up of hollows and trenches, that nearly five million cubic feet of earth was carried away from time to time, during the progress of the various improvements, after filling up the valleys, making mortar with some of the sand, and making bricks with some of the clay.

This arduous but most necessary operation of levelling being completed, there arose, one by one, those splendid streets, which have no parallel in England. Instances may be met with, in some of our larger towns, of isolated portions of street equal to these in beauty; but it may be doubted whether, as a group, these creations of Grainger's are equalled. Edinburgh could do more than either London or Liverpool in producing a parallel. The builder was, for the most part, his own architect; and as his new streets are mainly streets of shops, he was not bound down by precedent to such a degree as to cramp his invention. Grey Street, Grainger Street, Market Street, Clayton Street, Clayton Street West, Nun Street, Nelson Street, Wood Street, and Shakspeare Street, rose in succession—all situated in the very heart of the town, all occupied by houses presenting fronts of dressed and polished stone, all together presenting a length of a mile and a quarter of street, from fifty to eighty feet wide, and all erected in about five years. It is not merely a list of new streets thus presented by the improvements; new public buildings of a notable character have been reared as parts of the general design. Thus, there are the new Market, the new Central Exchange, the new Theatre, the new Dispensary, the new Music Hall, the new Lecture Room, two new chapels, the Incorporated Companies' Hall, two auction-marts, ten inns, and twelve public-houses,—besides about forty private houses, and the three or four hundred shops which formed the leading idea of the design. It has been estimated that the total value of the buildings thus





3.— GREY STREET.

planned and constructed by one man, in five years, at a fair rental, is about a million sterling; and that about two thousand persons were regularly engaged on them for many years!

Let us now, shortly, see what are the appearances which this new world of buildings presents. First, for the Market. This sumptuous building occupies an oblong parallelogram, bounded by Grainger, Clayton, Nelson, and Nun Streets, and having twelve openings to those streets from its interior area. It lies in the very heart of Mr. Grainger's scene of improvements, and is worthy of them. The market is about three hundred and forty feet long by two hundred and fifty wide: covering an area of more than nine thousand square yards, or nearly two acres; neither London, Birkenhead, Birmingham, nor Liverpool, can present such an area of covered market as this. The area is divided into a number of avenues, or bazaars, appropriated as meat, vegetable, poultry, and butter-markets. the Meat Market consists of four long avenues, crossed by four shorter ones, mostly with arched ceilings, and well ventilated. The Vegetable Market is one noble apartment, larger than Westminster Hall, having a carved oak roof, supported by two rows of iron pillars, and a lantern-light running along the centre. The length is 318 feet, the width 57, and the height 40; and the whole appearance is so far beyond the general characteristics of such buildings, that a local guide-

book claims for it the designation of "a gorgeous hall, of vast extent, rather resembling the nave of some mighty cathedral than a market for the sale of the fruits of the earth." Without soaring to so lofty a height as this, we can well imagine how Newcastle may well be proud of such a market—and of the mind that planned it.

But Grey Street (Cut, No. 3,) is the great work. This street is, by the crossing of other smaller streets, divided into sections, each of which is made to comprise a distinct architectural design, worthy of study, independent of the rest. All, however, agree in this—that the front and entire decorations of the houses are in solid stone; that the stone is of a warm, rich colour; that the ranges excel those of Edinburgh, in being more ornate; and that they excel those of Regent Street, in London, as truly as good stone excels shabby stucco.

Taking the west side of Grey Street, we find it divided into three compartments by the crossing of High Bridge and Market Street. The south compartment comprises a Corinthian design in the centre, with two wings; derived, in many of its details, from the interior of the Pantheon at Rome. The entablature of the centre front rests on eleven lofty Corinthian columns; and the whole is surmounted by a double range of balustrades. This central portion is occupied by the offices of two banking companies. The next





4.—SANDHILL—EXCHANGE AND MARKET.

group, or compartment, about half the length of the southern, presents an Ionic design, after the Temple on the Ilyssus at Athens: the middle portion is occupied by a large inn. The northern compartment (the shortest of the three) comprises one side of a triangle of houses, the area of which triangle is occupied by the Central Exchange. This spot is perhaps the most central and the most magnificent in the whole group of new buildings. The Exchange is a rich and beautiful semicircular building, imbedded in a triangle of noble houses, whose fronts are in Grey Street, Grainger Street, and Market Street. Seven entrances lead from these streets to the Exchange. It is a semicircle, about a hundred and fifty feet long by a hundred in width, wholly lighted from above, as the building is encased in a triangle of houses. The roof is supported by fourteen Ionic columns, twelve of which form a semicircle; and within the columned area of this semicircle is the News-room; on the outside of the semicircle are the corridors, entrances, and staircases leading to the Coffee-room and other apartments. Above the entablature, round the top of the semicircle, spring a series of curved ribs, one over each column: and these ribs form the skeleton for a magnificent glass dome, through which descends ample light into the area of the room. In an upper part of the building are apartments for the School of Design. The triangle of houses, within which the Exchange is thus singularly

placed, are of uniform design; the fronts presented towards the three streets are each an adaptation of the design of the Corinthian Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli; and the three points of the triangle are each finished by a dome springing from a nearly circular range of Corinthian columns.

Next taking a glance at the east side of Grey Street, we find the entire length distributed into five architectural compartments, separated by the crossing of other streets. The first or southern compartment, from Mosley Street to Shakspeare Street, has in the centre a colonnade of lofty Corinthian columns, with wings having pilasters and balustrades. The second compartment, from Shakspeare Street to Market Street, is almost wholly occupied by the front of the new theatre. This theatre is one of the largest and most beautiful out of London; as the portico projects completely over the foot-pavement, and is formed wholly of highly-enriched stone-work, it constitutes one of the greatest ornaments of Grey Street. Continuing our route up this street, we come to the third architectural compartment, lying between Market Street and Hood Street. Here, according to Mr. Grainger's original plan, would have been a splendid range of buildings, occupied by the Town and County Courts, Council Chamber, Town Clerk's, and other corporate offices and chambers, and a residence for the mayor; but difficulties interfered with the carrying out of the plan;



and Mr. Grainger has made a portion of his architectural design available for other purposes. The centre of this compartment, as now completed, is occupied by a banking company; it presents a highly-enriched façade in the upper stories, supported by more sober Doric pilasters beneath. The fourth compartment, occupying the space between Hood Street and High Friar Lane, is of the Ionic order, with recessed columns in the centre, and pilastered wings. The fifth and last compartment, ending at Blackett Street, is more simple than all the others.

Such, then, is Grey Street; and this detailed view of its architectural features will serve as a general representative of all Mr. Grainger's beautiful streets. A somewhat less ornate version of this magnificent street will serve to describe each of the others. At the point where three of them meet, at the top of Grey Street, is Bailey's statue of Earl Grey, on a lofty column.

#### THE OLD TOWN: THE QUAYS, CHARES, AND STAIRS.

It may not be amiss to take this galaxy of new streets as a centre, from which we can radiate in different directions, to view some of the other notable features of the town.

Let us suppose, then, that the reader, taking the south and south-east directions from this centre, finds himself near the foot of the bridge—the bridge over which so many a mail-coach has passed on its way from London to Edinburgh. Among the odd twistings and contortions of Newcastle, one of the oddest is the non-existence of any main line of thoroughfare in continuation of the bridge. We see before us a steep, absolutely insurmountable by streets or vehicles of any kind. This was the ground first built upon, and it became gradually a dense mass of courts and alleys—"a vast hanging-field," as one topographer has designated it, "of sombre and cheerless houses, huddled mobbishly into a confused and pent-up mass, packed and squeezed by mutual pressure into panic retreat from the approach of wheeled carriages." But though we can see no streets, we have almost interminable flights of stone steps before us, as if they were climbing up the face of a hill. There is one such flight, very near the bridge, which contains more steps than we have succeeded in counting; and the drollery of the matter is, that it forms a veritable Monmouth Street or Field Lane—boots, boots, boots, at every yard. Whether Newcastle sends all its second-hand boots and shoes to this staircase, we do not know; but, as we ascend, we are tempted and attracted as much as it is possible by the well-polished array of boots and shoes—now the lofty Wellingtons, now the lowly Bluchers; here the classic Oxonians, and there the Royal Clarence or Alberts; while the 'single soles,' and 'goloshes,' and 'prunellas,' for the gentler wearers, also occupy their places in the display. Little houses or shops, or stalls or nests (for it is hard to know what to call them), line the sides of the staircase; and how

the indwellers manage to avoid tumbling down stairs when they come out of their shop doors, is a matter for marvel.

If, then, there be no regular street opposite the bridge, there must be a detour so as to surmount the ascent in some other way. This detour is towards the right, or east, where we come to an irregular open space of ground, denominated, at its northern part, the Sandhill, abutting at its southern part against the river, and having a large building in the centre called the Exchange. It is said that the higher part of this open space is formed by a heap of sand thrown up by the tide: whence the name of Sandhill. In the midst of this spot once stood an equestrian statue of James II.; but the unfortunate bronze monarch falling a victim to popular fury, was metamorphosed into bells for the churches of St. Andrew and All Saints'. The middle of the vacant space is now occupied by the Exchange, built nearly two centuries ago; the architect of which was Robert Trollope. Whether Trollope will be most enduringly remembered by this Exchange, or by his epitaph in Gateshead Churchyard, is for the future to show; but the effusion is certainly a curiosity in its way:

"Here lies Robert Trollope,  
Who made yon stones roll up;  
When Death took his soul up,  
His body filled this hole up."

The lower portion of this building is appropriated as a fish-market. In Cut No. 4, we see the old Exchange and the Market.

The houses which surround the Sandhill, on all but the water-side, are many of them highly picturesque, having survived the changes which have run through their course of fashion since the days of half-timbered and carved-gabled houses. It was from one of these houses that Lord Eldon, when a young man, stole away his bride on a runaway match to Scotland. Turning out of this open space, at its northern extremity, we come to the *Side*, a street running north-westward. This street is also quite picturesque in its house-architecture, and so steep, that both man and horse think it rather a serious affair to be obliged to make the ascent; and until 1696, it was a still more serious affair; for Lort Burn at that time ran in a gully at the bottom of the *Side*, which was not arched over until the year named. When we make the ascent of the *Side*, and reach the top, we soon emerge into the open space which contains St. Nicholas' Church. On our way we pass Dean Street, which branches out on the right towards the north, and which shows that the Newcastle people, sixty years ago, had to display some of the same kind of ingenuity which Mr. Grainger has recently so signally exhibited. Where this street of good-looking houses now runs, there was formerly a dean, or glen, through which a brook, crossed by a Roman bridge, once flowed. The street hangs on the sides of, or rather surmounts, this filled-up ravine.

If we walk along the banks of the river eastward, we maintain a pretty general level, and find ourselves

immersed among the oldest, densest, and dirtiest parts of the town. Ships and coals, coals and ships, leave their commercial impress on the houses of the quay-side. The warehouses, the offices, the counting-houses, although resembling those of Hull and other sea-ports in respect to ships, have a character of their own in respect to the immense coal dealings carried on. One of the buildings in the Quay-side is the Custom-house, which received a new stone-facing about twenty years ago. The long dirty roadway on which we walk, from the bridge almost to the eastern extremity of Newcastle, presents us with the river and its shipping on the right-hand, and the warehouses and offices on the left. If we seek for any good streets to lead us up from this quay to the higher parts of the town, we shall find none; but a little industrial search detects a whole string of steep alleys, called *chares*, which lead up from Quay-side to the elegant precincts of Butcher Bank and Dog Bank. But though Butcher Bank is a narrow, crooked, odd-looking street, and though its name indicates how it has been (and, in part, still is) occupied, yet we must not forget that Akenside, to whom we owe the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' resided there: whether his imagination were ever kindled by the scenes of such a place, is another matter. Bucke tells us, that "Akenside is said to have been, in after life, very much ashamed of the comparative lowness of his birth; and it is also reported, that he could never regard a lameness, which impeded his walking with facility, otherwise than as an unpleasant memento of a cut on the foot, which he received from the fall of one of his father's cleavers when about seven years old." Mr. Bucke gives the following lines of Akenside, which resulted from his rambles to the country places near his native town:

"Oh ye dales

Of Tyne, and ye, most ancient woodlands! where  
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,  
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,  
Stops short the pleased traveller to view,  
Presiding o'er the scene, some rustic tow'r,  
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands!"

The steep chares or alleys of Newcastle are close neighbours. Whether human ingenuity could wedge a greater number of houses into an equal space may well be doubted. "Cabined, cribbed, confined," they certainly are. Love Lane (one of these chares) is distinguished for having given birth to two ennobled lawyers, whose names are not likely to die out of remembrance; viz., Lord Eldon and Lord Stowell. The father of the two brothers was one of those whose occupation is closely associated with Newcastle; he was a coal-fitter; but the house where he once resided, and where the two great lawyers were born, has since been occupied as a bonded-warehouse.

While standing in, or looking up, this Love Lane, we can hardly avoid meditating on the singular rise of those two brothers. William, afterwards Lord Stowell, was born in 1745; while John, Lord Eldon, was born in 1751. Horace Twiss, in his 'Life of Lord Eldon,'

relates the following incident, in connection with the birth of William:—"On the 17th of September, 1745, the city of Edinburgh had surrendered to the Pretender's army, whose road to London lay directly through Newcastle. The town walls were planted with cannon, and every preparation was made for a siege. In this state of things Mrs. Scott's family were anxious that she should remove to a quieter and safer place. The narrow lanes, or, as they are called, *chares*, of Newcastle, resembling the wynds of Edinburgh, communicate from the upper part of the town to the quay-side; and in one of these, named Love Lane, which is in the parish of All Saints, stood the residence of Mr. William Scott (the father), conveniently situate for the shipping, with which he was connected; but the line of the town-wall at that time ran along the quay between Love Lane and the river Tyne; and the gates having been closed and fortified, egress in any ordinary way appeared impossible. This obstacle, however, was overcome by the courage of Mrs. Scott, who caused herself to be hoisted over the wall in a large basket, and descended safely on the water-side, where a boat lie in readiness." She was conveyed to Heworth, three or four miles from Newcastle, where William, the future Lord Stowell, was born shortly afterwards. Mr. Twiss, however, gives two stories, which have been current on this subject; and though the above is the more romantic and more popularly-believed version, he accepts one, in which the contents of the basket are said to have been—not the lady, but the medical practitioner who was to attend her at Heworth. Lord Eldon, six years afterwards, was born in the family residence in Love Lane. Some of the few Chancery jokes of the sedate Earl, in later years, related to his having been born in a 'chare.'

But to resume our ramble. Passing beyond the quay-side, we come to another densely-built parallelogram of chares and houses. This parallelogram is bounded on the south, or river-margin, by the New Quay, and on the north by the New Road to Shields; a road which, like the 'New Roads,' and 'New Streets,' and 'New Cuts,' of London, has long outlived its newness. Parallel and between these two is Sandgate, a narrow lane, surrounded by still narrower courts. This Sandgate was one of the oldest entrances into Newcastle from the east; the Corporation have recently bought the whole south side of Sandgate, with a view to the construction of new offices and warehouses for merchants. In the New Road is the Keelmen's Hospital; an institution whose name at once indicates the peculiar local association with which it is connected. It is a large brick structure, enclosing a quadrangular court; and for nearly a century and a half it has afforded an asylum to disabled keelmen, and assistance to their widows. Most of the keelmen contribute a mite out of their own earnings for the support of the hospital. In the same line of road we meet with the Royal Jubilee School, St. Ann's Chapel, and one or two other chapels; and a continuation in this route would bring us to the multitude of collieries, potteries, glass-works, iron-



works, chemical-works, &c., which lie between Newcastle and North Shields.

### THE UPPER TOWN: NORTH, EAST, AND WEST.

Thus far, then, for the 'along-shore' quays, and streets, and chares, and stairs. Now for the upper parts of the town. Pilgrim Street and Northumberland Street form a nearly north and south barrier between Mr. Grainger's splendid town and the east town. Pilgrim Street was the main highway through the town, before the construction of Grey Street: it received its name from having in early days been in the route of the pilgrims towards the shrine at Jesus' Mount (now Jesmond), in the north-east vicinity of the town. Eastward of this line of street the respectabilities and the gentilities increase a little as we get further from the centre of the town. The poor streets cling pretty closely to the river; the commercial streets group themselves in and around Mr. Grainger's structures; while the private dwellings stretch themselves further and further away towards Pandon and Jesmond. The cricketers have contrived to secure a capital piece of ground to themselves, somewhat north-eastward of the town, which is used as a cricket-field; and a series of baths, a cricketers' club-house, and a hotel, near the ground, contribute something to the pleasantness of the spot.

Our northern margin speedily brings us to the open country; where Jesmond, with its pleasant cemetery; the extensive Town Moor; the open space, called the Castle Leazes, with its contiguous rows of fine houses; the open ground, called the Nun's Moor; the Westgate Cemetery, at the extremity of the long line of Westgate Street and Hill; the numerous streets of well-built private houses; and the churches and chapels built within the last few years—all tend to show that it is in this direction that we must look principally for the private residences of the principal inhabitants.

West and south-west of the centre of the town, we find more buildings connected with the early history of Newcastle than in any other quarter. As in the eastern division, we will begin at the river, and ascend to the higher parts of the town. First, then, for the *Close*—the Thames Street of Newcastle, or a kind of hybrid between Thames Street and Bankside. This *Close* runs from Sandhill to the Forth Bank; it is a narrow street, crowded with manufactories, warehouses, and wharfs; and is about as clean as such a place can be expected to be. Yet it was not always such; in days gone by the leading families of the town dwelt in this street, among whom were the Earl of Northumberland and Sir William Blackett. One of the large buildings on the south side, now occupied as warehouses, was for many generations the Mansion House, in which civic festivities had run their career of glory. The houses on the north side of the street lie at the foot of the steep slope, before alluded to; and it is at this part that we meet with the numerous flights of steps which lead up to the higher town.

Immediately north of this close, and forming the nearest conspicuous objects from the two bridges, are the Castle and the County Courts, crowning the summit of the ascent. The two buildings are very near each other, and the open space of ground between and around them is called the Castle Garth. The County Court comprises the Moot Hall for Northumberland, where the assizes are held. It is a large and fine building, built about forty years ago, on the site of a Roman station.

At what time and under what circumstances the castle was built, has been noticed in an earlier page. It remained Royal property, and went through the various vicissitudes of those times. In 1336, there was an inquisition appointed, to inquire into the condition of the castle; the result of which was, that the great tower, the great hall, the king's chamber, the queen's chamber, the king's chapel, the buttery-cellar, the pantry, the bridges within and without the gate, and one postern—were declared to be "£300 worse than before." The castle maintained its place among the fortifications of the north until the end of the sixteenth century; when its days of degradation began. From 1605 to 1616, it was farmed by the Incorporated Company of Tailors of Newcastle! What the tailors required of it does not appear to be known; but they paid an annual rental of one pound sterling: the *keep*, however, was still set apart as a prison. In 1618, King James I. granted, or let out, at a rental of forty shillings per annum, for fifty years, to Alexander Stevenson, one of his pages of the bed-chamber, "all that his old castle of the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the scyte and herbage of the said castle, as well within the walls of the same as without, with the rights, members, privileges, &c., thereto belonging:" those portions of the castle which had been used for corporate purposes seems to have been excepted from this grant. The subsequent history of the castle is anything but a royal or a feudal one: the bright days of the old structure were long departed. There has recently, however, a step been taken which will probably preserve the venerable relic from ruin. The Corporation has let the castle, at a nominal rent, to the Newcastle Antiquarian Society (one among many excellent literary and scientific associations with which Newcastle is provided); and the two bodies have agreed to spend a certain sum on the restoration of the interior. An Antiquarian Society could hardly have a more fitting locale.

The state of the castle at the present day (Cut, No. 5.) does not differ very greatly from that described by Brand, seventy years ago. The keep is still standing, nearly a hundred feet in height; with its immensely thick walls, and its lofty ranges of stone steps. There are nineteen steps from the ground up to the outer portal; twenty-four steps from thence to a sort of guard-room, which seems to have been highly embellished; and eight further steps up to the grand portal, which led at once to the state-apartments of the keep. A winding staircase, from the ground to the summit,





5.—THE CASTLE.



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and galleries in various directions, exist in the thickness of the walls. Near the grand entrance is the chapel,—an apartment, about forty-six feet by twenty, now shorn of its beauty, but once evidently a highly-adorned Norman edifice. The exterior wall of the fortress enclosed an area of more than three acres, and had a grand entrance, or portal, of thirty-six feet width.

In Leland's time, Newcastle was regarded as one of the most strongly fortified towns in Europe. Although advancing population and commerce have ground most of these fortifications to dust, there still remain indications to show what they have been. The town wall was upwards of two miles in circuit, from twelve to twenty feet high, and eight feet thick: it was perforated by six or seven strongly-embattled gates, and defended by a large number of semicircular vaulted towers, and another series of quadrangular watch-towers. All the gates were still in existence about half a century ago; and of the very numerous towers, about a dozen yet survive, repaired and kept in order, and applied to various useful purposes—very burghal and commercial, but very anti-feudal. One is the Shipwrights' Hall, one the Masons' Hall; while the weavers, the colliers, the paviours, the glaziers, the plumbers, the armourers, the felt-makers, the curriers, the slaters, the tilers, the bricklayers, and the plasterers—have all succeeded in obtaining halls for their guild-meetings in some or other of these old wall-towers.

We must return to the neighbourhood of the castle. Not far from the castle is St. Nicholas' Church—by far the most noteworthy in Newcastle: it is *the* church, and was for many generations the only one. If there were nothing else about it to attract attention, its spire—its delicately-supported spire—would be an object of interest; but it has all the claims of antiquity in its favour.

This church, or at least *a* church on the same site, was built so long ago as 1097; and there is a record of the church having been destroyed by fire in 1216. The present structure was probably built soon after that period; but so numerous have been the alterations and 'improvements' that very little is left to speak of past ages, except the steeple. This steeple (Cut, No. 6) has been described by almost every writer who has spoken of Newcastle. It is believed to have been built in the time of Henry VI., before which period the square tower was crowned only by a battlement of open stone-work and embrasures; and it is also probable that the body of the church was newly roofed at the same period. As it at present stands, the church is cruciform, about two hundred and twenty feet long, by seventy wide. There is a choir, with seats, and a nave without seats, in the cathedral style. The interior generally, and the exterior of the body of the church, exhibit the effects of the numerous patchings to which the structure has been exposed; but the steeple remains true to its original character and design. It is upwards of two hundred feet in height. From the ground to the battlements it is divided into three stages, or architectural designs; the

lower are pierced by the principal entrance and by a noble window. At the corners of the tower are bold buttresses, surmounted by octagonal turrets, with crocketed pinnacles. From the bases of these turrets spring four flying buttresses, of very graceful form, and crocketed at their edges; from their points of intersection, near the centre, rises a very light and elegant square lantern, with a crocketed pyramidal spire at its summit and crocketed pinnacles for its angles. The whole appearance of this crowning termination to the steeple is singularly graceful: it has been universally admired, and has been the model for the steeples of St. Giles at Edinburgh, St. Dunstan-in-the-East at London, and of many other churches.

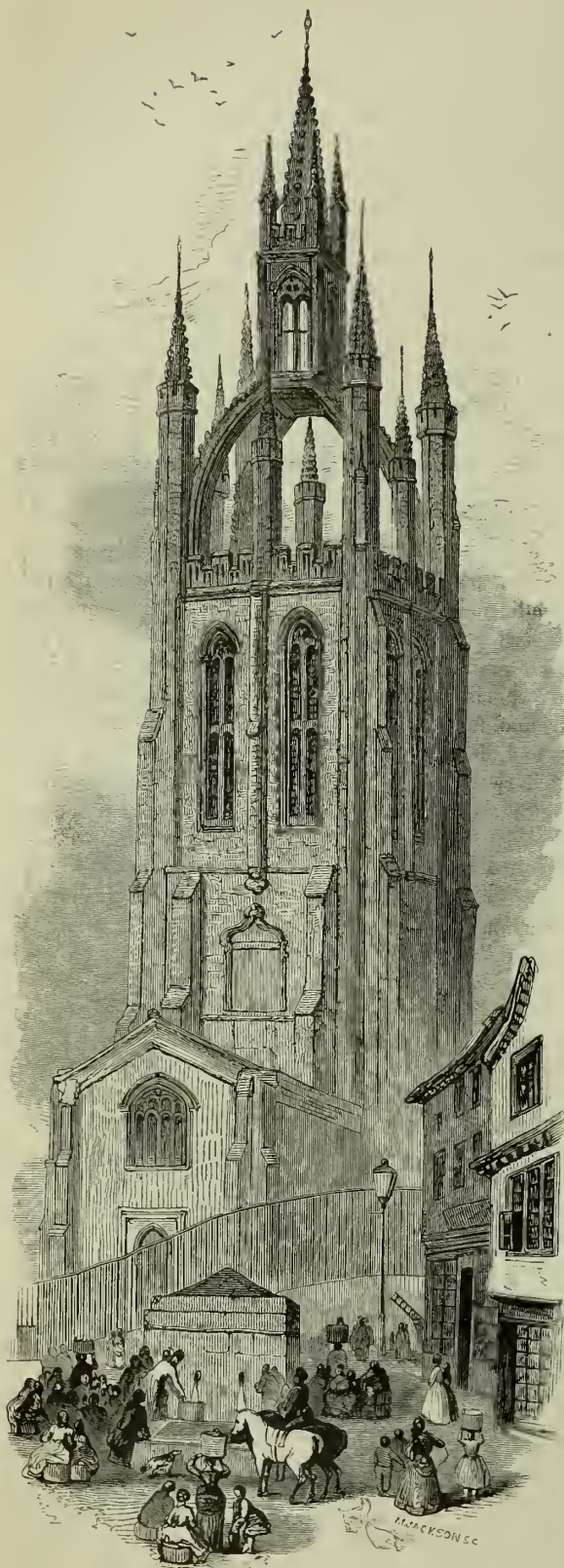
St. Nicholas' Church lies at the southern extremity of a wide line of street, which probably formed, at one time, the main artery through the town; and the names of Groat Market, Cloth Market, and Bigg Market, applied to different portions of its length, seem to indicate that the markets of Newcastle were once here held.

Westward of the castle lies an irregular mass of streets, partly occupied by factories, partly by poor dwellings—nothing clean and nothing picturesque must be there looked for, until we get beyond the Forth Field and Forth Bank. This Forth, in the middle of the last century, was a fine open elevated spot of ground, from which an extensive view could be obtained in and around the town: it was the chief public walk of Newcastle, and was afterwards a bowling-green. But brick and stone, population and industry, have, by little and little, crept up and over the Forth, until hardly a vestige of it is left. The Cattle Market has seized upon one portion; the Infirmary on another; numerous rows of streets on other portions; while the gigantic new railway-station threatens to swallow up another notable area.

But when we advance north-west of the castle, and wend our way through Westgate Street, we ere long reach a tolerably pleasant open district of private streets, roads, and terraces. One of the most interesting buildings here is the Grammar School, which—even if it had no other claims to attention—would be noteworthy, as the place where Bishop Ridley, Mark Akenside, Lord Collingwood, Lord Eldon, and Lord Stowell, received their education.

Mr. Twiss gives a multitude of Newcastle anecdotes relating to the two great lawyers in their schoolboy days. The following was told by Lord Eldon to his niece, Mrs. Forster: it reminds us of Sir Walter Scott's school-boy battles with 'Green-breeks,' at Edinburgh:—"I believe no boy was ever so much thrashed as I was. When we went to school we had to go by the Stock Bridge. In going to school we seldom had any time to spare; so Bill (the future Lord Stowell) and Harry used to run as hard as they could; but poor Jacky's legs not being so long or so strong, he was left behind. Now, you must know, there was eternal war waged between the Head School lads and all the boys of the other schools; so the Stockbriggers seized the oppor-





6.—ST. NICHOLAS, FROM HEAD OF THE SIDE.

tunity of poor Jacky being alone, to give him a good drubbing. Then, on our way home, Bill and Harry always thrashed them in return,—and that was my revenge; but then it was a revenge that did not cure my sore bones.” Lord Eldon once said to Mr. Surtees, “When your father and I were boys (and that is now a long time ago), I remember our stealing down the Side, and along the Sand-hill, and creeping into every shop, where we blew out the candles. We crept in along the counter, then pop’t our heads up, out went the candles, and away went we. We escaped detection.” The following is quite delectable in its way:—“Between school-hours” (Eldon is still the narrator) “we used to amuse ourselves at playing at what we called ‘cock-nibs,’—that was, riding on grave-stones in St. Paul’s churchyard, which, you know, was close to the school. Well, one day, one of the lads came shouting, ‘Here comes Moises!’ (the schoolmaster)—that was what we always called him, Moises—so away we all ran as hard as we could, and I lost my hat. Now, if you remember, there were four or five steps going down to the school, a sort of passage. Unfortunately a servant was coming along with a pudding for the bakehouse; and in my hurry, when Moises was coming, I jumped down these steps, and into the pudding. What was to be done? I borrowed another boy’s great coat, and buttoned it on, over my own coat, waistcoat, pudding and all; and so we went into school. Now when I came out, I was in an unforeseen dilemma; for this great coat had stuck to my own: another boy’s coat sticking to me, and my own hat lost!—here was a situation! With great difficulty the coat was pulled off; but my father was very angry at my losing my hat, and he made me go without one till the usual time of taking my best into every-day wear.” Mrs. Forster states that the unlucky wight went no less than three months without his hat.

#### THE VARIED MANUFACTURES OF NEWCASTLE AND THE TYNE.

We will now take our departure from the multi-formed streets, time-worn antiquities, and modern splendours of Newcastle, to glance at the vast industrial features of the surrounding district.

No one can enter Newcastle from Gateshead, or Gateshead from Newcastle; or trip along the Brandling Railway to South Shields, or the Tynemouth Railway to North Shields; or take a threepenny voyage down the Tyne in the steamers which are running to-and-fro all day long;—without seeing that the whole neighbourhood is a focus of manufacturing industry. It is scarcely too much to say, that the whole distance from Newcastle to the sea, on both sides of the river, forms one huge manufacturing town; so thickly are the factories and works strewn along the double line. And yet we cannot detect any unity of object in these works. It is not as at Manchester, where cotton reigns supreme; or in the West-Riding towns, where wool is the staple of industry; or at Sheffield, where steel is the be-all



and do-all; or at Birmingham, where everything imaginable is made from every imaginable metal; or at the Staffordshire Potteries, where every one looks and works and thinks and lives upon clay; or at Leicester, where stockings are regarded as the *primum mobile* of society—it is not thus on the Tyne; for though the colliers (who will claim a little of our attention in a later page) are beyond all others the characteristic features of the spot, yet their works are mainly subterranean: they seem to belong to a nether world, whose fruits appear at the surface only to be shipped and railed away to other regions. But we may probably find that this rich supply of coal has been the main agent in inducing the settlement of manufactures on the Tyne; for most of the large establishments are of a character which render a great consumption of coal indispensable.

First and foremost, we may mention the Engineering establishments. If it were for nothing but the association with the name of Stephenson, Newcastle will always have reason to be proud of these centres of high-skilled industry. Some of the finest and largest steam-engines and machines in England are made in and near Newcastle; while of *locomotives* it is the very birthplace. Where could be found a place so fitting for this wonderful manufacture, as the home of the two extraordinary men who—beyond all others—have been mainly instrumental in developing the railway system? There are now as perfect and as numerous locomotives made in other factories, in various parts of the country; but we cannot, if we would, break the peculiar link which connects the names of George and Robert Stephenson—not only with railways, but with locomotives; not only with the *use* of locomotives, but with their manufacture; not only with their manufacture, but with their progressive development and improvement.

When we visit (if we are permitted to visit) Stephenson's works—not far from the spot where the mighty viaduct leaps over the Close to reach the Castle-hill—we find them very much like other works of a similar kind. There are the open yards, surrounded by buildings; the forging and casting shops, where the rougher portions of metal are prepared; the filing and planing shops, where the surfaces are brought to a state of smoothness and polish; and the fitting shops, where all these elements are brought together in their proper relations. Iron, steel, copper, brass, and a little wood—these are the materials: forging, casting, rolling, drawing, boring, turning, planing, drilling, cutting, filing, polishing, riveting—these are the processes. Locomotives, new and old, meet the view on every side; some with the framework only just set up, some roughly put together, some in all their magnitude and beauty—painted in some parts, and polished in the rest; some undergoing hospital treatment. A locomotive of 1849 is a study, both manufacturing and commercial. When we think that such a machine, of the last perfected construction, contains upwards of five thousand separate pieces of metal, that it generally costs about two thousand guineas, and that there are five hundred such possessed by one single railway company—we cannot

fail to observe the vast manufacturing and commercial energy developed in this direction.

The late George Stephenson—the “Hengist of railways”—on the occasion of the opening of the Newcastle and Darlington line in 1844, gave a short epitome of his career—a career which reminds us forcibly of the Franklins, Arkwrights, and Brindleys. He had been a colliery boy in early life, or rather, he worked at the steam-engine used in drawing coals from a pit near Newcastle. As time rolled on, he contrived to make improvements in some of the engines; and he made his first locomotive (for coal traffic) at the colliery where he had been employed as a boy. He worked as a colliery engineer all day, and repaired clocks and watches at night; and he thus saved money enough to procure a good education for that son whose name has since become famous wherever railways are known or thought of. Where the father himself announces such facts, they do indeed become public property, honourable to all alike.

Another great and important feature of Tyne industry is the *glass* manufacture. This material is made in and around Newcastle to an enormous extent—not merely in one of its forms, but in all: plate-glass, sheet-glass, window-glass, flint-glass, bottle-glass. The cheapness of coal, the facilities for obtaining a supply of alkali and sand, and the vicinity of shipping ready to carry the manufactured produce to every quarter of the world, have doubtless all contributed to the settlement of the glass manufacture in this district. And a beautiful manufacture it is to look upon, if the spectator is not squeamish about a great heat and a little dirt. Take the *Plate-glass* for an example. We see the ingredients melting in the clay vessels in the fiercely-heated furnace; the transference of this melted material to the *cuvette*, or iron bucket; the wheeling of the *cuvette* out of the fiery furnace on a miniature railway; the tilting of the *cuvette*, so that it shall pour out its golden stream of molten glass on the level surface of the east-iron casting-table; and the cooling of this stratum into a sheet of solid glass half an inch in thickness. We see this plate annealed in a carefully but not highly heated oven; and then we follow it through the processes whereby, by the aid of wet sand, ground flint, and emery powder, it is ground and polished to the form of that most beautiful of all manufactured substances—a speckless, spotless, colourless, perfectly transparent sheet of plate glass. Or take the *Sheet-glass* department. Here we see the workman, when the ingredients are commingled and melted, dip a tube into the melted glass; roll the glowing ductile mass on a smooth surface; blow through the tube, to make the mass hollow within; swing the tube and the glass to and fro like a pendulum, until the hollowed mass assumes the shape of a cylinder; and open the cylinder into a large flat sheet of glass, by a most extraordinary train of manipulations. Or let common *Crown* or *Window-glass* be the object of our attention. Here we see the ingredients—chiefly sand, alkali, and lime—melted in the furnace; and the striking mode in which the workman, after gathering eight or



ten pounds of viscid glass on the end of a tube, blows and whirls, and blows and whirls again, until the hollowed mass of glass suddenly flashes out into the form of a flat circular sheet. Or let it be *Flint-glass*; where, after a mass of the semi-liquid material has been blown hollow on the end of a tube, it is brought by a few simple tools to the form of a goblet, decanter, wine-glass, or other vessel, in a way that almost baffles the eye and the comprehension of the most attentive observer. Or, lastly, if *Bottle-glass* be the form in which the material is produced; we see the mode in which the employment of cast-iron moulds is made to bear its share in the general routine of operations.

Potteries, likewise, are very numerous in this busy district. They do not aim at the dainty and tasteful productions of the Copelands, the Mintons, and the Chamberlains, in other parts of England: their pots are to bear rough usage, and they are made roughly. There is clay in abundance near the Tyne and the Wear, fitted to make coarse pottery and earthenware; and this circumstance, coupled with the abundance of coal and of shipping, enables this northern district to beat Staffordshire out of the market in supplying coarse goods to Germany, Denmark, and other northern countries. The grinding, the mixing, the 'throwing,' the drying, the baking, the glazing,—all are effected on the same principle which distinguishes the manufacture elsewhere, but with a certain tinge of coarseness and cheapness.

The chemical works of the Tyne are among the largest and most important establishments of the vicinity. They are found on both sides of the river—from Newcastle on the west, to Shields on the east; and their numerous chimneys tell of the extent and variety of the operations conducted therein. 'Chemical' is a word of wide significance, and indicates how large a number of substances may fittingly come under the notice of such manufacturers. Soda, potash, sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, nitric acid, chlorine, chloride of lime, alum, red lead,—all are 'chemicals,' in the manufacturer's acceptance of the term; and all are made largely on the banks of the Tyne. Some of these establishments are beautiful examples of scientific system, and present striking features. In the making of sulphuric acid, for instance, there are, in one establishment, leaden chambers employed, each two hundred feet in length, twenty in width, and twenty in height!—these are to contain the sulphur-vapour which is to form the acid. There is, in the same works, a platinum crucible, or still, for boiling the acid, which cost as many guineas as it weighs ounces—one thousand!

The lead-works, again, are notable features. At Aldstone, several miles westward of Newcastle, there are extensive lead-mines, many of which belong to Greenwich Hospital: they are leased or farmed-out to individuals or companies, by whom the ore is raised and the metal separated from the impurities. The lead is sent to Newcastle in the form of 'pigs,' or oblong blocks; and here it is either exposed to the manufac-

turing operations of refining, shot-making, red-lead making, and white-lead making, or it is transformed into the various forms of pipes, sheets, &c. Some of these operations of the lead-works are not less interesting than those of the chemical works: let us instance the 'refining.' Nearly all lead contains a little silver; if the ratio be even so small as five ounces of silver to a ton of lead, it will repay the process of refining; and this refining is a delicate and beautiful process—in which the silver, by its different chemical and mechanical properties, is separated little by little from the lead. If we take the still more curious process of shot-making, we see how the melted lead is dropped through the holes of a kind of colander—how it falls into water at the bottom of a pit (perhaps a deserted coal-pit), one or two hundred feet in depth,—how it here solidifies into small roundish drops—how these drops are first dried, and then sifted into different sizes—how the well-formed shot are separated from the lame and halting, by setting them to run a race together down an inclined plane,—and how they are finally churned in a barrel, with a little black-lead, to give them an enticing polish. Or, if we watch the process of making white-lead, we have not only the means of seeing how vinegar will gradually convert the surface of a sheet of lead into white-lead; but we are incited to ask a question (which, however, is more easily asked than answered), why do *women* make the white-lead? it is not a particularly clean, nor a particularly lady-like series of operations; and yet it is said that the larger number of persons in the white-lead works at Newcastle are females. Nay, scandal has said, that, in the last generation, the bricklayers' labourers of Newcastle were women!—but this we will be polite enough to disbelieve.

Oil-mills, where oil is obtained, by pressure, from linseed, hempseed, and rapeseed,—turpentine-works, where the rough substances, black and yellow resin, and the transparent oil of turpentine, are obtained by the distillation of the viscid turpentine which exudes from fir-trees,—starch-works, where starch is obtained from flour,—these are among the numberless manufacturing establishments of the vicinity. All such works require furnaces for carrying on the operations; and the abundant supply of coal in this district furnishes, as we have before remarked, a strong inducement to this localisation. The Tyne and its banks supply abundant indications of the mutual services rendered by land and water: the land gives freight to the ships, and the ships find a market for the produce of the land. If we mount any tolerably-elevated spot (and there are several such), and glance down the river, we shall see that there are staiths and wharfs and landing-piers belonging to most of the large manufacturing establishments. At the chemical works we see enormous heaps of 'waste,' consisting of earthy residue, which must be brought away from the buildings in some way or other, and which must *not* be thrown into the river. What, then, is to be done with it?—buy a piece of ground on purpose to contain it,

until the wit of man can find out some way to bring it into use: such has often been the case. It is a remarkable circumstance, that refuse-heaps have been accumulated along the banks of the Tyne, not only from the chemical works, but from another cause of a wholly different kind; it arises thus:—The Tyne sends a much larger amount of cargo to the Thames than the Thames sends to the Tyne. The Tyne sends glass, pottery, chemicals, machinery, and, above all else, coals, in vast quantities, to London; and as the return-cargoes are not of equal weight, the ships have to be ballasted with sand taken mostly from the bed of the Thames. When this sand-ballast has enabled the ship to be safely navigated to the Tyne, it has performed its work—it must be got rid of; but as it must not be thrown into the river, nothing remains but to pile it up on land; and as land is a valuable element in such a district, it must be bought for this purpose. Hence it is that, in some places, we see vast heaps of sand, two or three hundred feet high, near the river. A few years ago, a sea-side district was purchased, southward of South Shields, and a railway laid down from thence to the shipping-quays, expressly for removing the waste sand away from the river and its banks. There are persons who take up this curious branch of commerce, and who are paid by the shipowners so much per ton for all the sand-ballast which they take off the hands of the shipowners.

#### A PEEP AT THE COLLIERIES.

Hitherto we have rambled in and around Newcastle, or have crept along the shores of the Tyne, watching its industry as we went. But now we have to depart a little further from both town and river, and watch that vast system which eclipses everything else in the district—viz., the COLLIERIES. He who visits the Tyne, and knows nothing of the Collieries, knows little indeed. Coal is the life-blood (black blood though it may be) of the whole region. All the fortunes made here are either due at once to coal, or to something which coal has helped to bring into prosperity. The people, the ships, the town, the buildings—if we could follow the chain of cause and effect, we should see how closely coal is interwoven with the interests of all.

Let us see what Geology has done for the district, in supplying an almost exhaustless abundance of coal.

Of all the coal-fields in England (and there are many), that of Northumberland and Durham is the most important. It extends as far north as the river Coquet in Northumberland, and as far south as the river Tees. For the most part, it extends quite to the margin of the sea on the east; while on the west, it reaches about ten miles beyond a line drawn north and south through Newcastle. Throughout this district the coal strata 'dip' or descend towards the east, and 'crop out,' or ascend, towards the west. At one point, a particular seam, called the High Main, lies at a depth of nearly a thousand feet; while at other spots, the same seam rises nearly to the surface. Throughout

the greater part of this coal-field, the various beds, or strata of the coal measures amount to upwards of eighty, consisting of alternating beds of coal, sandstone, and slate-clay. The aggregate thickness of the whole is about sixteen hundred feet—equal to nearly five times the height of St. Paul's Cathedral. The number of seams of coal which take part in this series is not exactly known, but is supposed to be twenty-five or thirty; lying at various depths, and separated by more or less numerous earthy beds. All these seams have particular names, and are known one from another by the colliers. The two most important are called High Main and Low Main: they are each about six feet in thickness; the latter lies three or four hundred feet below the former, and eight seams of lesser thickness intervene between them. Many of the seams are so thin that they cannot be worked; so that it is calculated the entire aggregate thickness of workable coal is about thirty feet. All calculations of the absolute available quantity of coal contained in this vast field are vague and indecisive.

What is meant by the 'Tyne Collieries' is, the whole group of collieries, whether lying north or south of the Tyne, which ship their coals in that river. There are about thirty of these collieries in Northumberland, on the northern side of the river; and about twenty in the northern part of Durham, on the south side of the river: those in South Durham belong to the Wear, or to the Tees systems. Mr. Buddle, one of the most eminent of the coal-viewers of the north of England, estimated a few years ago, that the persons engaged 'underground' in the Tyne Collieries amounted in number to 8500, while the 'upperground' establishment numbered 3500—making about 12,000 in the whole. This agrees very nearly with Mr. Leifchild's estimate in 1841, and gives an average of about 240 persons to each colliery. The largest number at that time was at the Heaton Colliery (a little to the north-east of Newcastle), amounting to 481. The Tyne, Wear, and Tees Collieries, together, produce the vast quantity of five million tons of coals annually!

It is curious to look at a map in which these collieries are laid down—such as that which accompanies the Report of the 'Childrens' Employment' Commissioners. The pits are dotted here and there on both sides of the river, being more and more thickly congregated as they approach nearer to the river's banks. These pits are about a hundred in number: two or more, in some cases, belonging to the same colliery. Not less curious is it to trace the dotted lines which mark the 'ways'—one of the most characteristic features in the coal districts. As the river Tyne is the great outlet for nearly all the coal derived from the Tyne collieries (notwithstanding the spread of the railway system), some means must be adopted for reaching the Tyne. But how is this to be effected? The colliery may be situated six or eight miles from the river, and the surface ground between the two may belong to other parties. Long before passenger-railways were heard of, railways or tramways were laid down to



facilitate the carriage of coals in trucks from the pits to the river; and we find these tramways following the best route which lies open to them. Now it is obvious that some arrangement must be made with the landed proprietors in these matters; and in truth these arrangements are often a grave question to the coal-owners. Although the expense of the mining operations is so great—although the establishment of a first-rate colliery, with its machinery, horses, wagons, &c., amounts to a sum varying from £40,000 to £150,000 (the sinking of a single shaft having, in one instance, cost £40,000):—although the capital employed by the Tyne coal-owners is estimated at a million and a half sterling—yet are the ‘way-leaves,’ or ‘way-rents,’ an additional feature beyond all these, without which not a ton of coal can be brought to market.

On taking a glance round the surface of the country underlaid by the coal-seams (especially at night), we become cognizant of a fact which must excite regret in every thoughtful mind. An immense amount of coal is burned to waste, because it will not afford to pay freight to London. This consists of small coal, which, when taken out of the pit, is not shipped, but lies as an incumbrance at the pit’s mouth; and these heaps have on many occasions caught fire. The establishment of numerous manufactures on the banks of the Tyne has, however, increased the facilities for using the small coal.

The character of the pitmen, the nature of their labour, the relations between them and their employers—all are dependent, more or less, on the mode in which the coal is distributed under the surface of the ground. To these deep-lying coals, therefore, we must ask the reader to pay an imaginary visit.

First, then, how to descend? We see a vertical hole, or pit, pitchy dark, and surmounted above by a windlass, or some other means of raising weights. Two men are about to descend. They make a loop in the lower end of a rope, and each man inserts one leg in this loop,—the two elinging together in a strange sort of perilous brotherhood. The windlass to which the rope is attached is set to work, and the two men are lowered safely to the bottom of the pit. If the rope should break, or the loop become unfastened—but it is fearful to speculate on such ‘ifs!’ Each man holds the rope by one hand, while with a stick in the other he shields himself from inconvenient oscillations. Sometimes there are two ropes in one pit, one ascending and the other descending: the two human loads meeting each other half-way. In some pits there are more couples than one thus clinging to the rope at the same time; and then one feels almost tempted to liken them to onions strung to a rope. Many collieries have *corves*, or baskets, in which the men are raised and lowered. Another plan is by means of a large iron tub, which holds eight or ten persons; but in the most modern arrangement there are square iron cases, working in vertical grooves, and capable of accommodating either men and boys or tubs of coal. The ropes employed in this work are evidently important features in the

arrangement. In some collieries they have a round rope, from five to six inches in circumference; in some, a flat rope, four or five inches wide, and formed of three or four strands, or smaller ropes plaited side by side; in a few instances, chains are used. Some of these ropes are of immense length, owing to the depth of the pits. The deepest, we believe, in England, is the Monkwearmouth pit, belonging to the Durham, as distinguished from the Northumberland collieries: its depth is 292 fathoms, or 1752 feet. Two ropes for this pit weigh about 12,000lb., and cost more than £500.

Arrived at the bottom of a pit, what do the pitmen see—or rather what does a stranger see who makes the descent? Nothing, or nothing but ‘darkness visible.’ All vestige of daylight is effectually shut out, and it is long before he becomes accustomed to the light of the candles carried by the men; each one appears as a mere spark, a point of light in the midst of intense darkness; for the walls or surfaces around are too dark to reflect much of the light. By degrees, however, the eye accommodates itself to the strange scene; and men are seen to be moving about in galleries or long passages, working in positions which would seem fit to break the back of an ordinary workman; while boys and horses are seen to be aiding in bringing the coal to the mouth of the pit. Some of these horses go through the whole of their career without seeing the light of day: they are born in the pit, reared in the pit, and die in the pit.

A coal mine is not simply a pit, with coal at the bottom of it. The pit is merely an entrance, from the bottom of which passages run out in every direction, to a great distance. These passages are cut in a ‘seam’ of coal, and are a natural result of the mode of working the coal. If the whole of a seam of coal were worked away at once, the cavity left would be so large that the earthen roof, failing of support, would fall, burying all beneath it: there are portions left, therefore, called ‘pillars,’ to support the roof; and the self-interest of the coal-owner leads him to limit the size of these pillars as much as is consistent with safety. Passages lead between and around and among these pillars; and iron tramways or railways are laid along the passages, to afford facilities for moving the corves or tubs of coal from the workings to the vertical shaft. Mr. Holland, in his ‘History of Fossil Fuel,’ speaks of the timidity which often prevents persons from visiting these striking scenes, where the pitman pursues,

“How’er the daylight smiles or night-storms rave,  
His dangerous labour, deeper than the grave;  
Alike to him whose taper’s flickering ray  
Creates a dubious subterranean day,  
Or whether elims the sun his noontide track,  
Or starless midnight reigns in coif of black;  
Intrepid still, though buried at his work,  
Where ambush’d death and hidden dangers lurk!”

... “But if courage,” he remarks, “be required to enter a coal-mine at ordinary depths, it is in descending

the frightfully deep pits in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, that sensations bordering on the awful are inevitably experienced; and in traversing at such profound depths, the endless galleries into which the shafts ramify, the visitor is struck by the perfection of plans adapted to lessen, as much as possible, the risk which the pitmen run."

#### THE WORKING AND MANAGEMENT OF A COAL-MINE.

In most of the collieries around Newcastle, the seams of coal vary from two and a half feet to six feet in thickness. The pitmen are obliged to adopt different modes of procedure, in respect to the thickness of the seam. In ordinary cases, the hewer cuts with his pick a horizontal line at the bottom of the seam, to an extent of twelve or eighteen inches in advance of him; and to this extent the coal is severed from the ground beneath. He then makes a few cuts upwards, to isolate the coal into huge blocks, which still adhere at the back and the top to the general mass. The driving in of a few wedges, or the application of gunpowder as a blast, soon brings down these blocks, in a more or less broken state. Where the seam is very thin, or where it occupies an inclined position, various modes are adopted, each calculated to surmount a particular kind of difficulty.

Without troubling the reader with any extended or scientific details, the following will give him some notion of ventilating and lighting a coal-mine. The seams of coal, and the apertures where such seams have been, often give out carburetted hydrogen and other gases, which, when mixed with common air, become very explosive. Hence it is important to drive these gases out of the mine as quickly as possible; and this can only be effected by sending a constant current of air through the workings. A complete system, as now adopted at the best collieries, comprises the *downcast-shaft*, for the descent of fresh air; the *upcast-shaft*, for the ascent of vitiated air; well-planned galleries, doors, and valves, throughout the whole of the mine; and a furnace at the bottom of the upcast-shaft to heat the ascending air, and make it ascend more rapidly. In some collieries the air is made to traverse an extent of thirty miles of galleries and passages! In former times the dangerous contaminated passages were lighted only by sparks struck from a small instrument called a 'steel-mill;' but the beautiful safety lamp—or 'Davy,' as the miners familiarly term it—has superseded this. In this lamp, there is a lamp-flame surrounded by a wire-gauze having very fine meshes, through which the air must pass to feed the flame; if the air be inflammable, the flame is confined within the gauze envelope; for the iron wire cools the gas too much to permit the flame to exist on the *outside* of the gauze. If the lamp be properly tended, it is one of the most precious boons that science ever gave to industry; if it be neglected—as it often is by the miners—those explosions take place, which so frequently give rise to such fearful results. From some

collieries the gas which constantly escapes is in enormous quantity; so much so, indeed, that an attempt was made a few years ago to employ the gas from the Wallsend Colliery for gas-lighting in the neighbourhood. Some of the larger collieries require a stock of nearly a thousand 'Davys,' for the efficient working of their pits.

The relations between a coal-owner and his pitmen have a more commercial and extensive character than those between a manufacturer and his operatives. The pitmen are always engaged for a year, and a regular 'bond' is drawn up between them and their employer. This period of a year commences on the 5th of April. As the chief among the pitmen are paid by 'piece-work,' the details are very minute, in order that disputes should as much as possible be avoided. The coal is measured by *corves* or *tubs*, which vary in their capacity from 16 to 30 coal-pecks; and a *score* consists of 20 corves at the Tyne collieries, or 21 at those of the Wear; but as each colliery has its own 'score' and its own 'corves,' all the parties concerned understand each other. The bond is made between the owners on the one hand, and the principal pitmen on the other. The men are, by its provisions, engaged for twelve months to "hew, work, drive, fill, and put coals." The seam of coal is specified, and the price named for hewing a 'score' of coal from it. A price is then named for 'putting' or driving a score of tubs—so much for the first eighty yards, and so much additional for every further twenty yards. Beyond the stipulated rate of pay, the coal-owners in some collieries engage either to provide a house for each miner, or allow a certain addition to the wages. The putters are to provide themselves with "candles, grease, and soams:" candles to light them along the dark passages, grease for their trams or vehicles, and soams (short ropes) for forming harness to their trams. The coal-owners engage that the pitmen shall have the opportunity of earning, throughout the year, not less than a certain fixed sum of money per week; while on the other hand, the pitmen engage that they will always be ready to perform a certain minimum amount of work within a given period. The coal-owners affix their signatures, and the pitmen more usually their 'marks,' to this bond; and thus the year's labours are planned and settled.

The persons engaged in a colliery are subdivided into a greater number of classes than might perhaps be supposed; and generally speaking, the technical designations of these classes is more significant than is usually observable in other industrial occupations; but some of them sound strangely to the ears of the uninitiated. They are distinguished into the two great groups of 'underground' and 'upperground' establishments: the former engaged in the pit, and the latter in conducting the open-air arrangements. The chief of them are occupied in a way which may be illustrated in the following connected view.

The *hewer* is the actual coal-digger. Whether the seam be so narrow that he can hardly creep into it on hands and knees, or whether it be tall enough for him



to stand upright in, he is the responsible workman who loosens the coal from its bed: such a man often extricates six tons of coal in a day. Next to the hewers come the *putters*, who are divided into *trams*, *heads-men*, *foals*, and *half-marrows*. These are all children or youths; and the employment consists in pushing or dragging the coal from the workings to the passages where horses are able to be employed in the work: the distance that a corve or basket of coal is dragged in this way averages about a hundred and fifty yards. When a boy drags or 'puts' a load by himself, he is designated a *tram*; when two boys of unequal age and strength assist each other, the elder is called a *heads-man*, and the younger a *foal*,—the former receiving eightpence out of every shilling earned conjointly by the two; when two boys of about equal age and strength aid each other, both are called *half-marrows*, and divide the earnings equally between them. The weight of coal dragged by these various classes of putters varies from five to ten hundred-weight to each corve; and the distance walked in a day varies from seven to nine miles, to and fro, along the iron tramways of the mine. When the corves are 'put' to a particular place, where a crane is fixed, the *crane-man* or *crane-hoister* manages the crane by which the corves are transferred from the tramway to the rolleys; and for keeping an account of the number so transferred. The *corf* is a wicker-work basket, containing from four to seven hundred-weights; the *rolley* is a wagon for transporting the corves from the crane to the shaft; and the *rolleyway* is a road or path sufficiently high for a horse to work along it with the rolley, and kept in repair by the *rolleyway-men*. The *driver* takes charge of the horse, which draws the rolley along the rolleyway. The *on-setter* is stationed at the bottom of the shaft, to hook and unhook the corves and tubs which have descended, or are about to ascend the shaft.

Many of these strange designations for the pitmen find a place in the stories and songs of colliery districts—songs which cannot be at all understood unless we know something of the peculiar vocabulary of the place. In one of these pitmen's songs, called the 'Collier's Rant,' relating to the vaunted exploits of a *putter*, we find the following two stanzas:

"As me and my marrow was ganging to wark,  
We met with the devil, it was in the dark;  
I up with my pick, it being in the neit,  
I knock'd off his horns, likewise his club feet!  
Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!  
Follow them through, my canny lad oh!  
Follow the horses, Johnny my lad oh!  
Oh lad ly away, canny lad oh!

As me and my marrow was putting the tram,  
The low it went out, and my marrow went wrang:  
You would have laugh'd had you seen the gam,—  
The de'il gat my marrow, but I gat the tram.  
Follow the horses," &c.

Besides all the varieties of pitmen hitherto named, who are immediately instrumental in bringing the coal

to the bottom of the shaft, there are other men and boys whose employments are in various ways subsidiary to them,—such as the *furnace-men*, who attend to the furnace for ventilating the mine; the *horse-keeper*, who attends to the horses in the pit; the *lamp-keeper*, who has the care of the all-important 'Davy' lamps,—a careless management of which has led to so many colliery accidents; the *wasteman*, who walks along all the 'wastes,' or deserted workings, to clear away stones and rubbish which may have fallen, and to attend especially to any obstructions in the ventilation; the *shifter*, who, as a kind of labourer, assists the waste-man; the *switch-keepers*, who attend to the switches, or passing-places in the subterraneous railways; the *trappers*, little boys who are stationed at traps or doors in various parts of the mine, which doors they are to open when corves of coal are about to pass, but to keep closed at all other times, as a means of forcing the current of air for ventilation to follow certain prescribed channels; the *way-cleaners*, who cleanse the rails of the mine from time to time, to remove all obstruction from coal-dust, &c.; and the *wood and water leaders*, who carry props and wood to various parts of the mine for the use of the men, and who also remove water from the horse-ways and other parts of the pit.

There are, of course, superintending officers of the mine, who are responsible, to a certain extent, for the due performance of all the work. The chief of these is the *viewer*, a person usually of great trust and experience. At the opening of a new pit or seam, he makes himself thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the stratification, the thickness of the seam, the probable extent and direction, and other matters of a similar kind; and his great problem is to determine how to bring up a given quantity of coal to the light of day with the least expenditure of time and labour. He arranges the whole plan of working; and he imposes certain restrictions and fines for such hewing as may be deemed unfair or wasteful. It requires a combined exercise of firmness and tact on the part of the viewer, to keep clear of disputes with the pitmen. The *under-viewer*, as the name imports, is an assistant to the viewer in his important duties. The *overman* is the third in rank among the officers of the colliery; he is the real working overseer, requiring some brains and much activity: he has the charge of everything underground, locates the work-people, examines the ventilation, and keeps an account of all the proceedings. The *back-overman* is to the overman what the under-viewer is to the viewer. The *deputy* sets props, lays tram-roads, arranges the boarding and timbers of the pit, and has a watchful eye on the general safety of the whole workings. The *keeper* inspects the workings of the hewers.

The reader has here ample means of observing that colliers are not merely blackened-faced diggers and shovellers, who attack the coal wherever they meet with it, and roam about in a dark pit, to seek their coaly fortunes. All is pre-arranged and systematic:

every one knows exactly whither he is to go, and what he has to do. But the above list, formidable as it appears, does by no means include all those engaged at a colliery; they are nearly all of them the 'under-ground' hands, who could not transmit the coal to market without the aid of the 'upper-ground' establishment. These latter comprise *banksmen, brakesmen, waiters, trimmers, staitnmen, screen-trappers*, and many others.

Hard as a pitman's life seems to be, yet it is agreed by those who knew the Northumbrian collieries half a century ago, that it was then much more laborious. It fell with peculiar severity on the boys employed in the pits. A boy was generally placed at this kind of work at six years old, his parents being poor, and willing to avail themselves of his small earnings. His occupation was first that of a 'trapper,' to open and shut the doors of the pit; he remained the whole day at this employment, sometimes for a period of eighteen hours, and received five pence per day as wages. He went to his labour at two o'clock in the morning, in pitchy darkness, so that it was literally true that in winter he did not see daylight from Sunday until the next Saturday afternoon, when the hour of leaving work was earlier. At twelve or fourteen years of age he became a 'putter' or a 'driver,' and worked shorter hours, but more severely than as a trapper, receiving wages much lower than those received at the present day, and working a much greater number of hours. At length, at the age of seventeen or eighteen, his strength enabled him to become a 'hewer,' in which employment he was destined to pass the rest of his life, and in which he earned about one-half the average wages of a hewer at the present day.

#### THE PITMEN; THEIR DWELLINGS, HABITS, AND PECULIARITIES.

The pitmen are in every sense a peculiar race. Their life is half passed in the bowels of the earth, shut out from the light of day. Their thoughts and occupation are with coals from early boyhood to old age; and a very narrow circle indeed it is within which their sympathies extend. They are almost utterly ignorant of the world which exists beyond the colliery world; and any further excursion than an occasional one to Newcastle is truly a great event.

In many parts of England, the houses of the working-classes are better than the furniture; but among the pitmen of Northumberland and Durham the furniture is better than the houses. A pitmen's village usually consists of houses built in pairs, and the pairs placed in rows. The space between the fronts of the houses, forming the street, is unpaved and undrained; but the space between the backs of the houses (where gardens would be in houses of a better class) not unfrequently exhibits a joint-stock dust-heap and dunghill running along the avenue, flanked here and there by pigsties and heaps of coals,—all in such a state as to show that the masters neglect the men, or the men neglect them-

selves, or both. The pitmen's houses are erected either by the proprietor of the colliery, or by certain petty companies, who speculate in the building and letting of them to the coal-owners, at rents varying from three to four pounds per annum. All the pitmen's houses are near the pits; so that when a pit is abandoned, the village is abandoned also; and in such case presents a most desolate appearance. The houses are of three degrees of value; the best possess two rooms on the ground floor, with a kind of loft above; the next best have only one room on the ground-floor, with a loft above; while the worst consist of but one single room. Some colliery villages, where probably the owners pay more personal attention to the comforts of the men, are of a superior character; but the average seem to be about on a level with those here described. Yet these dirty dwellings have, for the most part, better furniture within them than is to be found in houses of a parallel cast elsewhere. Eight-day clocks, mahogany chests of drawers, and four-post bedsteads, are said to have become quite a common object of ambition among the pitmen, and as forming items for consideration at the time of marrying.

It is rather remarkable, and contrary to what might perhaps be expected, that the medical men of the colliery districts do not speak highly either of the physical strength or of the courage of the pitmen. In the evidence collected by the 'Children's Employment' Commissioners, a few years ago, Mr. Morrison, a surgeon, makes the following remarks:—"The 'outward man' distinguishes a pitman from every other operative. His stature is diminutive, his figure disproportionate and misshapen, his legs being much bowed; his chest protruding (the *thoracic* region being unequally developed); his countenance is not less striking than his figure, his cheeks being generally hollow, his brow overhanging, his cheek-bones high, his forehead low and retreating; nor is his appearance healthful. I have seen agricultural labourers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and even those among the wan and distressed stocking-weavers of Nottinghamshire, to whom the term 'jolly' might not be inaptly applied; but I never saw a 'jolly-looking' pitman." Mr. Morrison partly traces this to the fact, that the whole of the pitmen have been pit-boys at an earlier age, during which the form is injured by the cramped positions occupied by the boys in the mine; but he also adduces other reasons:—"Pitmen have always lived in communities; they have associated only among themselves; they have thus acquired habits and ideas peculiar to themselves. Even their amusements are hereditary and peculiar. They almost invariably intermarry; and it is not uncommon, in their marriages, to commingle the blood of the same family. They have thus transmitted natural and accidental defects through a long series of generations, and may now be regarded in the light of a distinct race of beings." Whether seen in the pits or out of them, the pitmen are a singular-looking race. In the dingy lanes which surround many of the collieries, pitmen may often be seen returning



home from their 'eight-hours' shift' of labour, nearly as black as the coal on which they have been at work. Their dress, a tunic, or short frock, of coarse flannel, and trousers to match, becomes soon saturated with moisture and coal-dust. The complexion of the men, when it can be seen in its own proper hue, is generally sallow. Owing to the unusual light by which they pursue their occupations, the eyelids often become swollen, and the eyes assume a diminutive appearance: the strong light of day is sometimes painful to them.

Everybody seems to award credit to the wives of the pitmen, as being indefatigable in their endeavours to keep all right and tidy at home, so far as the arrangements of the houses and the employments of the people will permit. The household duties of a pitman's wife are very numerous. Her husband, brother, father, sons—as the case may be—are often divided into two groups, such as "putters" and "hewers," who work at different hours; the former go into the pit when the latter leave, and the hours of labour and of rest are consequently not the same in the two cases. But the ever-busy housewife has to be ready for both. Every man or boy, immediately on coming from the pit, has a thorough and hearty ablution (for the pitmen, to their credit be it said, have the character of being personally clean when not at work, whatever their villages and houses may be), and then either changes his dress, or partakes of a meal, and then goes to bed. The flannel-dress, too, in which the pit-work is done, has to be subjected pretty frequently to the action of soap and water.

One of the gentlemen before named, Mr. Morrison, who was the medical attendant at the great Lambton collieries, gives a picture which shows that the pitmen have the means of living happily and comfortably, if their moral and mental development were a little further carried out:—"The children of colliers are comfortably and decently clothed. Cleanliness, both in their persons and houses, is a predominant feature in the domestic economy of the *female* part of this community. The children, although necessarily left much to themselves, and playing much in the dirt, are never sent to bed without ample ablution. Pitmen, of all labouring classes I am acquainted with, enjoy most the pleasure of good living; their larders abound in potatoes, bacon, fresh meat, sugar, tea, and coffee, of which good things the children as abundantly partake as the parents: even the sucking infant, to its prejudice, is loaded with as much of the greasy and well-seasoned viands of the table as it will swallow. In this respect the women are foolishly indulgent, and I know no class of persons among whom infantile diseases so much prevail. Durham and Northumberland are not dairy counties, consequently the large population (excepting the *hinds* in the northern part of Northumberland) are very inadequately supplied with milk. Did this wholesome and nutritious beverage more abound, probably the infant population would be more judiciously fed." In some of the colliery villages there are public bakehouses, one to a certain number of houses, and each containing a large brick-built oven. Early in the morning the wife and daughters of

a pitman may be seen assembled at these places, gossiping with their neighbours, and baking the week's bread for their family. To a person who has no previous conception of the capaciousness of a pitman's appetite, the number and bulk of these loaves will be a matter for marvel.

Follow the pitmen to Newcastle—their great metropolis—and we find them still a characteristic race. Their velveteen dresses, with large and shining metal buttons, mark them out from the rest of the population. Mr. Holland states that the pitmen used formerly (perhaps more so than at present) to be fond of gaudy colours. Their holiday waistcoats, called by them *posey jackets*, were frequently of very curious patterns, displaying flowers of various hues: their stockings were blue, purple, or even pink or mixed colours. Many of them used to have their hair very long, which on week-days was either tied in a queue, or rolled up in curls; but when dressed in their best attire, it was commonly spread over their shoulders. Some of them wore two or three narrow ribands round their hats, placed at equal distances, in which it was customary to insert one or more bunches of primroses or other flowers. Such were the pitmen of past days; and many of their holiday peculiarities still remain.

#### THE HOSTMEN AND KEELMEN.

The *keelmen* of the Tyne belong rather to the past age than the present. Steam-engines and railways are gradually effecting changes in the mode of shipping and transporting coals; and the keelmen are becoming less and less essential to the working of the system. Yet we cannot afford to lose sight of them: as memorials of a past state of things, as members of a social machine which has played its part, they deserve a word or two of notice. Their own Keelmen's Hospital would reproach us, if we quite neglected them. It is, perhaps, the only hospital in the kingdom built and supported by the working classes for the benefit of their own members.

These *keelmen* have been known for at least four centuries. There was a complaint made in 1421, that the Crown was defrauded of certain coal-dues at Newcastle, by the merchants using *keels* which would contain twenty-two or three chaldrons each instead of twenty; and it was thereupon ordered that the keels should be of definite size and shape. "Keel" was one of the Anglo-Saxon names for a ship; and the same name was applied to the barges used in conveying coals from the staiths to the ships. These coal-keels are steered by a large kind of oar at the stem, called a *swape*; while a kind of pole, called a *puy*, is employed to push on the keel in shallow water; the captain of the keel is called the *skipper*, and his cabin is the *huddock*. When the water is so shallow as to render the use of sails or oars inconvenient, the keels are thus propelled: Two men, called *keel-bullies*, are on each side of the vessel, thrust their poles or puyes in the muddy bed of the river, rest the upper end against their shoulders,





7.—TYNE BRIDGE.





and walk along the vessel from head to stern—thus making the puy serve as a lever to propel the boat: such a method is often to be seen in practice in shallow rivers. When the wind is favourable, the keel is navigated with a square sail; but more usually there are employed two long oars: one worked at the side in the usual way, by two or three men; and the other (the swape) at the stern. The keels themselves are oval in shape, clumsy, but very strong. The wives and daughters of the keelmen have the office of sweeping the keels, from which they derive the titles of *keel-deeters* ('deet' being a north country term for cleaning): they receive the sweepings for their pains.

There are certain points of difference between the keels of the Tyne and those of the Wear. Sir George Head, after speaking of the noble bridge over the Wear at Sunderland, says, "From a height commanding a bird's-eye view of the river below, the neat trim Sunderland keel, compared with the heavy lighter on the Tyne—wherein a mountain of coal is confined by a fortification of moveable boards—appears to considerable advantage. The Sunderland keel resembles in shape the horizontal section of a walnut, divided into eight compartments, each containing a square iron tub, fitting like a canister in a tea-chest. Instead, therefore, of the laborious practice, on the Tyne, of shovelling the cargo by hand from the keel into the vessel, each of these tubs is lifted up bodily by machines, and the contents—fifty-three hundred-weight, or a Newcastle chaldron—tilted at once into the hold of the receiving vessel: a modern improvement, whereby, though the public profit generally, the loss and hardship press partially on a particular class of men. The hardy laborious race of keelmen are more and more, every day, deprived of their ancient occupation; as, by means of new appliances, vessels are laden at the wharfs and staiths which formerly received their loads shovelled on board, in the stream, by their hands." This change in the mode of shipping the coal is extending still more rapidly, both on the Tyne and the Wear; and it is on this ground that we may regard the keelmen as a race belonging to past days. The same writer continues, "I saw one of these keels unladen at a wharf close to the bridge. A score, or more, lay moored together—each of the shape described, similar in size and figure, and displaying an outline of geometrical precision. The one to be unladen being alongside the sloop destined to receive her load, and both close to the wharf, the process was as easily effected as described. A huge crane let go its grappling-chain within the keel; this was in a moment fixed to one of the tubs; the tub was lifted, swung over the sloop, tilted, swung back again, disengaged from the tackle, and a fresh one hooked on. By the assistance of one man, the machine on shore continued its office with the same apparent ease that an elephant swings his proboscis out of his cage, and in again to pick up an apple."

There has always been an intimate connexion in the Tyne between the *keelmen* and the *hostmen*. This

latter body was established in conjunction with the Company of Merchant-Adventurers in the time of Henry IV. These hostmen were incorporated by Queen Elizabeth, who, having tried in vain to get her duc of two shillings per chaldron for all coals shipped in the Tyne, gave the hostmen a charter, on condition that they would ensure to the crown *one* shilling for every chaldron so shipped. The ostmen, or hostmen, were a kind of coal-brokers, midway between buyers and sellers; and the name is supposed to have implied 'eastmen,' as if they had come originally from Germany, or the eastern parts of Europe. Their brokerage appears to have included the whole responsibility of shipping the coal purchased; so that the keelmen were the servants of the hostmen. Down to the year 1600, if not later, the coals were brought from the pit-mouth to the staiths in wagons, or wains, along the common roads; but a great step in advance was made when tramways were laid down, to facilitate the transport of the coal. The hostmen have now changed their designation—or others have changed it for them—to *fitters*: the 'coal-fitters' of the Tyne are identical with 'hostmen,' but neither term serves to indicate with any great clearness the nature of the employment.

There is a record in existence which shows that, in 1602, there were twenty-eight hostmen, or coal-fitters, at Newcastle, who employed eighty-five keels. The numbers of both these classes gradually increased for many generations; the fitters are now, perhaps, more numerous than ever, but the keelmen have for some years past been declining in number. The old bridge at Newcastle has had much to do with perpetuating the keelman-system. If the colliery vessels were wished ever so urgently to ascend the Tyne, the bridge effectually stops them; so that keels, or some similar contrivance, are essential. In the improved mode of shipping coal, where no impediment exists to the approach of the coal-ship, it is brought to the shore, underneath a large and lofty timber-structure, called a *staith*, which overhangs the river, and which is connected by railway with the pit's mouth. The laden wagons are brought to this staith, and the coals are at once deposited from them into the hold of the vessel, without the intervention of any keelmen's assistance. It is said that ninepence per chaldron is saved by this using of the staith; if so, the keelmen have indeed a powerful antagonist to compete with.

The father of the two great lawyers whose names have before occupied our notice—Lords Eldon and Stowell—was a hostman of Newcastle: he was William Scott, descended from one of the numerous branches of the Scotts of Scotland. Mr. Twiss gives a conversation between Lord Eldon and his niece, Mrs. Forster, in which the keelmen of his early days are mentioned. Mrs. Forster remarked—"I remember, uncle, hearing of Master Jacky being celebrated for the hornpipes he danced at Christmas: there was an old keelman in the hospital at Newcastle, who talked of your hornpipes." To this Lord Eldon replied, "Oh yes, I danced hornpipes: at Christmas, when my father gave a supper



and a dance at Love Lane to all the keelmen in his employ, Harry and I always danced hornpipes." Mrs. Forster adds:—"The supper which, about Christmas, Mr. Scott used to give to his keelmen, was what was called a binding supper,—that was, a supper when the terms on which they were to serve for the ensuing year were agreed upon. Patterson, the last surviving keelman in Mr. Scott's employment, dined in our kitchen every Christmas-day until his death, about ten years ago. He expatiated with great delight upon the splendid hornpipe that Master Jacky regularly danced for their amusement after these suppers."

The keelmen live about Sandgate and Quay-side, and many of them reside at Dunston, two or three miles from Newcastle. In their blue jackets, flannel breeches, and blue stockings, they form an unmistakable body; and they, like the pitmen, have their songs, their odd stories, and their oddities of many other kinds. In the following song the allusion to the Sandgate fixes the locality to Newcastle.

"As I went up Sandgate, up Sandgate, up Sandgate,  
As I went up Sandgate, I heard a lassie say,  
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,  
Weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,  
He wears a blue bonnet, a dimple on his chin;  
And weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,  
And weel may the keel row, that my laddie's in."

And here is another, in which the lady celebrates the blackness of her lover in a way that tells very much indeed of coals:

"My bonnie keel-laddie, my canny keel-laddie,  
My bonnie keel-laddie for me, oh!  
He sits in his keel, as black as the de'il,  
And he brings the white money to me, oh!"

The custom was, a few years ago, (we do not know whether it is still kept up) for the keelmen to meet once a year, to celebrate the establishment of their hospital: perambulating the town with bands of music playing 'Weel may the keel row.'

#### THE TYNE; JARROW; SHIELDS; TYNEMOUTH.

We must find a little corner wherein to notice the course of the Tyne from Newcastle to the sea; and we may here refer to the busy scene taken near the bridge. (Cut, No. 7)

Whatever may have been the origin of the name *Tyne* (concerning which the etymologists are by no means agreed), the river has been known by that name since the time of Bede, 685. Soon after the Conquest, records and charters were agreed upon, by which the width of the Tyne, near and below Newcastle, was divided into three parts: one belonging to the county of Northumberland, one to the bishopric of Durham, and the middle of the channel to be free to all. In subsequent ages, the Prior of Tynemouth on the north, and the Bishop of Durham on the south, frequently

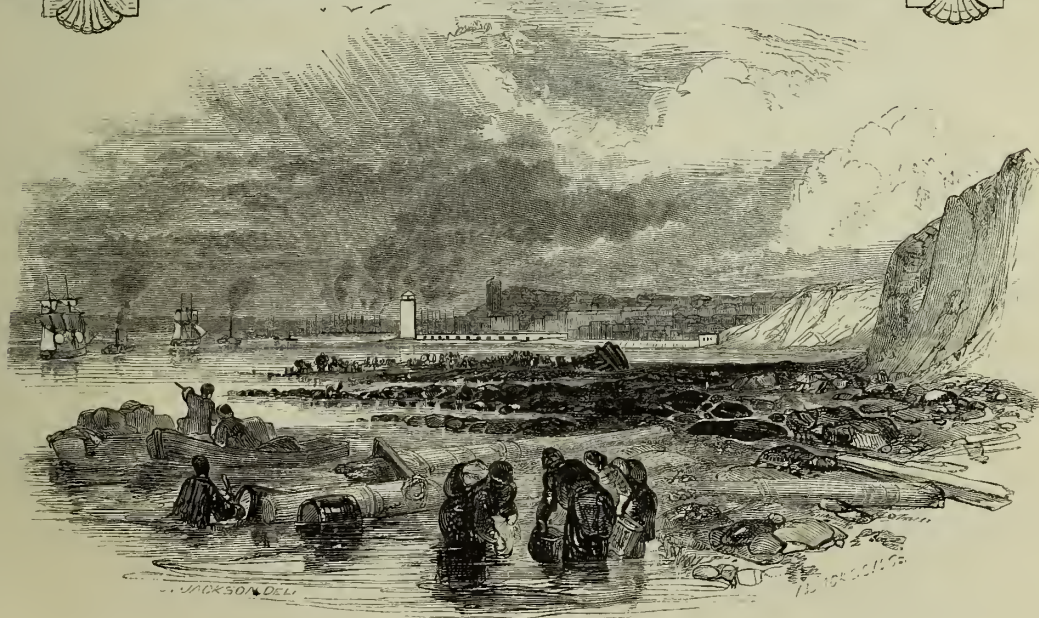
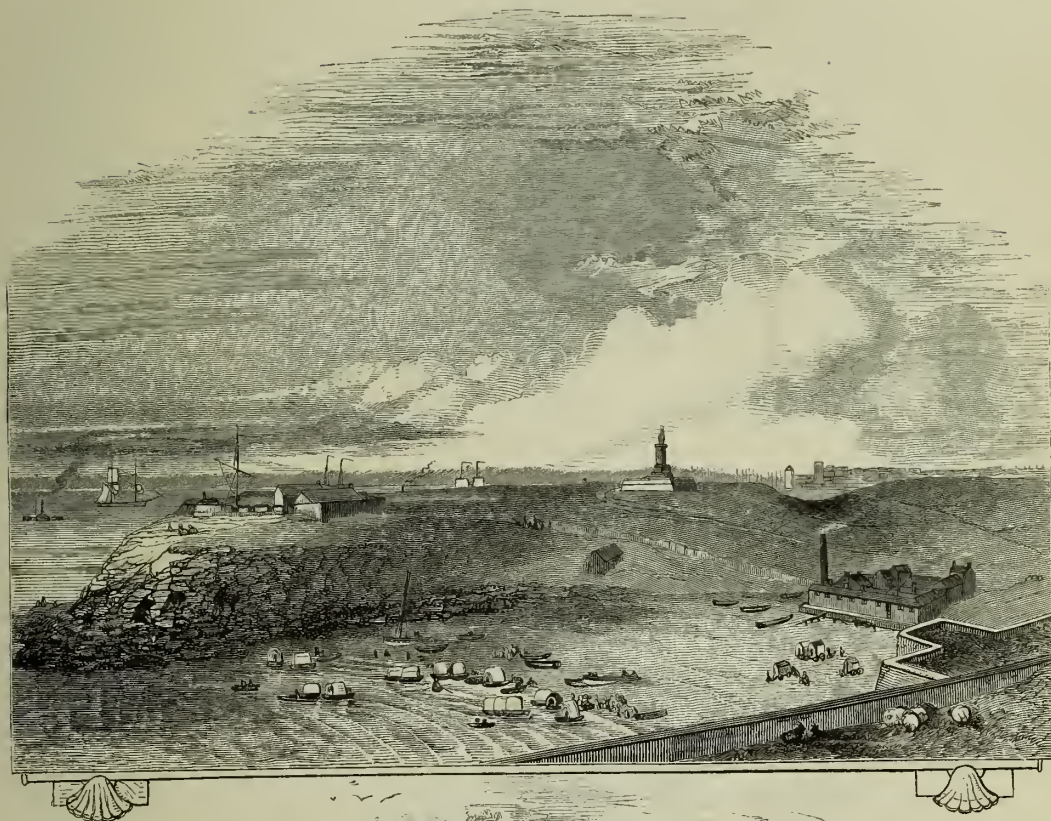
made encroachments on their respective sides of the river, and the sovereign frequently interfered to secure the rights of the townsmen and the traders. It is curious, indeed, to trace through successive centuries the struggle of the various parties for precedence in the ownership and government of this important river. At one time there was a judgment passed, that "the port within the water of Tyne, from the sea to Hedwin Streams, is the free port of the king and his heirs." At another time a Council order was issued, "That the Prior of Tynemouth, who had built a shore at North Shields, within the flood-mark of the river, should remove it at his own cost." In another instance, Edward III. issued a writ, in which he "forbade the mayor and bailiffs of Newcastle-upon-Tyne to hinder the mooring of ships on the south side of this river." A few years later, the Bishop of Durham obtained a verdict against the king's commissioners, "for trespasses done by them in intermeddling in the conservatorship of the south side of the river Tyne." About the end of the fourteenth century, the bishop obtained powers "to unload and load coals, merchandise, &c., without hindrance or molestation from the men of Newcastle-upon-Tyne." Soon afterwards the corporation and the bishop had another dispute "concerning the right of wrecks and fishery in the Tyne." Throughout these contests the bishops showed themselves no less desirous of maintaining their privileges or supposed rights than the laymen. The general course of modern legislation has been to give increased power to the Corporation of Newcastle over the navigation of the Tyne. The jurisdiction now extends to high-water mark on both sides of the river, from the sea to some distance above Newcastle; the distance is annually surveyed, on Ascension-day, by the mayor and river-jury, in their barges.

The reader will, we trust, not look out for notices of anything very picturesque on the banks of the river, between Newcastle and Shields: he must throw his thoughts into another channel, in such a district as this. As we have before said, the whole line of shore from Newcastle to North Shields is speckled with collieries, iron-works, glass-works, pottery-works, chemical-works, &c. And the same may be said of the south shore, from Gateshead to South Shields. Gateshead possesses a hospital, whose history is traceable up to monastic times; and we may seek for matters of interest in such antiquarian details as these; or we may think affectionately of Gateshead as the town wherein Daniel Defoe lived, and wrote his never-dying 'Robinson Crusoe'—but it is of no avail; Gateshead *is* and *will be* a centre of work, bustle, noise, smoke, and dirt; and all other associations are speedily dissipated. Iron-works, brass-works, chain cable-works, glass-works, bottle-works, and chemical-works, lie on all sides of us. At Gateshead Fell are situated the great grindstone quarries, whence Newcastle derives her fame for 'Newcastle grindstones,' which are despatched to all corners of the globe.

At one part of the southern banks of the Tyne lie



9.—TYNEMOUTH, WITH COLLINGWOOD MONUMENT.



8.—SHIELDS HARBOUR,



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Jarrow Colliery, Jarrow Village and Church, and Jarrow Slake. This Jarrow is remarkable both for its past and for its probable future. Jarrow is both a parish and a village: the parish was anciently a place of considerable importance. Here Benedict founded a monastery, which was completed in 685, and dedicated to St. Paul. It was some years afterwards consolidated with the monastery of Monkwearmouth, which was of rather earlier foundation than itself. The venerable Bede was born in Jarrow parish, and received the rudiments of his education in the monastery; he subsequently became an ecclesiastic, and spent his useful literary life within the monastery, where he died in 735. He was buried in a porch on the north side of the church; but nothing of the church now remains; and nothing of the monastery except a few short Saxon columns and tombs. The parishioners, however, still retain an ancient oaken chair which once belonged to Bede, and which now occupies a place of honour in the vestry of Jarrow church. Various remains have been found in and around Jarrow, which show that the Romans had buildings at this spot long before the time of Venerable Bede and his brother Saxons. At the present day Jarrow is very little more than a pitman's village, inhabited by the persons employed at an extensive colliery in the neighbourhood.

Jarrow is, however, remarkable for the bend or enlargement of the river at that spot; which enlargement, called Jarrow Slake, bids fair to be an important shipping-place in days not far distant. This Slake covers an area of four hundred and sixty acres of ground; it seems to have been a haven which has gradually choked up with sand and mud; and it is said that it once accommodated the navy of Egfrid, king of Northumberland, whose ships anchored in the Slake. Its form is nearly an oblong square, jutting out of the southern bank of the Tyne. In 1847 the York and Newcastle Railway Company—which had gradually formed itself into a vast undertaking, by absorbing under one head about a dozen different railways, and several docks and quays—obtained an Act for making docks on the side of Jarrow Slake. According to the terms of this Act, a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds will be spent on the docks. The company are empowered to make “docks, locks, quays, cuts, piers, warehouses, and storehouses.” As it is at present, the Slake is of very little use to any one; but there can be no question that the formation of docks in such a spot will be highly advantageous to the commercial proceedings of the neighbourhood.

At the very mouth of the Tyne stand the three towns which look like sentinels, guarding the interests of the important river. These towns are South Shields, North Shields, and Tynemouth; the former on the south bank, and the two latter on the north. The two Shields face each other at the mouth of the river; while Tynemouth advances further east, hanging over the estuary of the river like a protruding upper lip, and shielding it from the northern blasts. If the shipping could possibly admit of such a thing, the two Shields

certainly deserve a bridge of connection as much as any two similarly situated towns in England; for both of them are places of great trade, and much intercourse is maintained between them. But a bridge is out of the question where so many top-masts rear their heads, especially as the lowness of the banks do not admit of such a ‘high-level’ bridge as the one now constructing at Newcastle. In 1830 a ‘North and South Shields Ferry Company’ was established, to maintain communication across the river; but the monopoly of this one company has been found to restrict the amount of accommodation within too narrow limits; a new company was therefore established, in 1848, under the title of the ‘Tyne Direct Ferry Company.’ This new company is empowered to build steam ferry-boats, to establish various piers and stations on both sides of the river, and to sell the undertaking to the old company if terms can be agreed on.

South Shields is not a whit less than two miles in length. It has crept along the bank of the river year after year, and age after age, until it stretches nearly the whole distance from the sea to Jarrow Slake. Ship-building is carried on largely; and there are manufactories of glass and soap, breweries, roperies, &c.; but the main commerce of the town has relation to the coal trade: immense portions of the sea-borne coal being shipped off South Shields, either from the keels, or from the railways and staiths. The town has had a very rapid growth; for, at no very remote date, it consisted mainly of a few fishermen's huts, provincially termed *Shiels*, from which, with a slight alteration, the present name has been derived.

Crossing the Tyne to the northern shore, we find ourselves at North Shields, stretching itself, like its opposite neighbour, along the banks of the Tyne. Like South Shields, too, it has risen from a very humble beginning; for it is said to have been, a century ago, “a poor miserable place, containing scarcely a single house roofed even with tiles.” There are manufactures of chemicals, tobacco, hats, gloves, &c.; but the chief industry and commerce of the place of course relate to shipping and coals. The reason why North and South Shields have risen into importance is mainly because the Tyne is too shallow to admit the large vessels which now crowd the harbour. It is near the mouth of the Tyne, therefore, that the real harbour exists; and the shoals and rocks near the opening of the river render two or three lighthouses necessary for the safety of this harbour.

It is pleasant, however, to feel that, when we escape from North Shields and approach to the shores of the German Ocean at Tynemouth, we fairly reach open country: we leave smoke and factories behind, and meet with a spot where sea-bathers, pleasure-seekers, and antiquarian rambles congregate. Its distance from Newcastle—about eight miles—renders it almost a suburb to the great town; and the easy, rapid, and frequent communication from the one to the other, gives to Newcastle almost the advantages of a sea-side town.



Tynemouth has a far more ancient history to boast of than either of the two Shields: it is the natural mouth of the Tyne—the others are commercial mouths. It occupies a sort of promontory, jutting out into the sea on the east, and forming the overhanging northern boundary to the mouth of the river. As a town, it consists mainly of one street, leading east and west, crossed by two smaller streets at right angles. The chief source of its present importance is the Prior's Haven, which, being sheltered by an amphitheatre of rocks, forms one of the best bathing-places on the eastern coast. Hence we have all the usual finery, and pleasantries, and liveliness of a watering-place—at least in the summer season; for we presume that Tynemouth is not especially lively in the seasons of snow and storms. There are many elevated spots from which views can be obtained of the surrounding country. In cut No. 8, we have a view of Shields as seen from Tynemouth; in cut No. 9, a view of the haven or bathing-bay, with the honorary column erected to the memory of Lord Collingwood; while, from all sides of the town, may be seen the venerable Priory (Cut No. 10), whose history carries us back through many centuries.

Tradition attributes the founding of this priory to St. Oswald, the first Christian king of Northumberland

—although some authorities mention its foundation in connection with the name of King Egfrid. It is known, however, that St. Herebald was abbot here in the beginning of the eighth century. The priory was plundered by the Danes three several times, before and during the time of Ethelstan. Shortly after the Norman conquest, the priory was restored by one of the earls of Northumberland. In subsequent ages the priory enjoyed considerable wealth: no fewer than twenty-seven manors in Northumberland, with their royalties, and other valuable lands and tenements, having belonged to it.

The lofty position which the priory occupies, renders its ruins visible far out at sea. The fine old windows of the Priory Church present graceful examples of the early English style of pointed architecture; and the crumbling ruins around it show that the priory must have been a place of vast extent. It must be confessed, however, that the appropriation of a portion of the partially-restored ruin as a magazine for military stores, and of the old tower as a barrack—for the site of the priory belongs to the crown, although the duke of Northumberland is lord of the manor of Tynemouth)—somewhat diminishes the antiquarian and picturesque interest attached to the ruins.



10.—TYNEMOUTH CASTLE,

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# AYRSHIRE, AND THE LAND OF BURNS.

## GENERAL FEATURES OF THE COUNTY, AND A GLANCE AT ITS HISTORY.

Patriotism and Poetry—all that is chivalrous and elevated in war—all that is melodious and immortal in song; man in his most manly condition; woman in her most lovely aspect;\* animal life of any kind in its most hardy and vigorous shape—these are the associations experienced by every true Scot in his contemplation of this county, in comparison with the remainder of Scotland. And while his enthusiasm is fed by the memory of Burns and the achievements of Bruce and Wallace, his utilitarian partialities are equally gratified in remembering the mineral resources and agricultural importance of many of its districts. Indeed Nature has been more bounteous in this respect than in the adornment of the surface of the county; although, taken as a whole, it cannot be said to be wanting in scenes of picturesque and romantic beauty.

To those who can descend from lofty associations to the contemplation of mere facts, it may be interesting to know that Ayrshire is one of the largest counties of Scotland south of the Forth; that it extends upwards of sixty miles in a crescent shape along the coast of the western sea; that it in some parts exceeds thirty miles in breadth; and that it was formerly divided by the rivers Doon and Irvine into three districts—Carrick, Kyle, and Cunninghame,—of which the respective characteristics are immortalized in the following antiquated couplet:

“ Kyle for a *man*, Carrick for a *cow*,  
Cunninghame for *butter* and *cheese*, and Galloway† for  
woo’.”

Carrick is the southern division of the county. It is chiefly remarkable for its bleak and barren hills. But on the other side of the Ayr—which divides it from Kyle—the soil is mostly very productive; while Cunninghame—separated from Kyle by the Irvine—is a fair and fertile plain.

There seems to be no doubt, as far as the contentions of antiquarians will allow any certainty to the subject—that the original inhabitants of Ayrshire were of the pure Celtic race. Presumptive evidence of this exists in Druidical and other remains; in the features of the inhabitants themselves in the present day; and in the fact, as stated by Buchanan, that the Gaelic tongue was spoken in the county so late as the sixteenth century.

At the time of the Roman invasion, under Agricola, the great tribe of the *Damnii* occupied the county. It seems to have been well established that the invasion

\* *Vide* Robert Chambers's 'Picture of Scotland.'

† Until the twelfth century, Galloway was considered a part of Ayrshire.

in question extended into Ayrshire, a Roman road having been distinctly traced from the Doon of Tynron in Dumfriesshire to the town of Ayr, in addition to various Roman remains in other districts. Towards the end of the fourth century, the Scots are said to have lost their king, Eugenius, in a battle fought at Kyle against fifty thousand men, under the Roman general Maximus. In the eighth century, Kyle and Cunninghame fell into the hands of the Saxon king of Northumberland. In the ninth century, one of those common casualties in the early history of most nations—an invasion—took place under Alpin, king of the Scoto-Irish. The extent of this chieftain's ambition, however, was only equalled by the completeness of his defeat, which took place at Dalmellington, about sixteen miles from the coast near Ayr, where he had landed. He was killed in the battle; and his resting-place is still known under the Gaelic designation of *Laicht Alpin*,—‘the Grave of Alpin.’ Haco, or Acho, King of Norway, also met with an equally warm reception when, some three hundred years afterwards, he landed with similar objects, and twenty thousand men, upon the Ayrshire coast. The battle of Largs is well remembered as completing his defeat and discomfiture. But it was the fortunate fate of the Scots to gain higher honours as their enemies became more formidable. The invasions of Alpin and Haco were the harbingers of temporary triumphs, but that of Edward won for them immortal fame.

Sir William Wallace, the liberator of his country, and the favourite hero of his countrymen, was born, probably, about the year 1276. He was the second son of Malcolm Waleys, of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire, whose wife was the daughter of the hereditary Sheriff of Ayr, Sir Reginald Crawford, and who was otherwise connected with several Ayrshire families. It was in this county that Wallace and his little band of patriots were frequently to be found; and it was there that they grew into that importance and power which ultimately, under the vigorous influence of their chieftain, led to so successful a result. The spot where the compromise was effected between Wallace and Henry de Percy, is described by the Scottish historians to have been on the margin of a lake at or near Irvine; but it is supposed by Paterson to have been in a field situated on a farm named Warrix,—at that period a peninsula formed by the rivers Irvine and Garnock, but which was destroyed about a century since by the Irvine breaking through its course. It was the annoyance of the Earl of Pembroke, Guardian of Scotland, at the manner in which Bruce had wrested Ayrshire from the English, that caused the celebrated battle of Loudoun Hill, when the Scottish army, numbering not more than six hundred, inflicted a signal defeat



upon three thousand of the enemy—a battle thus described by Hugh Brown :

“The Bruce’s sword, the soldier’s trusty spear,  
Fell like the lightning in its full career :  
The patriot-king, with rapture-kindled eye,  
Triumphant saw the reeling phalanx fly ;  
And Victory’s beacon-light begin to burn,  
The glorious prelude to his Bannock-burn !”

The first Scottish Parliament which assembled after the latter decisive battle, was held at Ayr. During the whole struggle the county had played a conspicuous and honourable part.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, Ayrshire experienced a full proportion of the disorder and anarchy so prevalent throughout the land. In the early days of the Reformation both Wishart and Knox pursued their labours frequently in the town of Ayr. In the reigns of Charles II. and James II., Ayrshire was prominent in the religious struggles which occupied the country. The inhabitants suffered much persecution from their zeal in the cause of the Covenant. They were strong supporters of the Revolution, and, subsequently, of the House of Hanover.

But the religious zeal of the people of Ayrshire led to their temporal depression. Towards the close of the last century, commerce, manufactures, and agriculture had alike fallen into decay. The establishment, however, about 1770, of Messrs. Douglas, Heron and Company’s Bank at Ayr, and the exertions of various influential gentlemen in the promotion of agriculture and a spirit of enterprise, have resulted in a degree of prosperity which promises to be permanent and increasing.

Indeed, there is every probability that the lapse of a few years will find the condition of the county materially improved. In nearly every direction we find marks of progress : railways and steam-boats, docks, harbours, and manufactories, are all increasing, and lending additional and more effective assistance to commercial enterprise ; while libraries, scientific institutions, and the spread of cheap literature, combine to enhance the social welfare of the population, by the elevation and refinement of their intellectual and moral characters.

Regarding the capabilities of the town, a writer in the ‘New Statistical Account of Scotland’ says :—“It has often been a matter of surprise that Ayr has not been more benefited by manufactories and public works,—possessing as it does so many advantages for this purpose, and such facilities of communication with other places both by sea and land. With such an extensive grain country surrounding it, distilleries could not fail to thrive ; the price of labour is low-rated, and all the other requisites are easily procurable. Cotton-works might prosper as well here as at Catrine, the town being as favourably situated in regard to all the materials necessary,—coal, water, and labourers in abundance ; while it has greatly the advantage, by enjoying the means of sea as well as of land-carriage. And we can see nothing to hinder the manufacture of wool in its various branches, particularly in the weaving

of carpets, from succeeding as well in this place as in Kilmarnock, which owes to this cause so much of its wealth and prosperity.”

Since the above was written the carpet manufacture has been commenced in Ayr, and with every prospect of extensive and increased comfort to the neighbourhood.

The other manufactures of the county consist principally of cotton and woollen articles,—shawls, calicoes, muslins, serges, &c. And in addition to the extensive factories for carrying on these branches of trade—which are conducted principally by means of machinery—print and bleach works have arisen on all sides. Tanning is carried on to some extent. Neither the linen nor the silk manufacture have been prosecuted with much success. Kilmarnock is the great seat of the woollen manufacture in this county. Its shawls are celebrated, and are produced in large numbers ; and its carpets are also a very valuable branch of trade. Tanning, and the manufacture of shoes, bonnets and hats, machinery, and miscellaneous articles, are carried on with great success.

The geological character of the county varies in different districts. The parish of Ayr may be described as presenting a superficial district of no definite geological character, the external surface being covered with a diluvium, or broken mass of sand, gravel, or clay, intermixed with water-worn detached whinstones. Taken as a whole, its uppermost character belongs to the coal formation, which useful mineral, it is to be regretted, has not conferred so much benefit on the neighbourhood as might have been the case. In Ardrossan parish there is also a considerable amount of coal to be met with. There are three limestone quarries within its boundaries, which are worked more or less. The lime is of good quality. Freestone, both red and white, is very abundant. In the town of Ardrossan there is a large quarry of the former kind. But since the formation of the railway, the demand for it has not been so great, owing to the facility with which stone of a superior quality can be procured from the Stevenston quarry. Kilmarnock is an important mineral district. Besides coal—to which system the district is principally confined—greenstone, ironstone, freestone, and sandstone, of very good quality, are to be met with. Taken as a whole, the county has undoubtedly advantages in this respect, which need only fair development to render it as prosperous as could be desired.

In agriculture, a very great improvement has taken place of late years. And when we consider the wretched condition of the county at no very remote date,—when animal food was only an occasional luxury of the middle class of inhabitants, and a thing almost unattainable by the peasantry ;—and when the landlords themselves often found their estates insufficient for their maintenance,—the highest credit must reflect upon the inhabitants, whose industry and perseverance contributed to rescue them from the state of degradation to which bad seasons, ignorance, and prejudice had reduced them.

At the present time, if art has been less busy, and nature less bountiful than could be desired, in conducting towards agricultural improvement,—there are yet sufficient indications of an onward tendency to give encouragement to the highest hopes. In several parts of the county new systems are being introduced, and old errors eradicated. Draining and planting are proceeding very satisfactorily; and in most districts active efforts are being made, both to develop the resources of nature, and to provide for her deficiencies.

Oats is the grain most cultivated; and in this respect the county is pre-eminent. Wheat is but little grown; but its quality is excellent. Turnips and potatoes are in very general cultivation, the latter in particular; and there is a very fair proportion of vegetables of other kinds. Flax is raised. The best rotation of crops was considered, some years ago, to be oats or beans raised after ploughing up a grass-field; after these, in dry soils, turnips, or other green crops, such as kale, vetches, tares, or potatoes. In very strong soils, drilled beans, cabbages, and carrots, in the place of turnips, followed by a crop of barley, sown with artificial grass-seeds. After the clover, wheat or oats, or, in very light lands, rye. This system has, in some districts, been changed, but prevails more or less in others.

The system of furrow-draining has been very generally adopted in many districts, and has given a great impulse to agriculture by the increase of produce. When this mode of draining was first introduced into Ayrshire, we are told that it was done by means of small stones. But of late tiles have been substituted, and with increased advantage. Fields which, under the old system, yielded only from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 bolls of oats per acre, have, by means of furrow-draining, yielded about double the quantity. It is an opinion very generally entertained, that should the system be carried to its greatest possible extent, the county will not only be in general independent of supplies of foreign grain, but become an exporting one.

The cultivation of trees, in many parts of the county, is not so well understood or practised as could be desired: at any rate, this is the case with many of the smaller plantations. These are generally narrow belts immediately around the farm-houses. From a wish to get as much shelter as possible, with a small sacrifice of ground, the trees are often allowed to grow up in so crowded a state, that they soon choke each other.

Besides the native breed of cattle, which is celebrated for its excellence, Highland, Alderney, and Irish cattle are sometimes seen in the county. In the southern part they are mostly of the Galloway breed, and in the northern part of the Dunlop. The richness and excellent quality of milk produced by the latter has given to Dunlop that great reputation for cheese which it has long maintained. Indeed, in that part of the county more attention is paid to the manufacture of dairy-produce than to any other pursuit. Several attempts have been made to introduce cattle of various descriptions,—Dutch or Holderness, the wide-horned,

Craven, Lancashire, and Leicester; but they do not appear to have succeeded.

Thus much for generalities. Let us now take a leisurely survey of the scenery and outward characteristics of the county—noting, not only its ‘lions,’ but also its smaller points of attraction.

#### LOITERINGS BY THE WAY.

We shall commence at the southern extremity of the shire, where we enter the Vale of Glenapp—a spot not without its attractions in the way of scenery and associations. The little fishing village of

Ballantrae occupies a favourable position on a level portion of the coast, at the mouth of the Stinchar Water, and in the parish of the same name. The inhabitants of this district did not enjoy the best reputation either for character or conduct. Their mode of life was—cannibalism and tattooing apart—as savage as might well be. But if their virtues were primitive, their vices were those of civilization; and the smuggling propensities of the population tended not a little towards their demoralization. But a change has come over the place of late years: the revenue is no longer defrauded, and the village is sombre and civilized enough to satisfy a moralist, or disgust the author of ‘*Eothen*.’

From Ballantrae to Girvan we have a walk of about a dozen miles—rendered interesting by bold and picturesque scenery. The range of precipices called Gamesloup, with the tall gaunt ruins of Carleton Castle in their immediate neighbourhood, form the scene of one of the wildest legends of this wild coast—we allude to that contained in the ballad of ‘*May Cullean*’—so popular in Carrick. The story goes that the castle was once occupied by a terrible baron, who was a ‘lady killer,’ in more senses than one: for he had not only contrived to marry seven wives, but had released himself from them successively and successfully by precipitating them from a mighty crag, overhanging the sea. This economical method of saving the expenses of the Ecclesiastical Court, had, besides, gained for him a vast amount of wealth—the accumulated fortunes of the ladies. For the eighth time he tied the matrimonial knot; but in this case it formed a noose which proved fatal to him. On leading May Cullean to the crag where he was wont to settle his domestic disputes, the lady pretended to agree to his proposals for a separate maintenance, and to prepare to take the fatal step—that is to say, plunge.

“Her gentle limbs did she undress,”

for the purpose; but not being inclined, like ‘*Christabel*,’ to

“Lay down in her loveliness,”

she paused in her task, and as her beauty became every instant more unadorned, requested her companion to turn away his head for the sake of propriety. The ‘fause baron’ complied, and the lady, seizing at once the opportunity and his portly person, precipitated him from the fatal cliff!



## GIRVAN AND TURNBERRY CASTLE.

Girvan is situated on a fine bay at the mouth of the water of the same name. It consists principally of one-story cottages, containing respectively two rooms: one devoted to domestic uses, the other to the purposes of a workshop. The parish of Girvan is divided near its centre by a range of high hills, and through it meanders "Girvan's fairy-haunted stream"—the banks of which present scenes well worthy of Burns's eulogium.

Taking the coast road northward from Girvan, we traverse a sandy beach several miles in extent, and arrive at the ruins of Turnberry Castle, situated on the summit of a rocky eminence washed by the waves. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Turnberry, or as it was then called 'the Palace of Carrick,' was the seat of that powerful family of which Robert Bruce was so all-powerful a member. Constant exposure to sea and storm has reduced it to a ruinous and dilapidated condition; but there still remain the vestiges of a drawbridge, several vaults, and other testimonies of its former importance.

This portion of Ayrshire—the wild coast of Carrick—is replete with associations, not only historical, but supernatural. Burns describes it as the place

"Where Bruce once ruled the martial ranks,  
And shook the Carrick spear."

It was in the neighbourhood of Turnberry Castle that Bruce, in the spring of 1308, arrived with a party of followers from the Isle of Arran, for the purpose of subjugating Carrick. It had previously been arranged that on a certain day—if all circumstances proved favourable—a fire would be lighted on the Carrick coast, by his friends there, as a signal for him to embark from Arran. Towards nightfall of the appointed day, the signal was seen. Bruce, immediately setting sail, arrived that evening at Carrick. But he arrived only in time to find the Castle of Turnberry occupied by Percy and a strong party; and himself utterly powerless. The most startling fact, however, that he had to learn, was that no signal had been lighted by his friends; and that the origin of the fire which he had seen was unknown. But Bruce's decision and determination overcame even his supernatural opponents—for such they were considered to be. He immediately rallied his friends, attacked and shortly afterwards took Turnberry, and succeeded in reducing the entire district.

Scott, in his 'Lord of the Isles,' makes an allusion to the mysterious appearance of the fire:

"Now ask you whence that wondrous light  
Whose fairy glow beguiled their sight?  
It ne'er was known—yet gray-haired eld  
A superstitious credence held,  
That never did a mortal hand  
Wake its broad glare on Carrick's strand;  
Nay, and that on the self-same night  
When Bruce crossed o'er, still gleams the light.  
Yearly it gleams o'er mount and moor,  
And glittering wave, and crimson'd shore—  
But whether beam celestial, lent  
By Heaven, to aid the king's descent;

Or fire hell-kindled from beneath,  
To lure him to defeat and death;  
Or were it but some meteor strange,  
Of such as oft through midnight range,  
Startling the traveller late and lone,  
I know not—and it ne'er was known."

The Farm of Shanter is situated about a mile from Turnberry Castle, on a slope gradually ascending from the seaside to the village of Kirkoswald. This farm was the residence of Douglas Graham, the hero of 'Tam O'Shanter:' the poem which Burns considered the most perfect production of his pen. The gifted ploughman, in his nineteenth year, resided at Kirkoswald; and his sketch of the amusing character in question was drawn from personal experience. Nor is the picture exaggerated. Smuggling was at that period practised to such an extent in the neighbourhood, that it was no uncommon occurrence for the inhabitants of a farm-house, from the 'auld guidman' down to the herd-boy, to remain in a state of intoxication for several days; indeed, it was said to be customary to manufacture the habitual porridge of these simple people by mixing the meal with brandy instead of water!

The village of Kirkoswald occupies the highest point of the slope above mentioned. The situation is commanding and picturesque. On the west, are the ruins of an ancient church said to occupy the site of one built there by Oswald, a Northumbrian king of the Heptarchy, in commemoration of a victory achieved near the spot. From this 'Kirk of Oswald' the village doubtless derives its name. The school-room where Burns studied geometry and land-surveying, under the far-famed Rodger, is still to be seen. It stands in the main street of the village, and is, or was, inhabited by a son of St. Crispin. Douglas Graham, *alias Tam O'Shanter*, lies along with his 'ain wife Kate,' in the churchyard of the village. Their resting-place is marked by a humble monument, on which, besides other inscriptions, are the lines commencing,

"She tauld thee weel thou wast a skullum,  
A blethrin, blusterin, drunken blellum."

The Abbey of Crossraguel arrests our attention about two miles north of Kirkoswald. It is considered the most perfect edifice of the kind in the west of Scotland. It was founded in the year 1266 by Duncan, King of Scotland. The walls of the church and choir still remain, to the height of fourteen feet; and the niche where the principal altar stood is yet entire. The vestry and the Abbot's Ecclesiastical Court, to the right of the building, are also in a very complete state—as well as two towers or castles, formerly the residences of the abbots. The celebrated George Buchanan was formerly commendator of the abbey, and received a yearly pension from its revenues.

## CULZEAN AND THE KENNEDYS.

A short distance past Crossraguel stands Culzean Castle: a modern building, the seat of the Marquis of

Ailsa. It is finely situated on the verge of a huge rock overhanging the sea, at about a hundred feet above its surface, and consists of a range of lofty castellated masses, covering about four acres. It has a fine approach-bridge, and a terrace-garden, decked with rare and beautiful flowers in the front.

The several branches of the Cassilis family appear to have held the lands of Culzean during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. A short account of this remarkable family may possibly prove interesting.

The Kennedys seem to have held an ascendancy in feudal times over a very large district, from Wigton to the town of Ayr, and the title of Cassilis is a conspicuous one in Scottish history. In 1220, we find this illustrious house first mentioned. In that year Nicol de Carrick granted the church of St. Cuthbert at Maybole, to the nuns of North Berwick. His son Rowland, several years after, obtained a charter from Neil, Earl of Carrick, which, in A.D. 1276 and 1372, was confirmed by Alexander III. and Robert II. This deed is entitled 'Confirmatio Johannis Kennedy,' which marks a change of name from Carrick to Kennedy—a Gaelic compound, signifying the head of the house or family.

The earliest mention of the lands of Cassilis is contained in a writ given by king David II. to Sir John Kennedy, about the year 1360, in which that monarch confirms to the knight the donations, grants, and venditions made to him by Marjory Montgomery and her daughter, of the lands of *Castlys*, in the county of Ayr. Soon after, the wealth and influence of the family were greatly advanced by the marriage of Sir James Kennedy to the daughter of King Robert III. Gilbert, the second earl of Cassilis, was a man of splendid talents, and was employed in several offices of high trust. He was assassinated at Prestwick by, Hugh Campbell, sheriff of the county. His son Quintin, abbot of Crossraguel, was a stout defender of the Romish religion; and at his death was publicly canonized.

Gilbert, the third earl, was the pupil and intimate friend of the celebrated George Buchanan. The bitter satire that Buchanan wrote against the Franciscan Friars was composed during his residence at Cassilis.

John, the sixth earl, was an ardent friend of the Protestant cause in general, and of the Church of Scotland in particular. He was one of the three ruling elders sent to the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, in 1643, to ratify the solemn League and Covenant. His wife is the heroine of a ballad-story, of which we shall speak presently: his daughter—a lady of distinguished piety and excellence—was married to Bishop Burnet.

His son, the seventh earl, was the single person who lifted up his voice against the Act for punishing conventicles. This independent line of conduct was so offensive to the ministry, that he was denounced an outlaw, and forced to flee from the country.\*

Sir Thomas Kennedy, who succeeded to the estate

\* 'New Statistical Account of Scotland.'

in 1569, was engaged in a feud with the Laird of Bargany, which resulted in the assassination of the former, near the town of Ayr, on the 12th of May, 1602. The Mures of Auchendrayne—father and son—by whom the act was committed, play a conspicuous part in a drama which Sir W. Scott has written upon the subject.

The feuds, we are told, between the Earls of Cassilis and the Lairds of Bargany had been of long continuance; and after being partially healed, had, for some reason or other, broken out afresh. On the 11th of December, 1601, while the Laird of Bargany was riding from the town of Ayr to his own mansion on the banks of the Girvan, attended only by a few followers, he encountered the Earl of Cassilis, with two hundred men, who were lying in wait for him, at the Lady Carse, about half a mile north of the town. The laird, who was on the other side of the valley, endeavoured to avoid a collision; but not so the earl, who followed down the south side, and coming to some "feal dykes," which offered a good support to the firearms of his followers, they immediately began to discharge them at Bargany and his men. Bargany, finding that they could not avoid the rencontre, crossed the burn; but on reaching the south side of it, he perceived that none had ventured to follow him but Mure of Auchendrayne, the laird of Cloncaird, James Bannatyne, and Edward Irving. On observing this, he turned round and said, "Gude sirs, we are ower few?" They nevertheless defended themselves with great bravery, and wounded or slew the first of their assailants; but, overpowered by superior numbers, Irving was soon slain, and the others disabled. The laird himself performed prodigies of valour, and succeeded, for some time, in maintaining his ground, seeking out the earl in the midst of his own followers. But at length, pressed on all sides, he was basely struck from behind, and fell, mortally wounded. He was carried to Ayr, and died in twenty-three hours. Thus fell, at the age of twenty-five, one of the bravest and most popular men of his time. Through the influence of Lady Cassilis the earl obtained pardon from the king for this murderous deed; but his family did not entirely escape its consequences. Auchendrayne, who had married the sister of the young laird, determined to revenge his death. Being apprised by Sir Thomas Kennedy, of Culzean, of his intention to visit Edinburgh, he instigated a party of his followers to waylay him at a place he had appointed for a friendly meeting, where they accordingly found and murdered him. Auchendrayne then resolved upon destroying all proof of his participation in the crime, which could be best done by putting out of the way the messenger who had given him notice of the place of meeting. The person who brought the message of Culzean to Maybole, transmitted it from thence to Mure, by the hands of a poor student named Dalrymple. After various attempts to keep this person in confinement, or out of the country, Mure resolved upon his death. He was accordingly enticed by a vassal of Mure's, James Bannatyne, to his house at



Chapeldonan,—a solitary spot on the sea-shore,—and there at midnight, by the elder and younger Mures, was murdered, and buried in the sand. But the advancing tide destroyed this hasty and imperfect sepulchre; and notwithstanding that they carried the body out to sea, in order that all evidence might be lost, Providence so directed that it was again cast on shore on the very spot of the murder. Public indignation was now directed against the Mures, and Bannatyne in his turn became the object of their fears. After an unsuccessful attempt to destroy this new evidence of their crime, they were eventually convicted by Bannatyne's confession of the whole affair, and executed amidst general execration.\*

Sir Archibald, grandson of Sir Thomas Kennedy, was a vigorous persecutor of the Presbyterians during the reigns of the last two of the Stuarts; but he fell into discredit after the Revolution; and was more than once, it is said, driven to seek shelter in the *coves* under his own castle. The Countess of Eglintoun, to whom Allan Ramsay dedicated his 'Gentle Shepherd,' was a daughter of this nobleman. She was equally distinguished for her loveliness, taste and refinement. The Coves of Culzean are mentioned by Burns in his 'Halloween,' as being "famed in country story as a favourite haunt of fairies." They are situated in the rock underneath the castle, and are six in number, some of them communicating with each other.

#### MAYBOLE—THE LEGEND OF JOHNNIE FAA.

Maybole occupies a favourable position on the south side of a gently ascending hill, about four miles north-east of Kirkoswald. Its present characteristics are directly opposed to every idea of either comfort, cleanliness, elegance, and taste; its only redeeming qualities are contained in association and reminiscence; for it was once not only the winter residence of many of the noble families of Carrick, but it enjoyed high legal importance from the establishment in the town of the Court of Bailliery for the district.† Its prosperity, however, like all its principal buildings, has fallen into decay.

The tall stiff building, which may be seen at the east end of the town, was once the seat of the Cassilis family. It is perhaps the most interesting as it is the most perfect of the winter residences still in existence. The building—which is still known in the neighbourhood as 'the Castle'—derives some little interest from being connected with the story contained in the popular ballad of 'Johnnie Faa.' According to this veritable authority (it is however just possible that the author may have taken out too extensive a poetic licence) it appears that John the sixth earl of Cassilis—of whom we have before spoken—had married Lady Jane Hamilton, a daughter of the first earl of Haddington. The marriage seems to have been one of interest and

opposed to the lady's wishes. The usual consequences followed: a lover was necessary as a relief to matrimonial monotony. Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, a former suitor, was found to supply every quality that least resembled those of the husband, and which, as a natural consequence, was most calculated to secure the affection of the wife. Then comes the crisis of the drama. The knight takes advantage of the absence of the old earl to seek the presence of the young countess. He arrives at Cassilis Castle, a massive old tower on the banks of the Doon, four miles from Maybole, and appears before the gates, surrounded by a faithful band of supporters—of the troubadour school, combining all that is gentlemanlike, courteous, and unprincipled—the manners of Chesterfield with the morals of Jack Sheppard. Whether

"They cuist the glamourye ower her,"

as stated in the ballad, or whether love supplied a stronger spell which enabled her to recognize them through the sylvan disguise which they had adopted is uncertain; but there is no doubt that the lady consented to elope. Their horses, however, appear to have had a difficult journey—probably owing to "the course of true love" being in its proverbial condition; and the consequence was the swift pursuit and ignominious capture of the whole party by the earl and his infuriated followers. The scene of this catastrophe was a ford over the Doon, not far from the castle, still called the 'Gipsies' Steps.' The delinquents were immediately brought back to the castle; and Sir John and his adherents were at once hanged on the 'Dule Tree,'—a splendid plane, which yet flourishes on a mound in front of the gate; and which was the earl's gallows-in-ordinary, as the name testifies. The unfortunate countess was compelled by her husband to behold this specimen of the "wild justice of revenge" from an adjacent window. The room in question is still called 'the Countess's Room.' After a short confinement there, the house belonging to the family at Maybole was fitted up for her reception, by the addition of a projecting staircase, upon which were carved the effigies of her lover and his band. She was there confined for the rest of her life: the earl, in the mean time, evincing his courage by contracting a second marriage. The effigies of the gypsies are very minute; the head of Sir John being distinct from the rest by being larger, and more lachrymose in expression.

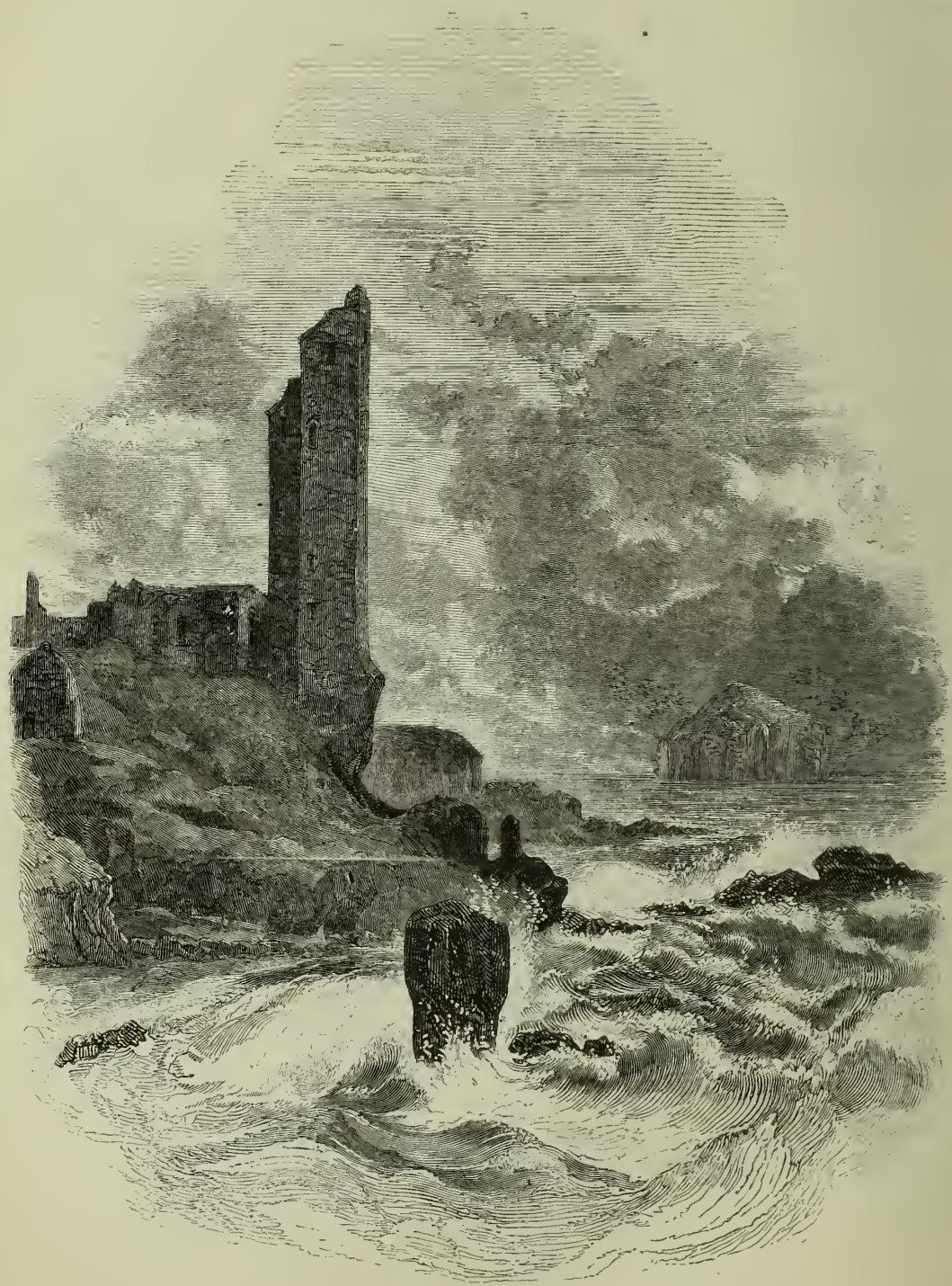
A portion of the collegiate church, founded by Gilbert Kennedy of Dunure, in the fifteenth century, still remains in the centre of the town. And in another part is still to be seen the place where John Knox and Quintin Kennedy, abbot of Crossraguel, held their celebrated disputation. At that time it was the abode of the provost of the town: it has since subsided into an inn, which any may discover by asking, as we did, for the 'Red Lion.' In honour of this event—not the establishment of the inn, but the holding of the disputation—a 'Knox Club' has been formed in Maybole, and at its triennial festival are

\* The old place of execution may still be seen at Maybole: it bears the appropriate designation of Gallow Hill.

† 'New Statistical Account of Scotland.'







1.—DUNURE CASTLE.



mustered men of all callings and denominations, united in the general cause of Protestantism. It is said that to assist him in the discussion, Kennedy had brought with him from the abbey some cartloads of books and manuscripts; all of which were afterwards taken to the green by the populace, and burnt in one vast heap—forming a gigantic funeral pyre, upon which Kennedy might have secured an effective climax to the story and effectual martyrdom for himself by the simple act of voluntary immolation. Indeed it is to be regretted that he has deprived our historical novelists of a first-rate subject by omitting to make such a sacrifice.

The inhabitants of Maybole are principally engaged in light weaving—the work being obtained from Glasgow and Paisley. They are described in the ‘New Statistical Account,’ drawn up by the parish ministers of Scotland, as being, a great proportion of them, ‘dissolute and neglectful of their religious duties.’

#### DUNURE AND ITS CASTLE.

Some few miles on our route, a little to the west, we arrive at what is perhaps the most interesting locality on the coast of Carrick. We refer to the little fishing village of Dunure; picturesquely situated, and finely protected by hills on all sides—save where the ocean supplies its broad blue boundary. Standing upon the eminence which reaches the village from the south, the scene around us is one of various and blended beauty. The Firth of Clyde, with the mouth of the river, “Ailsa’s blue crag,” the shores of Arran, and in the rear those of Cantyre, at once meet the view; while far out on the river stalk stately vessels of various descriptions; coasting and pleasure steamers, from which music may be heard; and further out a whole fleet of fishing boats, dancing over the water, their white sails resembling a flock of sea birds.

Descending the hill we approach the village, with its little harbour and neat houses scattered gracefully along the shore; each dwelling surrounded by a small garden, well cultivated, and fragrant with flowers. The nets spread out in the sun to dry, and the boats lying upon the shore, proclaim at once the occupation of the happy-looking villagers. The harbour is efficiently protected, but so small as scarcely to afford accommodation to a vessel much larger than a herring smack. It was constructed by Mr. Abercrombie, engineer, at a cost of £50,000. It is entirely cut out of the solid rock. The object was to make it a port fitted for shipping the agricultural produce of the county; but this scheme proved an entire failure. Dunure is much frequented by strangers during the summer months: it being scarcely equalled as a marine residence by any town in Ayrshire.

That venerable pile, standing on a rocky eminence, washed by the sea, and forming so prominent and interesting a part of the scene, is Dunure Castle. It was formerly the seat of the Marquis of Ailsa, and its origin is attributed by the author of the ‘Historie of

the Kennedys,’ to the famous battle of Largs. After that contest Haco was pursued by McKinnon of the Isles; and his sons, ascertaining that he had taken shelter at Ayr, pressed forward in pursuit of one of his “great captains,” whom they captured at Dunure. For this act, Alexander III. conferred the castle and surrounding lands on McKinnon. (Cut, No. 1.)

Dalrymple is a little village a few miles to the east of Dunure. It is situated on a bend of the river Doon, which thereabouts follows a rather eccentric course. Part of the village is of ancient origin: the remainder of more modern date. The characteristics of the place, most apparent to the eye, are rose-wreathed cottages, with pure white walls; cleanliness, comfort, and industry; and a thriving and happy population.

There are several heights in the neighbourhood, commanding views of the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag, and even of the northern coast of Ireland. Burns opens his ‘Halloween’ by an allusion to one of these eminences—that of Downans:

“Upon that nicht when fairies licht  
On Cassilis Downans dance,” &c.

#### THE LAND OF BURNS.

We have now traversed the entire coast of Carrick; and standing upon the last of its numerous hills, we are aroused into a new order of associations and ideas by the landscape at our feet. The “auld town o’ Ayr,” and “Alloway’s auld haunted kirk,” and *the Monument*—

“And all the scene—in short, earth, sky, and sea”—

is lighted up in the imagination with the genius of the Poet, even more vividly than by the sun itself, as it sweeps in its mellow magnificence towards the west.

But we are impatient of delay, and anxious for closer communion with the objects that most interest us; so leaving behind us the brown hills of Carrick, with glowing heart we plunge into the ‘Land of Burns!’

Reverence for their favourite poet has become one of the most prominent features of Scottish nationality: nay, in some cases it amounts almost to a religion. As Mohammedanism has its Mecca, and Christianity its Jerusalem, so *Burns-ism* may be said to have its Ayr.

It has been regretted that the Poet of Scotland should have been born and brought up in a part of the country so little calculated, it is said, to nourish poetic tendencies as Ayrshire, on account of the absence of “scenery of a poetic cast.”\* But we believe there is little reason for these regrets. If such be the general character of the scenery, the rule is not without frequent exceptions. The coast of Carrick was for a time the abiding-place of the poet; and at Moss-giel, surrounded by the classic woods environing Ballochmyle and Catrine, and containing scenes of such poetic beauty as are to be found on “the banks and braes

\* Mr. Robert Chambers.



and streams around the Castle of Montgomery," the poet spent a few of his few, few years. Besides these favourable circumstances, no portion of his native land was so well calculated, from the character of its inhabitants, to imbue him with that essential element in the poetic mind,—a deep and fervid love of country.

#### THE TOWN OF AYR AND ITS ATTRACTIONS.

But it is again necessary to subside into mere facts, in introducing the reader to the "Royal burgh and county-town of Ayr."

It is situated on the south bank, and at the mouth of the river Ayr. Its general appearance is shown in the engraving. Its name must have been derived from that circumstance: but its origin is lost in obscurity. Notwithstanding this fact, however, we have not heard its foundation ascribed either to Charlemagne, or the devil—the two common recipients of such unclaimed honours. Attended with various and unequal fortunes, it seems to have existed for several centuries prior to 1202, when William the Lion created it a Royal burgh. At that period, and for several succeeding centuries, it appears to have been a place of importance and considerable trade; and although Daniel Defoe, in his 'Tour through Great Britain,' represented it as in a declining condition, it afterwards re-attained its importance. Its merchants imported wines from France extensively; and exported corn, salmon, and other native productions. The rising importance of Glasgow was no little drawback to the advance of Ayr; but in more recent times the affairs of the latter place have become more animated by the establishment of a railway to Glasgow, and the opening of various parts of the county by means of branch lines. The shipping of Ayr is very inconsiderable. The little business done consists chiefly in the importation of agricultural produce, linen, and slates, from Ireland, and the exportation of coal, pig-iron, &c. But though the seat of considerable carpet, leather, and shoe-manufactures, Ayr, unlike its neighbour, Kilmarnock, is decidedly not a place of trade. It stands, indeed, in the same relation to Kilmarnock as Edinburgh to Glasgow; and its inhabitants are wealthy and refined, many of them being attached to the profession of the law.

On the opposite bank of the river Ayr is situated Newton-upon-Ayr, a burgh of barony, under a totally distinct municipal government. It is of comparatively recent origin, and contains scarcely a feature of any interest. It is connected with the parent town by the 'auld' and the 'new' Brigs o' Ayr.

During the last quarter of a century, the appearance of the town of Ayr—which had previously been far from prepossessing—has been materially improved. The High Street, which passes nearly through the centre of the town, is adorned by Wallace's Tower; and many of the chief places of business are situated there. The antiquarian will find considerable food for speculation in many of the old and grotesque tenements which may be met with, interspersed with more modern buildings.

At the latter end of the twelfth century, William the Lion founded the Castle of Ayr, on an eminence near to the Church of St. John the Baptist, which stood close upon the seashore, a little northward of the site now occupied by the county buildings. Here stood one of the four forts which Cromwell erected in Scotland. He changed the church into an armoury, and enclosed it within the ramparts; making, however, a grant to the town sufficient to enable them to erect another building. A tall, gaunt, and exceedingly plain tower, is the only vestige of St. John's Church now remaining. A short distance from this, the foundations of the Castle of Ayr may be traced.

Many of the scenes and buildings in the town are associated with the name and the fame of Wallace. Wallace's Tower, which we have already mentioned, is a handsome Gothic structure, 113 feet in height; and is outwardly ornamented by a statue of the Patriot, executed by Mr. James Thom, a self-taught Ayrshire sculptor. Previous to the year 1830, there stood on the site of this building a tower of great antiquity, of which nothing positive was known. It has been supposed by some to have been the town-residence of Wallace of Craigie; by others, to have been the prison of Ayr—over the walls of which Wallace was thrown by his friends, to save him from the grasp of the Southrons; when, as related by Harry the Minstrel, he was rescued by his old nurse, who conveyed him to her home.

At the corner of a thoroughfare diverging southward from the High Street, there stood, in former times, the Court-House of Ayr, supposed to be the building in which the noblemen and gentlemen of the west—including Wallace's uncle, Sir Reginald Crawford—were treacherously murdered by the English governor. A dwelling-house occupies the site of the building: it is adorned with a statue of Wallace, who, in revenge for the act of treachery referred to, immediately fired the military encampment of the English, reducing it and its occupants to ashes.

It is, by the way, to be regretted, that neither of the two statues of Wallace in the town have any claims to admiration. The first conveys only half an idea of the Patriot, and the other none at all.

The old parish Church,—built in the time of the Protector, in lieu of that appropriated by him, as already stated,—stands on the site of a Dominican monastery; remarkable as the place where Robert Bruce held the Parliament which settled the succession of his brother Edward on the throne. It is a remarkably plain building: it partakes of the unadorned character of the time. A small fountain, running through the churchyard into the river, is yet popularly known as the 'Friar's Well.'

In a by lane, behind the Fish Cross, there is a tenement, said to have been the birthplace of the brilliant and accomplished Anthony Hamilton, author of the 'Memoirs of the Comte de Grammont;' and in the main street, opposite the Fish Cross, there is a huge and ancient house, once the town residence of the Chalmers' of Cadgirth. It has in front a small

turret, containing a small apartment, in which Mair, the celebrated arithmetician, who was for some time a teacher in the Academy of Ayr, executed his 'System of Book-keeping.'

Near the remaining portion of St. John's Church there stood, not many years ago, a small plain stone, marking the spot where lay the remains of Maggie Osborne, the last victim in Scotland who suffered death for the imputed crime of witchcraft.

At the foot of the High Street, the 'auld brig' crosses the Ayr. It consists of four lofty and substantial arches; and is said to have been constructed by two maiden sisters, in the reign of Alexander III. It is extremely narrow, like most old bridges; and now serves only as a footpath. The 'new brig' is an exceedingly graceful structure, lying between one and two hundred yards nearer the harbour. It consists of five arches, the abutments of which are adorned with finely-executed allegorical figures, and was constructed in 1788, from a design by Robert Adam—chiefly through the exertions of James Ballantyne, then provost of the burgh. (Cut, No. 2.)

The imposing structure situated at the junction of the High Street and Sandgate Street, composed of an union of the Grecian and Tuscan orders of architecture, and surmounted by a tall and beautiful spire, is the Towns Buildings. Besides affording to the industrious officials ample accommodation for the *enjoyment* of their business (to adopt the foreigners' sarcasm upon our national habits), the building also contains an assembly-room, devoted to the *transaction* of pleaurc.

Passing along Wellington Square—itself a very fine object—the visitor is attracted by a large building at the western angle. It is built in imitation of an ancient Temple of Isis, at Rome. The front entrance is supported by massive pillars; and the building is surmounted by a very beautiful dome. The effect of the whole is extremely grand; and the County Buildings are very justly considered to be the most magnificent in the locality.

Some creditable churches, both of the establishment and for dissenters; several public institutions, of which the principal is a Mechanics' Institution, with a museum attached to it; and a Railway-station, in the Elizabethan style, are among the other notabilities of the place. Any of these will repay a visit, and should not be passed over by the intelligent tourist. A Sheriffs' Court and a Small Debts' Court are held in the town; also a Commissary Court, a Burgh Criminal Court, and a Justice of the Peace Court. There are several banks; and among the institutions we may notice a Mechanics' Institution, the 'Sailors' Society,' instituted in 1581, for the benefit of decayed mariners, their widows and children; the 'Merchants' Company,' and 'Writers' Society,'—both benefit societies; a Horticultural and Agricultural Society, a Medical Association, and Dispensary.

Ayr is peculiarly well provided with the means of education. The parochial schools of the burgh were formed into an academy in 1798, and a charter of incor-

poration obtained. A bequest of £1,000 to the public teachers of Ayr, left by Mr. Ferguson of Dunholm, laid the foundation of the necessary funds. A considerable sum in addition was raised by subscription, and the present handsome building and successful system of management is the result. The Academy has proved of great benefit to the town, and maintains a high reputation. The other schools in the neighbourhood are numerous.

There is an extensive town library and also circulating libraries in Ayr. There are two weekly newspapers published.

The gaol of Ayr was built at the same time as the County Buildings. It stands on an open space by the sea beach. It is well conducted, upon the separate system.

Almost every Scotsman who visits the town will view it in one aspect—as the birthplace, and for many years the residence, of Burns. But this interest is not confined to the spot itself: it extends to the surrounding scenes—so alive with associations, and so eloquent in the memories they arouse. In this spirit, then, having briefly glanced through the town, we will take a stroll in the neighbourhood.

#### BURNS; HIS BIRTHPLACE, AND FAVOURITE HAUNTS.

Leaving the town by the Maybole toll-gate, a view of the Clyde, stretching away to the right, and the gently-receding hills of Carrick, are the only objects that arrest the attention. If the traveller is in a good-humour, and disposed to gossip and receive information, he will do well to fraternise, as the phrase goes, with one of 'the natives,' who will talk to him with a fifty 'Murray's Handbook' power of the wonders of the place; which he believes in his heart to be the most important on the face of the earth. Of course, the most minute object connected in any way with the Poet or his compositions, will form a prominent feature of the 'gude man's' discourse. More especially will he descant on the adventures of the hero of the neighbourhood, Tam o' Shanter, "as he frae Ayr, ae nicht did canter." The traveller will probably be favoured, too, with a glance at a modest little cottage by the wayside, inhabited by Mrs. Begg, a sister of the Poet's. A gentle turn in the road here introduces us to finer scenes than we have hitherto passed through. A fertile and undulating country, dotted with white villas and wooded knolls; the pathway shaded by tall trees, and the fields glowing with rich grain,—these are among the attractions of the scene, which, on a Sunday or holiday, are further enhanced by a merry assemblage of the peasantry.

About two miles, or rather more, from Ayr, a little cottage by the roadside arrests the attention—that is to say, the attention of those who know its history. It consists only of two rooms,—one of which is a kitchen; roofed with wooden rafters, thatched with straw,—and in all respects an humble, if not entirely comfortless dwelling. What is the interest attached





2.—BRIGS OF AYR.

to it? and why stands the traveller watching with so much reverence so very ordinary and prosaic a structure? He enters the doorway, and passes to the humble apartment used as a kitchen. A small recess in the wall attracts his attention; it was in that recess that Robert Burns was first introduced to the world.

The cottage is at present used as a place of refreshment, and is visited continually by a large number of persons. A large hall has recently been built in the rear, for convivial meetings. The landlord takes great pains to show the travellers every object of interest in the place.

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk" stands on the same side of the road, a short distance farther on; and the Monument is near the same spot. The former is a mere ruin, consisting of the bare walls alone. The rafters are scattered far and wide over the three kingdoms, and may be in every part of the world, for aught we know to the contrary, in the shape of fancy articles, cigar-cases, boxes, &c., from which scores of Scots may at the present moment be puffing or snuffing inspiration, as the case may be. It is said, that in Catholic countries there are exhibited as many fragments of the 'original' Cross, as would build a seventy-four line of battle ship. The case of the 'Alloway' relics is not very different.

The place of burial attached is crowded with monu-

mental stones; many of them marking the resting-places of those of the better class. The father of the Poet lies here, the epitaph upon whose tomb is perhaps the most affectionate tribute ever offered by son to father.

#### THE MONUMENT.

Nearly opposite Alloway Kirk, on the summit of a slight but abrupt eminence, overlooking the river Doon, stands Burns's Monument. We are indebted principally to Mr. John Douglas, of Barloch, and Sir Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, for this appropriate testimonial. It was designed by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, of Edinburgh. It consists of an imposing rustic base, supporting nine Corinthian pillars, which are surmounted by a gilt tripod, indicative of the three districts into which Ayrshire is divided. Notwithstanding its somewhat ornate style, the effect is simple and elegant. The Monument is surrounded by a garden, tastefully laid out with flowers and shrubs. In a corner of the garden, in a little stone structure, the stranger is shown two highly expressive statues of the 'bosom cronies,' Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny—the production of a self-taught sculptor, named Thom, whom we have mentioned elsewhere. The interior of the monument contains a spirited marble bust of the Poet, by Patrick Park; a copy of Nasmyth's portrait;





3.—BURNS'S MONUMENT.



LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

the Bible given by Burns to Highland Mary; and a lock of Mary's hair; besides several other relics associated with the Poet. From the top of the staircase excellent views of the surrounding country are obtained. (Cut, No. 3.)

At the Monument gate is the inn, which well merits a visit.

Along the banks of the Doon—as well as between the town of Ayr and the Monument—there are numerous villas, inhabited principally by the wealthy. They are rapidly increasing in number; so that every year is adding to the attractions of a district which has already so many charms, both of scenery and association, to recommend it. To “win the key-stane o’ the brig” of Doon, was the successful effort of Tam o’ Shanter on his homeward ride. (Cut, No. 4.)

#### THE BANKS OF AYR.

Proceeding on our pilgrimage we follow the course of the Ayr, and rather to the north of that river arrive at the town of Tarbolton. In the immediate neighbourhood, we encounter—amidst scenery of a very beautiful description—the fine seat of Sir William Miller, Barskimming, to the northward of which lie Mauchline, and the humble farm-steading of Mossiel. Still pursuing our way, we view with delight the enchanting ‘Braes of Ballochmyle.’ Here ‘auld Hermit Ayr’ bends eastward; and a walk of a mile or two leads us to the Vale of Catrine, with its pretty little village,—its woods, of which Burns has sung so pensively; and a mansion, consecrated by having been the residence of no less a man than Dugald Stewart. Tarbolton itself is a small town, remarkable for—exactly nothing; unless a very miserable-looking remnant of Faile Abbey, about a mile off, has claim to any consideration. By the way, the habits of the former occupants of the Abbey in question gave rise to the assertion that

“The Friars of Faile ne’er wanted ale,  
As lang as their neebors’ lasted.”

The Farm of Lochlea, which was occupied by the father of Robert Burns, from 1774 to 1784, is in this neighbourhood. Here the young poet spent from his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year, working vigorously on the farm with his aged father, who was rapidly sinking under his prolonged misfortunes. Burns produced many of his poems while remaining here; and, consequently, became a famous character in the neighbouring clachan of Tarbolton, where, after the labours of the day, he was accustomed to resort for intellectual or convivial relaxation—or the two united.

The Farm of Spittleside—the birthplace of David Sillar—is about one mile from Tarbolton. Sillar, notwithstanding the tincture of poetry which he possessed, is best known in connection with Burns; first as his ‘bosom crony,’ and afterwards as his poetical correspondent. It was in these scenes that the pair were accustomed to wander, discussing perhaps poetry, perhaps intrigue: indeed, the last was a frequent occu-

pation; for to Burns and his friend were committed the management of nearly all the love affairs of the neighbourhood.

#### ‘HIGHLAND MARY’ AND THE POET.

That substantial and elegant structure situated in a secluded valley, about a mile to the south-west of Tarbolton, is Coilsfield House. It was formerly the seat of the Montgomeries. It has been renewed since the time of Burns; who, in several of his poems, has borne testimony to the bravery of the then representatives of the family.

The mystic Faile here winds its way towards the Ayr, surrounded on all sides by splendid woodlands. But it is not its scenery, beautiful as it is—nor its history, interesting though it be—that lends to the locality so magical a charm, and an attraction so irresistible. As the meeting-place of a pair of rustic lovers, some sixty years ago, the place has gained more renown than the boldest scenery and the most martial deeds could have attached to it:

“How sweetly bloom’d the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn’s blossom,  
As, underneath the fragrant shade,  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The angel-hours, on golden wings,  
Flew o’er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.”

So sang Burns of the woman for whom, of all others, he seems to have formed the most enduring attachment. Mary Campbell—better known by her poetic name of Highland Mary—was in no elevated sphere of life. In fact, it must be owned—it is of no use to disguise matters—that she followed the occupation of a dairy-maid at Coilsfield. Originally she had come from Campbelltown, in Argyshire. She appears to have been a person of considerable, though not extraordinary, beauty. Her mental powers were great; and to her pre-eminently amiable disposition, and the natural accomplishments of her mind, may be attributed, to a great extent, the impression which she made on the mind of the young poet. According to the statement of the poet himself, the two lovers met on the lovely banks of the Ayr, on the second Sabbath of May, to take a mutual farewell; for Mary was about to make a journey into Argyshire, to make some arrangements for her marriage with Burns. But this meeting was destined to be their last on earth. The impression—lasting as it was—which her death made on the poet, is yet more lastingly recorded in the lyrics in which he refers to the occasion.

It seems probable that the wanderings of these lovers were not confined to the immediate banks of the Ayr; but they extended to the picturesque park of Coilsfield, (Cut, No. 5,) as we find in the poetical description of the famous day in question that the poet opens with the following apostrophe:





4.—AULD BRIG O' DOON.

“Ye banks, and braes, and streams around  
 The castle o' Montgomerie;  
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
 Your waters never drumlie!  
 There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
 And there the longest tarry;  
 For there I took my last fareweel  
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.”

At their parting, the lovers stood on the separate sides of a little streamlet, and holding a Bible between them, while they laved their hands in the purling brook, fondly vowed to be faithful to each other:

“Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
 Our parting was fu' tender;  
 And, pledging aft to meet again,  
 We tore oursel's asunder;  
 But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,  
 That nipt my flower sae early!  
 Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,  
 That wraps my Highland Mary.  
 Oh pale, pale now, those rosy lips,  
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!  
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance  
 That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
 And mouldering now in silent dust  
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly  
 But still within my bosom's core  
 Shall live my Highland Mary.”

Her mission to Argyleshire had been satisfactorily

fulfilled, and she had reached Greenock on her way back to Ayrshire, where her betrothed awaited her; when poor Mary was attacked by a disease, to which she speedily fell a victim. Over her remains, in the churchyard of Greenock, a handsome monument has been erected.

The depth of Burns's sorrow is nowhere better shown than in his noble poem, 'To Mary in Heaven,'—written at Ellisland, in 1789, on the anniversary of the September day on which he had heard of her death. With this ballad we may appropriately conclude this brief sketch of these melancholy and romantic loves:

“Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,  
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
 Again thou usher'st in the day  
 My Mary from my soul was torn.  
 Oh Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?  
 That sacred hour can I forget,  
 Can I forget the hallowed grove,  
 When by the winding Ayr we met,  
 To live one day of parting love?  
 Eternity will not efface  
 Those records dear of transports past;  
 Thy image at our last embrace;  
 Ah! little thought we 't was our last!





5.—THE AYR AT COILSFIELD.

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;  
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
 Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene;  
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray—  
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
 And fondly broods with miser care!  
 Time but th' impression deeper makes,  
 As streams their channels deeper wear.  
 My Mary! dear departed shade!  
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?  
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

#### KYLE, AND ITS NOTABILITIES.

The name of *Kyle* is supposed to have been derived from Coyle, King of the Britons, who is said to have been killed in a battle with the Piets and Scots, about three hundred years before Christ. The name of the district of Ayrshire in which the battle took place has evidently been altered to suit the vulgar pronounciation of the word 'Coil.' The truth of the tradition seems to be attested by several facts: that a small brook

which empties itself into the Faile, is known as 'The Bloody Burn'—that a flat alluvial space of ground on the opposite side of the same stream receives the appellation of the 'Dead Men's Holm'—that the locality is called Coilsfield, *i.e.*, the field of Coil—and that the dust of King Coyll, or Coilus, was supposed to have been deposited beneath two large masses of basalt, situated on a circular mound enclosed by a tall hedge, in the immediate vicinity of the farm-offices of Coilsfield.

This tomb was opened on the 29th of May, 1837, in the presence of several gentlemen; when an urn was discovered, covered over at the mouth with a horizontal flag stone. This urn was filled with white coloured burnt bones. On further search two or three other urns were brought to light, some of which crumbled to dust immediately on the air being admitted. They all contained bones.

These facts combine to attach a very high degree of probability to the traditions regarding King Coil.

After visiting the grave of Coil, we now proceed along the road leading to Mauchline. A gentleman's seat of great beauty attracts our attention: it is Barskimming, in Burns's time the residence of Lord Justice Clerk Miller, who is thus alluded to by the poet in his 'Vision:'



“Through many a wild romantic grove,  
Near many a hermit-fancied cove,  
(Fit haunts for friendship or for love)  
In musing mood,  
An *aged Judge*, I saw him rove,  
Dispensing good.”

In passing through the romantic park of Barskimming, the appearance of the Ayr is strikingly beautiful. Pursuing its devious course at the foot of large chasms formed in the solid rock, the name of the ‘Auld Hermit Ayr’ is here especially deserved.

#### MAUCHLINE AND ITS CASTLE.

Leaving the river, to pursue ourselves a more northerly course, we soon arrive at Mauchline; a neat and cleanly little town, situated on a level plain. The capital, so to speak, of a considerable agricultural section of the county, it is the seat of considerable business. It is a station on the Glasgow, Ayr, Kilmarnock, and Muirkirk railway. The church was opened for public worship in 1829,—the old church, which was proved to be inconvenient, and suspected of being unsafe, having been taken down two years before. It is built of the red freestone which abounds in the neighbourhood, chiefly in the Gothic style. It stands in the centre of the town, surrounded by a churchyard. It has a tower on its east end, ninety feet in height, and crowned with small turrets. The interior is plain enough. It is fitted up in the usual manner, with enclosed pews. The pulpit is effectively ornamented. This church has a considerable reputation for elegance, to which it is not without some claim. The name of the town was formerly spelt Macklin—*Magh* signifying a field, or meadow, and *Lin*, or Linne, a pool or lake. The local character of the place corresponds with this description. The fields around the town abound in springs, and must have been anciently a marsh or meadow. The principal object of antiquity in the place is an ancient tower, of no very large dimensions, formerly known as Mauchline Castle. It is said to have been in the possession of the Loudoun family, to whom it gave a second title. In 1789, when Grose, who noticed the tower in his ‘Antiquities,’ made his drawing of it, it was possessed by Gavin Hamilton, whose name is so widely known in connection with Burns; and it continued for a time to be the residence of one of Mr. Hamilton’s sons.

Not far from the Castle stands the new Educational Institute,—a neat new building, where fifty poor children are educated free of charge. The school is conducted on the normal system; and the course of instruction includes many advanced branches of knowledge.

In a little narrow street at the back of the burial-place adjoining the Church, stands a two-storied house, bearing date 1744, formerly possessed by the alewife, Nanse Tiinock. The dame in question—long since passed away—has found no successor in that calling of which she was such an ornament. An old industrious spoon-maker now shows the scene of his labours

to visitors as the veritable alehouse, the witness of so many bacchanalian festivals in the days when those absurd attributes of the Scottish Church—the ‘Holy Fairs’—had not passed away. The merit belongs to Burns of having made one of the first attempts (and it was a successful one) to found a Book Society in this town. At the latter end of 1780, while residing in the neighbourhood of Tarbolton, Burns, in conjunction with his two brothers, and five peasants of about the same age, founded a Mutual Instruction Society, called the ‘Bachelors’ Club.’ This association, the members of which met monthly in one of the village alehouses for the purpose of conversation and debate, existed for several years, having materially increased in numbers. By one of its regulations, all fines were expended in liquor. When Burns removed to Mossgiel, a club of a similar nature was established in Mauchline, but with one material difference—the fines, instead of being dispensed in the shape of scanty potations of small beer, were appropriated to the purchase of books; so that many valuable and important works were placed within the reach of the humble members of the society, works which were to them otherwise unattainable. The name of the society will be found in the list of subscribers to the Kilmarnock edition of his poems. Burns, it will be remembered, afterwards established a club of the same kind at Monkland.

#### BURNS’S FARM AT MOSSGIEL.

Proceeding a mile on the Kilmarnock road, and turning up a by-lane to the right, we reach the farmstead of Mossgiel, where Burns dwelt from the twenty-fourth to the twenty-eighth year of his age. The steading in appearance is not distinguished from any other farm-house in the county; consisting of three detached one-storied buildings, roofed with straw, and surrounded with trees. But how interesting does the spot become when the traveller remembers that it was in one of the adjacent fields that the poet turned up the mountain daisy, which, embalmed in the poet’s verse, bids fair to bloom for ever; and that in one of those humble attics, at an hour when churchyards are said to yawn, and all respectable persons are in bed, sitting by a small deal table, would he commit to paper those lyrics which he had composed during the manual labours of the day!

It was at Mossgiel, during a Sabbath evening’s walk, that Burns first read the ‘Cotter’s Saturday Night’ to his brother,—the good gentle-hearted Gilbert, whom mingled surprise and admiration caused to weep. And it was to Mossgiel that he returned after his triumphant reception in Edinburgh, when his mother, overpowered by her feelings, could only welcome him by exclaiming “O Robert, Robert!”

The farm was far from prosperous; the end of the fourth year found the Burns’ family poorer than when they first entered upon it; and to crown the misfortunes of our poet he had then formed his luckless *liaison* with Jean Armour; and denied by a harsh father the

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6.—BRAES OF BALLOCHMYLE.





7.—VIADUCT AT BALLOCHMYLE.

privilege of doing justice to her whom he loved as deeply as he had wronged, with nothing but ruin before him, he resolved to quit the country. To obtain the means he endeavoured to find a publisher for his poems, but for some time without success. He eventually accomplished this object with the aid of an acquaintance—John Goudie, a worthy citizen of Kilmarnock—who introduced him to some valuable connections. By the sale of his book he realized sufficient for his purpose—a passage to Jamaica; and his chest was on the road to Greenock, when he went to take a last farewell of some of the scenes which had so frequently inspired him. The result was the following beautiful lines, the last he said that he should ever measure in Caledonia:

“The gloomy night is gath’ring fast,  
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;  
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,  
I see it driving o’er the plain;  
The hunter now has left the moor,  
And scatter’d coveys meet secure;  
While here I wander, prest with care,  
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip’ning corn,  
By early Winter’s ravage torn;  
Across her placid, azure sky,  
She sees the scowling tempest fly

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave—  
I think upon the stormy wave,  
Where many a danger I must dare,  
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

’Tis not the surging billow’s roar,  
’Tis not that fatal deadly shore;  
Tho’ death in ev’ry shape appear,  
The wretched have no more to fear!  
But round my heart the ties are bound,  
That heart transpierc’d with many a wound;  
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,  
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila’s hills and dales,  
Her heathy moors and winding vales;  
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,  
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!  
Farewell my friends! Farewell my foes!  
My peace with these, my love with those—  
The bursting tears my heart declare;  
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr!

Fortunately for himself—for his friends—for his country—the poet was spared the pain of his self-imposed exile. The well-known letter from the amiable Dr. Blacklock infused a new spirit into his mind, and without introduction of any sort he at once departed for Edinburgh.

#### BALLOCHMYLE AND BURNS.

Further up the river we arrive at the railway-bridge



of Ballochmyle,—a very beautiful structure, nearly 700 feet in length, with embankments at each end a mile in length, and ninety feet high at their junction with the viaduct. There are three arches of fifty feet span on each side of the great central one, which has a span of one hundred and eighty-four feet, and is also one hundred and eighty-four feet above the ordinary level of the river. This spot is peculiar for the curious junction which it presents of Nature and Art: indeed, it is seldom that so great a triumph of engineering is to be found in the midst of so much natural beauty; such rude picturesque rocks, and such sylvan and romantic scenery. (Cut, No. 7.)

Passing over to the Cumnock turnpike, to the left of the viaduct, another bridge, spanning the Ayr at one of her most romantic windings, meets the view. This is Howford Bridge. To its left a huge rock leans forward over a dark deep pool of water, in whose bosom is dimly reflected those noble trees overhanging the precipice which fringes the classic woods environing the mansion-house of Ballochmyle,—the seat of Mr. W. M. Alexander. (Cut, No. 6.)

The identical crag is here pointed out, on which Burns is said to have stood while he composed that sublime dirge, 'Man was made to Mourn;' and the spot where he beheld the 'Lass o' Ballochmyle' is well known. The lady in question was Miss Wilhelmina Alexander, sister of the present proprietor of Ballochmyle; of whom it has been said, with more truth than originality, that "the charms of her person corresponded with the character of her mind." Burns enclosed the poem with an appropriate letter to this lady; but the customs of society did not permit her to take any notice of the communication. The occasion which gave rise to the poem is commemorated by an ornamental moss-house, the ingenious twig-work of which is adorned by suitable devices; and on a tablet on the back is inscribed a facsimile of two of the verses of the poem, as they appear in the holograph of the author.

#### CATRINE—ITS VALLEY AND VILLAGE.

Southward of Howford Bridge, a road skirting the woodlands of Ballochmyle diverges to the left. Pursuing the course of this road we arrive in Catrine Valley, through which the Ayr meanders pleasantly. The village of Catrine is one of the most flourishing villages in the county; its population is supported almost entirely by the large cotton-manufactory established in 1787. Catrine House, within a short distance of the village, was once the residence of Dugald Stuart; and it was here that Burns, as he tells us, first "dinner'd wi' a lord"—on an occasion when the youthful Lord Daer was the philosopher's guest. The bard has recorded this important event in some characteristic verses.

Leaving that interesting portion of Ayrshire, known as 'the Land of Burns,' we will pursue a new west-

ward course through an entirely different character of country.

#### LOCH DOON AND DALMELLINGTON.

Situated on the confines of the shire, the large sheet of water known as Loch Doon is the first object to arrest the attention. It derives its waters from the neighbouring hills in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright; subsequently transmitting them to form that classic stream on whose "banks and braes" we have so lately rambled. Upwards of six miles in length, and little more than half a mile broad, the loch is enclosed by considerable and even lofty hills; totally destitute of trees, and affording pasturage only to sheep. On a small island near its head stands an old time-worn castle, regarding which little is known for certain; but it is said to have been a residence of Edward, brother of Robert Bruce. The loch is popular with anglers, on account of its abundant supply of trout. The discharge of the water from the loch is regulated by sluices. For upwards of a mile, after leaving the loch, the river Doon pursues its way through a huge gully or ravine in the rocks, which have, it would almost appear, split asunder in order to make way for it. The sides of the steep and rugged precipices are clothed with trees; and by a narrow footpath along its course the visitor may witness the many fantastic windings of the river.

In a snug corner, on the highway leading to Dumfries, and at but a short distance north of Loch Doon, is situated the thriving village of Dalmellington, near which the river Doon changes its aspect, presenting along its banks for many miles a fine succession of verdant meadow lands. In the neighbouring hills, minerals—principally coal—abound to a great extent; and through the activity of some English Companies they are becoming more extensively worked than formerly.

#### CUMNOCK AND THE COVENANTERS.

Pursuing our route, inclining rather to the eastward, we shortly arrive at the village of New Cumnock. Situated in the midst of a rich mineral district, it contains nothing in itself to attract the attention of the visitor. Among the hills—for which the neighbourhood is remarkable—the Nith takes its rise; and, shallow and sluggish, winds its melancholy course through bleak moorlands for many miles; when, entering the county of Dumfries, it there forms the delightful Nith, on whose winding banks, during a few of the later years of his life, dwelt the bard of Coila, who, in some of his most fanciful compositions, has immortalized the scenes. The Afton,—which has its origin also at New Cumnock, and joins the Nith a little more northward—has also formed a subject for Burns, in the song commencing

"Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green bras."

The little town of Cumnock is situated at the bottom

of a small and fertile valley, at the confluence of the Lugar and the Glasnock streams. Its appearance is picturesque. It formerly enjoyed great celebrity for the manufacture of snuff-boxes; its staple manufacture at present, consists of light weaving. The burial-place, on the summit of a precipitous eminence to the north of the town, contains some objects worthy of note. At its southern angle lie, side by side, the bodies of Thomas Richard and Alexander Peden—the one a martyr and the other a sufferer in the cause of the covenant. Over their remains two plain stones are erected, shaded by two large thorns. The epitaph over Richard, is worthy of the poet of Moses—we mean of course the modern Moses, of Sartorial celebrity:

“Here lies the corpse of THOMAS RICHARD, who was shot by Colonel James Douglas, for his adherence to the covenanted work of Reformation, on the 5th day of April, anno 1685.

“Halt passenger! this stone doth show to thee  
For what, by whom, and how, I here did die,  
Because I always, in my station,  
Adhered to Scotland's Reformation,  
And to one sacred covenant and laws;  
Establishing the same, which was the cause  
In time of prayer, I was by Douglas shot,—  
Ah! cruelty never to be forgot!”

Alexander Peden is supposed to have been born at the farm of Auchencloigh, or else in a small cottage not far from Sorn Castle. Having received a suitable education at the university, he was for some time parish-schoolmaster, precentor, and session-clerk at Tarbolton, and, according to Wodrow, precentor also at Fenwick. In 1663 he was settled minister of New Luce, in Galloway; but three years afterwards was forced to abandon a flock most ardently and devotedly attached to him. From that time he wandered from place to place, sometimes in Scotland, and sometimes in Ireland, till June, 1673, when he was seized in Carrick and conveyed to Edinburgh. After enduring hardships and cruelty of various kinds, he returned to Scotland in 1685, the year when the persecution raged the hottest in this and other districts of the country. At the imminent risk of his life he visited various districts in Ayrshire and Galloway, preaching and warning the inhabitants of the judgment which awaited upon their impenitence and apostasy. At length, worn out and exhausted, and apprehensive that his end was drawing near, he returned to his brother's house, in the immediate neighbourhood of Sorn Castle, where a garrison of soldiers was quartered, for the purpose of overawing the people. This rendered it necessary that he should conceal himself, which he did by means of a cave which he caused to be dug. After having very narrowly escaped detection from his persecutors, who had searched every part of the premises for him, he died there in 1686, in the sixtieth year of his age.\*

Among the mansions in the neighbourhood we may mention Dumfries House, the seat of the late Marquis of Bute, as a rich specimen of modern magnificence;

\* ‘Statistical Account of Scotland.’

and Logan House, the residence of the Logan family,—one of whom, the redoubtable humorist Hugh Logan, has the honour of supplying Scotland with her ‘Joe Miller,’ under the title of ‘The Laird of Logan, or the Wit of the West.’

#### AUCHINLECK—JOHNSON AND BOSWELL.

A little more than a mile to the north of Cumnock we come upon a dreary street by the road side, composing the village of Auchinleck. It is a weaving village, containing no object of interest or ornament except a church of considerable elegance. The principal proprietor in this district is Sir James Boswell, Bart., to whose family the biographer of Johnson belonged. While in Scotland “rough old Samuel—the last of all the Romans”—(as Carlyle calls him) was introduced by Boswell to his father, Lord Auchinleck, at the family mansion. But although gratified with his reception, and with his lordship, we do not find that Johnson was induced to compromise to any extent his sturdy dislike of the nation.

#### AIRD'S MOSS—THE CAMERONS.

Extending for several miles between Cumnock, Catrine, and Muirkirk, is a large tract of barren land, known as Aird's Moss, and celebrated as having been the scene of a sanguinary skirmish between a small party of Covenanters and a vastly superior force of the king's troops. No miracle having been brought into the field, the Covenanters, as may be supposed, were driven out of it—except, of course, the killed. Among this number was Richard Cameron, whose head and hands were severed from his body and attached to long poles. In this manner they were taken to Edinburgh, and paraded through the streets of the town—the soldier who bore the hands diverting himself by making them clap together as if in the attitude of prayer.

The large flat monument, erected fifty years afterwards to the memory of Cameron and his companions who perished with him, has been superseded by a more tasteful erection, situated near the western extremity of the morass.

#### MUIRKIRK AND LOUDOUN HILL.

Interesting from its very bleakness and barrenness, the country round the village of Muirkirk has its utilities. The neighbourhood is rich in mines and iron-works, in which the bulk of the population are employed. The farmhouse of Priesthill, once the residence of John Brown, the ‘Christian Courier,’ is in the village. An inscription on his grave-stone, which is erected on the spot, states that he was shot by a party commanded by Grahame of Claverhouse, while on his knees in the act of prayer. It is said that Claverhouse, or one of his party, lifted up his dead body, and carried it to his wife, asking her “What she





8.—LOUDOUN HILL.

thought of her husband?"—"Mair," said she, "than ever I did; but the Lord will avenge this another day." A new monument has been erected in place of the old one. A visit to it, we are told, is considered a sort of pilgrimage by the pious of all persuasions.

This district, formerly almost impenetrable by the tourist, has been opened by the establishment of a branch line of the Ayrshire Railway Company's Cumnock Extension. The ready communication now existing with the town of Kilmarnock, has also advanced the interests of the place—which is continually increasing in population and importance. The river Ayr here takes its rise at Glenbuck, the site of extensive iron-works.

At the easternmost nook of the district of Cunningham we arrive at the spot

"Where Loudoun Hill rears high its conic form,  
And bares its rocky bosom to the storm;"

—a spot interesting historically as well as in itself. Here the Romans had an encampment; here Wallace defeated the English; here Robert Bruce also defeated a force vastly superior to his own; here in later times the supporters of the Covenanters defeated Claverhouse on the field of Drumclog. (Cut, No. 8.)

The road leading from Kilmarnock to Edinburgh pursues its course at the base of Loudoun Hill. By

taking to a by-road, nearly opposite the homely hostelry which forms the only accommodation for the stranger, we speedily arrive at the foot of the hill; thence by a pathway, among a thick forest of trees, we attain its summit, and the view of a magnificent prospect. The day is clear and brilliant—one of the fairest in May, the fairest month. To the westward, the eye traverses the fertile valley of the Irvine—a vista little short of twenty miles in length—with its numerous towns and villages; its dense woodlands, towering above which may be perceived the stern battlements of some baronial tower; its fertile fields, and luxuriant holms; and the happy-looking domiciles of a contented peasantry: the view is continued by the noble Frith of Clyde, and finally terminates in the distant yet distinct peak of that gem set in the Clyde waters—the Isle of Arran. In all other directions the eye rests on a widely different country,—on one vast expanse of "dreary, dreary moorland," presenting to the southward several high hills, behind which are the murky atmosphere and murkier eminences of Muirkirk. To the eastward, we survey an extensive level plain; on which, at the distance of about two miles, stands a monument, commemorative of the battle of Drumclog. But a stone on the turnpike, which intervenes, and which has engraved (though from this distance we cannot see the inscription) on the eastern side, the

word 'Lanarkshire,' and on the other, 'Ayrshire,' warns us not to go beyond the legitimate bounds of our subject.

#### THE VALE OF THE IRVINE—DARVEL.

In the vale of the Irvine the ground on both sides rises in a graceful manner; to the southward it attains a considerable height, extending for several miles in this direction over Galston moors, which now present a very different aspect to that of forty years ago. Indeed the whole county has, since the Union, made a very rapid advance in agriculture; and, from being in the lowest depths of ignorance and misery, the inhabitants have become prosperous and contented.

Walking westward, on the road to Kilmarnock, we shortly enter the village of Darvel, consisting of one street, about a mile long; and about two miles onward, we gain the little town of Newmilns. Westward of this town or village stands 'Patie's Mill,' the scene of one of Allan Ramsay's songs.

#### LOUDOUN CASTLE—GALSTON.

Descending the valley of the Irvine, from the source of that river near Loudoun Hill, we perceive a gradual change taking place in the face of the country: at first, displaying all the bleakness of a morass, it passes into the newly-enclosed, and as yet not over-productive moorland; finally changing into a highly-cultivated, rich, and pre-eminently beautiful district. The last change takes place as we approach Newmilns,—the road between which and Galston, distant about two miles, affords a most pleasant walk. From this road we obtain a fine view of the princely mansion of the Hastings' family, Loudoun Castle. Standing prominently forward on the summit of a slight rising ground the beautiful proportions of its massive castellated towers surrounded by noble trees, have a most impressive effect. There is a tradition, that under the shading boughs of a tree in the vicinity of this castle, the articles of the Union between England and Scotland were signed.

Situated on the south bank of the Irvine, in a hollow finely sheltered by woodlands, the little town of Galston has a pleasant appearance. At an adjacent spot, called Beg, a sanguinary conflict took place between Sir William Wallace and a vastly superior force of English, under Fenwick; which proved favourable to the former. In the town itself is the ancient Castle of Bar, from which John Knox on one occasion preached to the people of Kyle; and near to this castle, on the banks of a little stream called the Burnawn, is a large and ancient elm-tree—the largest, it is said, in the county—among whose branches Wallace occasionally found "how hard it was to climb," when his enemies were at hand.

A branch of the Cumnock Extension of the Ayrshire Railway has recently been established to Galston; and it is to be further extended to Newmilns. This cannot

fail to effect a considerable amount of good both to the agriculture and the manufactures of the district.

The houses constituting the 'Colliers' Raws,' as the little communities of miners are technically rather than elegantly termed, were, up to a very recent period, of a very unfavourable character; but desire, happily increasing among masters, for the comfort and welfare of the employed, has been productive of considerable change in this respect; and both in the mental, as well as the physical condition of the miners, a rapid reformation is being effected.

#### KILMARNOCK.

Unequalled in beauty and importance by any town in Ayrshire,—finely situated at the bottom of a fertile basin, and sheltered by gentle and picturesque uplands,—Kilmarnock enjoys advantages which are sufficiently manifested in the magnitude of her manufactures, and the industry of her inhabitants. (Cut, No. 9.)

First, with regard to its name: it is supposed, on veritable authority, to signify the *Kil*, or *Cell*, of Marnock—the name of a saint who lived at the beginning of the fourth century, and who founded a church at this place. At the beginning of the sixteenth century Kilmarnock was a mere hamlet; but, mainly from its agricultural and mineral wealth, it grew in prosperity and importance; and in 1591, was constituted a burgh of barony by James VI. From time immemorial the inhabitants were engaged in the manufacture of the peculiar 'braid-bonnets,' generally worn by the Lowlanders, until the introduction of the present hat.

Formerly the most irregularly-constructed town in the west of Scotland, Kilmarnock, towards the commencement of the present century, underwent a considerable change. Its streets were lengthened, and improved in various respects; and in the present day the majority of them are wide, airy, and creditable in appearance; although Kilmarnock, like most large towns, has its neighbourhoods of misery and destitution.

The stranger who wishes to see everything worth seeing in the shortest space of time, would do well to commence his ramble at the Cross,—situated in the centre of the town, and forming a point into which the chief thoroughfares converge. This Cross—a very beautiful erection—is adorned by a marble statue of Sir James Shaw, Bart., alderman and member of Parliament for London, who was born in this neighbourhood, executed by Mr. James Fillans.

Near the Cross is the Laigh Parish Kirk, a modern building without any attempt at architectural adornment. In the place of burial adjoining the church are deposited the remains of 'Tam Samson,' the hero of one of Burns's principal poems. On the stone over the grave the poet has inscribed the following tribute to his friend and benefactor:

"Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,—  
Ye canting zealots, spare him!  
If honest worth in heaven rise,  
Ye'll mend, or ye win near him."



Giving a glance at the Towns' House,—which will scarcely repay greater attention—we proceed down King Street, at the lower extremity of which stands one of the United Presbyterian churches; a building in which the Corinthian, Tuscan, and Ionic styles of architecture are finely blended. This was the first Dissenting place of worship in Scotland which was allowed to be decorated with such an enormity as a spire; and here did Puritan prejudice for the first time tolerate Sabbath bells! A finely-ornamented structure of recent erection is St. Margaret's Church, to the left of the above: it is surmounted by a splendid tower. Nearly opposite is Kilmarnock House, formerly the town residence of the proud and powerful Boyds, of Kilmarnock. Twenty years ago, according to Chambers, this mansion was "a boarding-school for the young cotton-lords of the west." At the present time it is occupied partly as a dwelling-house, and partly as a seed-store, by a merchant of the town.

The only object in the town which is not offensively modern to an antiquarian, is a small monument at the eastern entrance to the High Parish Church, marking the spot where a Lord Soulis was killed by one of the Boyds, in 1444.

There are various other buildings in the town, of more or less interest. Besides a number of other schools, Kilmarnock has a very flourishing Academy, conducted upon a very good system. It was built in 1807. The town library is very valuable, and is particularly rich in the various branches of history. There are two newspapers published in the town. In addition to what are here enumerated, a Mechanics' Institute, Philosophical Institution, Reading-room, and Libraries, supply the inhabitants with a fair opportunity for mental cultivation. The public, too, have access to the observatory of Mr. T. Morton, and the private gallery of paintings of the celebrated native artists, John and William Tannock, which contains many fine works of the old and modern masters.

Kilmarnock will ever enjoy inseparable association with the name of Burns. From the press of that town his immortal poems were first issued; and among its inhabitants were included many of his most generous friends. It is generally supposed that the printing-office (Wilson's) was situated in a tenement at the eastern angle of the Cross, now an ironmongery warehouse.

The prosperity of Kilmarnock is steadily increasing, and will doubtless be materially assisted by the proposed Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and Ardrossan Direct Railway, and the connections of the Ayrshire line with the Glasgow, Dumfries, and Carlisle, by which Kilmarnock will be placed within a few hours' journey of England. The railway accommodation already afforded to the town has had a marked and material effect upon its progress.

#### THE CASTLES OF DEAN AND CRAUFURDLAND— FENWICK.

Leaving Kilmarnock, we proceed for about half a

mile towards the north-east, when we arrive at the ruins of the ancient Dean Castle, standing on the western bank of the Kilmarnock water, which is here formed by the junction of two little mossy streams. This building, formerly the residence of the Boyds, is evidently of great antiquity; and notwithstanding its dilapidated condition—it having been accidentally burnt to the ground in the year 1735—gives ample evidence of former greatness.

With a sigh of sympathy for this distinguished and fallen family, we pass on; and after a walk of a mile arrive at the Castle of Craufurdland,—a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, situated on a wooded knoll on the banks of the Kilmarnock, or rather Fenwick, Water. Another mile brings us to the village of Fenwick, which, in appearance, is but little inviting. But the religious zeal for which the inhabitants were, and are, famous, invests the place with some interest. The celebrated and eccentric preacher, Guthrie, generally known as the 'Fool of Fenwick,' was minister of the parish. The tombs of a large number of Covenanters may be seen in the churchyard.

#### KILMAURS—ROWALLAN CASTLE.

A short stroll up the moors of Fenwick brings us to the boundary of the county of Renfrew. Retracing our steps, and inclining to the northward, we enter the ancient burgh of Kilmaurs, situated on the right bank of the Carmel water. The village consists only of one long street of thatched houses; and a small courthouse, surmounted by a spire, adds not a little to the melancholy and miserable aspect of the place. The only reputation enjoyed by the place was on account of its cutlery; but even that small celebrity has long since vanished. A ruined castle stands on the left bank of the Carmel. Originally it was the seat of the Lords Kilmaurs, and subsequently of the Earls of Glencairn.

Three-quarters of a mile northward of Kilmaurs stands Rowallan Castle, situated upon a little insulated crag, the appearance of this mouldering and decaying monument of past times is picturesque and imposing. Standing in the midst of old trees, it is no less surrounded by old associations. Some portion of the pile, however, is of comparatively modern origin.

Proudly prominent among the old families of Scotland were the Mures of Rowallan, the possessors of this old castle. The beautiful and accomplished Elizabeth Mure was the first wife of Robert, High Steward, and afterwards King Robert II. of Scotland; and the descendants of this marriage filled the Scottish throne, and eventually that of Great Britain. 'The Historie and Descent of the House of Rowallene,' was written by Sir William Mure, who lived in the seventeenth century. The MS. from which it was published was found in the castle in the course of the present century. The volume is curious and valuable,—as illustrative of the ancient manners, history, and literature of the county. Sir William had received a superior education, and was the author of many poems, in Latin and







9.—KILMARNOCK.



English. He is known as the translator of several books of Virgil, and of a poetical translation of 'Hecatombe Christiana,' by Boyd of Trochrig. He was the author of a work, entitled 'The True Crucifixe for True Catholics;' and he also executed a version of the Psalms. Any reflective person—be he painter, or poet, or antiquarian—may pass an hour or two of very pleasant indolence in this neighbourhood.

#### STEWARTON—DUNLOP—DALRY.

A walk northward, through a rather uninteresting country, brings us to Stewarton, on the banks of the Annack water. The manufacture of Kilmarnock bonnets and cowlis is here carried on to a considerable extent. But beyond its mere usefulness the town has little enough to recommend it: so sparing our eyesight any further infliction of its miserable streets and unsightly tenements, we beat a precipitate retreat, and ourselves and the town become 'better strangers,' without perhaps a regret on either side.

We next pause at Dunlop—so celebrated for its dairy produce. In the parish churchyard may be seen the tomb of Barbara Gilmour, who lived during the religious troubles of the reign of Charles II., and to whom fame attributes the honour of having discovered the mode of manufacturing the peculiar cheese for which the locality is still duly honoured.

Dalry, to the north-west of Dunlop, may be said to have arisen out of a mine—since it is to the mineral resources of the locality that it owes its importance.

The majority of its population find employment at the Ayrshire Iron-works, adjacent.

But, in pursuance of our design, it is here necessary that we should retrace our steps back to Kilmarnock: the reader will therefore be good enough to imagine us back again, sallying forth from that ancient town

#### RICCARTON—YARDSIDE.

On the south bank of the Irvine, and connected with Kilmarnock by two bridges, stands—and it stood there ages ago—the village of Riccarton, famed for its connection with Sir William Wallace. The parish church has some points of attraction, and occupies a conspicuous position in the landscape.

A few hundred yards to the west of the village is the farm-steading of Yardside—a one-story thatched cottage, occupying the site of the residence of Wallace's maternal uncle, with whom the hero seems to have spent his youthful days. It was here that he performed the feat which first marked him out for distinction—the discomfiture of the English soldiers, who demanded of him his fish, the fruit of his day's sport. The anecdote is preserved by tradition and Blind Harry. The metrical version of the Minstrel is very graphically given. The 'Bickering Bush,' so long sacred in the eyes of patriotic Scotland, as marking the place of battle, existed until the year 1825, when some ruthless woodman did not "spare that tree"—which, either through ignorance or irreverence, was



10.—SEA-COAST NEAR TROON.



ruthlessly destroyed. The place which was the scene of one brilliant exploit not unfrequently protected the hero from the consequences of others. It was to Yardside that Wallace was wont to fly whenever his prowess made the surrounding country too hot to hold him. In a neighbouring garden is a venerable pear-tree, said to be planted by his hand—but Scotland has been a free country ever since Wallace made it so, and the pilgrim is not obliged to believe all he hears.

#### DUNDONALD AND ITS CASTLE—THE WONDROUS VASE.

Pursuing for a few miles a westward course we arrive at the village of Dundonald, situated at the foot of the range of high hills which intervene between it and the Clyde. The most interesting object in the neighbourhood is Dundonald Castle—a ruin dilapidated enough to enrapture an antiquary or drive an utilitarian into a lunatic asylum. It is celebrated for the long residence of King Robert II., and the short visit of Dr. Johnson. The latter, we are told, was both amazed and amused at the fact of a King having inhabited so dismal a place.

We are inclined to believe that tradition, generally speaking, is only entitled to that species of credence which would be accorded to Sheridan's friend who was said to draw upon his imagination for his facts, and upon his memory for his wit—but, nevertheless, let it speak for itself, and take its chance. A story connected with this place is derived from the source in question. We are told that Dundonald Castle owes its existence to an humble individual named Donald Din; that this individual, obeying the mandates of a dream, made a journey to London Bridge, where he was assured he would by some means come across a large fortune; that on arriving at the bridge he met a stranger, to whom he communicated his mission; that the stranger threw doubts on his chances of success, observing that he, the stranger, had been assured in a dream that he would find a treasure somewhere in the county of Ayr, but that he treated the vision with contempt. The Scot, however, equally *cannie* and credulous, presently perceived, from his description of the place, that the treasure, if it existed, was deposited in his own garden. He accordingly retraced his steps: and after incurring much labour, and more ridicule, he had the pleasure of disinterring a vast vase, full of gold. With the proceeds of this treasure he built a castle and founded a family. Hogg, in his 'Winter Evening Tales,' gives a similar story to this of the wondrous vase.

In the immediate vicinity of Dundonald Castle there may be traced the foundations of an ancient church, which was designated, 'Our Lady's Kirk of Kyle.' The Stuarts—the hereditary lords of the bailliewick—particularly favoured this church. James IV., we are told, never passed through that part of the country without making an offering.

#### TROON—IRVINE.

Traversing the rugged and bramble-clothed hills of Dundonald, we descend to the little seaport town of Troon. Formerly of little importance, it has now become the first port in Ayrshire. Spacious basins, dry and wet docks, and extensive storehouses, comprise the principal utilities, if not elegances, of the place. The railway between Kilmarnock and Troon was the first established in Scotland. This communication, and the facilities of steam transit between Troon and Fleetwood, have materially benefited the trade of the town, which is still rapidly increasing. The place is also popular as a holiday resort for the Kilmarnock people. (Cut, No. 10.)

Two miles north of Troon, at the distance of about a mile from the Frith of Clyde, stands the ancient royal burgh of Irvine. This place has been considered—almost from that uncertain period known as 'time immemorial'—as the capital of Cunninghame, over which, by a charter granted by Robert II., it exercised complete jurisdiction. In common, however, with Rome and Athens, Irvine has fallen from its former greatness; and has found even worse enemies than Goths and Vandals in the rising importance of adjacent towns. Its present trade consists, principally, of coal; an omen, let us hope, that the former fire of its prosperity may yet be kindled; and in the event of its expiring, that some phoenix of industry and enterprise may be found to rise out of the ashes. In appearance the town seems flourishing enough. The main street is wide and handsome, the shops plentiful, and the public buildings—of which the principal are a parish church and a town-house—sufficiently handsome.

In a neat two-story house in the main street, Galt, the celebrated novelist, was first introduced to the world. His 'Annals of the Parish' refer, we believe, to his native town. In a more humble and obscure tenement, now occupied as a weaver's shop, situated at the entrance of an alley called 'Braid's Close,' James Montgomery was born. His father officiated as preacher in the 'Moravian Kirk' close by. It was in this town that Robert Burns began to learn the business of a flax-dresser; when the shop in which he was engaged was burnt down, and he was left, as he says, "like a true poet, without a sixpence." The site of the shop is supposed—by Robert Chambers—to be now occupied by a new house, marked '4,' in a narrow street, called the Glasgow Vennel.

#### KILWINNING—ITS ABBEY, AND ITS SAINT.

The wanderer in Ayrshire would do well to walk from Irvine to the next town, Kilwinning, which is situated about three miles to the northward. Eglington Castle, the sumptuous seat of the representative of the Montgomery family, intervenes. It is surrounded to the extent of several miles, by plantations, which, extending to the high road, communicate to it an agreeable and retired aspect. The neatly-trimmed hedges, and fine trees overhanging them; the pretty

lodges in the midst of shrubs and flowers; the frequent glimpses to the left of the Clyde, and to the right of the splendid palace of Eglintoun—all contribute to the beauty and interest of the walk. It was there that, in 1838, the celebrated Tournament attracted all the chivalry of the nineteenth century, and imparted to the languid dandyism of Young England something very much akin to a 'sensation.'

The village of Kilwinning stands on the right bank of the river Garnock, which joins the Irvine and empties itself into the Clyde. In associations the place is rich; in every other respect it is poor and comfortless enough. Now, notwithstanding that we have sufficient reverence for the past and anticipations of the future, we confess to a certain prejudice in favour of the present, when our personal comforts and tastes are concerned; and unless we adopt that profitless, and perhaps scarcely respectable, style of existence, known among poets as living "in the Ideal"—but classed by mediocrity and mere honesty as something worse than an actual garret—it is difficult, with any satisfaction, to exchange the one for the other. We cannot, therefore, recommend Kilwinning as an eligible residence.

The locality derives its name from St. Winning, a Scottish saint of the eighth century. The abbey was founded in the twelfth century, by Hugh de Morville, for a colony of Tyronensian monks, from Kelso; and was dedicated, like the church which preceded it, to St. Winning. The monks of Kilwinning were celebrated even above all their contemporaries for their craftiness and chicanery, and for the power which they exercised over the duped and deluded community.

To the west of the Abbey there is a fountain, known as 'St. Winning's Well;' which, in the year 1184, according to Hoveden, ran blood for eight days and nights. A tradition current in the neighbourhood asserts that this fountain, on the anniversary of the death of the saint from whom it derives its name, ran blood for a stated period, during which it was visited by large numbers of people from the surrounding country, in the belief that the crimson stream was a certain cure for all diseases. Not more than a dozen years ago, a curious light was thrown upon this subject. An underground communication of leaden pipes, was discovered between the well and the ruins of the abbey; and it would appear that the monks made use of this medium for the conveyance of their patron's blood!

The abbey was almost totally annihilated in 1560, by Alexander, "the good Earl of Glencairn," by order of the States-General of Scotland. The ruins remaining are in a course of rapid decay.

Like the city of York in England, the town of Kilwinning in Scotland is known as being the first place where freemasonry was established in that country. It is said to have been introduced by a community of the order from the continent. James I. patronized and became Grand Master of the mother-lodge, which had for a long time slumbered in obscurity.

In the immediate neighbourhood are the Eglintoun Iron-works, and numerous coal-pits, which afford employment to a large number of persons—who, however, are chiefly Irish. The tourist should not forget that the parish churchyard contains some interesting monuments; and that from the tower, a view, unequalled hereabouts, of the surrounding country, of the hills of Carrick, of the proud peaks of Arran, and of several smaller islands to the northward, is obtainable.

#### SALTCOATS AND ARDROSSAN.

A few miles of well-cultivated country, to the southwest of Kilwinning, lies between that place and Saltcoats—a small town, situated on a sandy level. The place possesses a small harbour, the boats belonging to which are engaged chiefly in the herring trade. Our old friend, Tradition, asserts that the manufacture of salt was anciently carried on here by a small community of individuals, who used coal for the purpose of fuel, which they found near the surface in their neighbourhood. Saltcoats was also the first place in Scotland where magnesia was manufactured in connection with salt. The male portion of the population are now principally engaged in light weaving.

Saltcoats is very intimately connected with the flourishing town of Ardrossan, which, situated at the northern extremity of the Bay of Ayr—of recent construction, and composed mostly of houses belonging to a more wealthy class of people—Ardrossan presents a powerful contrast to its tile-roofed, smoke-begrimed neighbour, Saltcoats. During the last few years, considerable improvements have been made in the town, and various elegant villas built in its neighbourhood, for the accommodation of summer visitors. The seaport of Ardrossan was founded by the late Earl of Eglintoun, and is finely sheltered from all but south-westerly gales, by the Horse Island, and other outlying rocks. The harbour will come into the possession of the Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and Ardrossan Railway Company, in 1850; when that undertaking—from which it is expected the town will derive so much benefit—will be completed. The distance between Ardrossan and Belfast is accomplished in eight hours, by means of the handsome and commodious steamers, constantly running, in connection with the Ayrshire railway. The harbour revenue, from this and other sources, amounts to a considerable sum.

#### LARGS—ITS HARBOUR AND HILLS.

Still traversing the coast, to the northward, we pass through Kilbride, and are at length "out of the world and into the Largs." This health-inspiring district was the scene of the conflict between Alexander III. and his army, and the Norwegian invaders, under Haco. The place seems literally "out of the world," and cut off from all earthly connections. Enclosed on all sides but one by vast hills, it is open only to the Frith of Clyde—here so busy and so beautiful. A



little to the southward, the larger Cumbray lies out in the water; Fairlie Roads intervening. The hills, covered with fine pasturage, gradually lower as they approach the shore; but in some cases stopping with remarkable abruptness, leaving almost perpendicular declivities, of considerable height. "For a mile from the northern boundary, the uplands form at their base what seems an impregnable bulwark, or perpendicular marine breastwork of rock, rising in some places fifty or sixty feet above the road, and seeming to overhang it. When covered with icicles, and lit up by sunshine, in winter, this huge natural wall is a glorious object—a stupendous cabinet of the richest gems." So says Fullarton, in his 'Gazetteer of Scotland;' and we can well imagine such an effect under such circumstances.

The remains of old castles abound in the neighbourhood, all of which are worthy of a visit. Between one and three miles of the village stands Kelburn House, a seat of the Earl of Glasgow; behind it is a romantic glen, of great beauty; at the head of which, over a wild and lofty precipice, a stream descends. Winding down a narrow path, it again, at but a short distance from Kelburn House, falls over a precipice fifty feet high.

Brisbane House, a residence of the family of that name, stands to the north of Largs, surrounded by tasteful pleasure-grounds and picturesque scenery.

Southward of Largs there is a large plain, said to have been the scene of the contest of the Scots with the Norwegian invaders. Hereabouts there are numerous vestiges of cairns and tumuli; below which, in all probability, lie the dust of many a

"Norwegian warrior grim,  
Savage of heart, and large of limb."

A large quantity of human bones which have been found buried under a large mound overlooking the town seem to justify this conclusion: and there are various other memorials of the battle of Largs.

The battle between the Norwegians and the Scots is the great event recorded in the history of Largs. It is seldom that a story loses anything by repetition; but such has been the case with regard to the conflict in question. Tradition represents the force of the former to have been nearly overwhelming, and their defeat well nigh miraculous. The old writers, too, have recorded the event as sufficiently marvellous; and it was not until the sober pen of the modern historian toned down these patriotic imaginings into something quite common-place and practical, that there existed any doubt of 5,000 Scots having defeated 24,000

Norwegians, and driven them ignominiously from the field. The fact, as stated by Mr. Tytler, is that the force of the Danes did not amount to more than 900 men, while that of the Scots was 1,500; and that the discomfiture of the Danes was increased by the inclemency of the weather, which king Haco attributed to witchcraft. It is as well that such points as these should be put in their true light. The fact is sufficiently honourable to our own countrymen as it stands; and even if it were not so, the character of the country could well sustain the loss; for it would require a tolerable amount of even defeat and discomfiture to deprive Scotland of her reputation as a brave and martial nation.

The appearance of the village is very beautiful. Most of the houses are of a superior order, for the accommodation of visitors—from whom the chief support of the place is derived. Villas are scattered here and there at each end of the village, and also on the neighbouring eminences. The scene at the small quay, overlooked by a fine terrace, is, during the summer months, extremely animated. Nor are baths, and a library, and the usual concomitants of a watering-place, found wanting.

The June Fair on St. Columbus day, vulgarly called 'Colms-day Fair,' has fallen off from its former importance, and is now but a miserable remnant of what it was.

The parish church is a neat building, situated at the northern extremity of the terrace facing the sea. At its northern end there is an aisle, constructed in 1636, by Sir Robert Montgomery of Skelmorlie. Its interior is lofty and imposing. "The roof is embowered or vaulted semicircularly with boarding. It is thrown, by pointed Gothic arches, mouldings, and panels, into forty-one compartments of various forms and dimensions—each of which is adorned, with the pencil, with a religious, moral, emblematical, fanciful, or heraldic subject." The family vault of the Montgomeries is under the aisle. It is covered by a fine old monument.

Past Skelmorlie Castle there is a stream, designated Kelly Burn; which forms the northern extremity both of the parish of Largs and the county of Ayr.

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Here, then, we bring our wanderings to a conclusion—contented and in good-humour with our resting-place;—and, indeed, it would be difficult to find one less exceptionable than the village and neighbourhood of Largs.

## NORTH DERBYSHIRE, AND DOVE DALE.

THE northern part of Derbyshire, especially if Dove Dale be added thereto, is a district hardly to be rivalled in England for varied picturesque scenery and general interest. A pleasanter or more instructive summer or autumn ramble could not easily be elsewhere found. There is something to delight and to amuse almost every kind of traveller. The Peak alone, with its wild craggy moors and mountains, the mines and miners, the caverns, and the several striking geological and mineralogical features, would furnish abundant attraction for one fond of exploring the more impressive and uncommon scenes of Nature, and would reward the researches of those curious in the ways of life exhibited in such localities. But then there are also objects which mark the changes in manners and customs, and the advance of refinement and luxury. Old baronial halls are contrasted with modern mansions of surpassing splendour; rude and secluded villages with fashionable watering-places. Scattered over the hill-tops there are for the antiquarian and the leisurely visitant remarkable if not inexplicable Druidic monuments, and other archæological treasures. And then, again, there is some river scenery which must charm the most phlegmatic: many of the dales are of exceeding beauty,—to say nothing of the famous valley of the Dove,—while almost all are celebrated among Waltonians as ‘trouty streams.’ Thus, whether the visitor’s tastes lead him to prefer secluded or fashionable spots, unsophisticated or trim and cultivated scenery, places which depend on their natural or their acquired charms, their wealth, their antiquity, or their celebrity; whether he go mainly in pursuit of health, or information, or amusement; of the picturesque or of the antique; or whether, like a proper genial Rambler, he go resolved to obtain all the good of every kind he can out of every place he visits, he will here find much to occupy his attention, to reward his inquiries, and to furnish pleasing recollections and comparisons for future hours.

### MATLOCK.

These various objects may be best looked at in some measure apart. The order in which they will be actually inspected must depend chiefly on the visitor’s own convenience. We shall find it most convenient to select two or three central points and make excursions from them. Like most tourists, we may begin with Matlock. By Matlock we of course mean what is more precisely styled by the residents, Matlock Bath: the village of Matlock is about a couple of miles from its more celebrated namesake.

It was not till near the close of the seventeenth century that the medicinal qualities of the waters of Matlock began to attract attention. Previously it was but a rude hamlet, only known for two or three

unimportant mines, which were worked by a few hands. Buxton had long been highly reputed for its warm springs, and was at that time much resorted to in consequence by the gentry of the surrounding country. It might be expected, therefore, from present experience, that the discovery of nearly similar springs at Matlock would have stimulated some enterprising inhabitants of the vicinity to provide suitable accommodation for those who might be led to make trial of the new claimant; but there seems to have been little anxiety felt to induce strangers to visit the neighbourhood. The plentiful lack of accommodation at Matlock was conspicuous even when it had become an established bathing-place. Defoe, describing, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century,\* his visit to Matlock, observes that “the bath would be much more frequented than it is, if a sad stony way which leads to it, and no accommodation when you get there, did not hinder.” The roads throughout Derbyshire were then very bad; but those leading to Matlock—and there were none through it—appear to have been even worse than ordinary. Soon after this time, however, the ways were mended, comfortable buildings were erected, and from the middle of the last century the improvements have kept pace with the requirements of the constantly increasing visitants. Matlock has long afforded all that even the delicate and the luxurious could require. The hotels and boarding-houses are abundant and satisfactory; the roads are excellent; the railway is within a distance of a few miles; and now a branch line is in process of construction through Matlock.

At first strangers came hither mainly for their health; afterwards as much for the society which the place afforded; still later for the scenery also, and because it was the fashion. Whatever be the causes which now attract—and doubtless all these combine—they still come here, and even more numerous than formerly. But the character of the place is not exactly what it was: it has changed much as other watering-places have changed: the visitants make a shorter stay, and spend their time after another fashion. A generation or two back families stopped here for three or four months at a time, and lived socially while here; they dined much in common, and filled their evenings with social amusements and parties; knew each other, and were pretty much at home. Now each dines apart, and lives apart; and even the social parties are few and frigid. While many who come to drink of the springs, or to bathe, remain for some time, the greater number do little more than pass through Matlock; but the change has not interfered with the prosperity of the place, which is as flourishing as ever it was.

\* His ‘Tour of Great Britain’ was first published in 1724.



The situation of Matlock is very striking; it is, indeed, almost unique among English watering-places. "Matlock Dale," says Mr. Jewitt, in the 'Matlock Companion,' "is naturally a deep narrow ravine, how produced, or by what convulsion, must be left to geologists to determine. One side is formed by lofty perpendicular limestone rocks, the other by the sloping sides of giant mountains; and along the bottom runs the Derwent, sometimes pent up in a narrow channel, and obstructed by the fragments which have, from time to time, fallen from the beetling Tor, and sometimes spread like a lucid lake, and reflecting as a mirror the beautiful but softened tints of the overhanging foliage." In this fine valley the little gay village is placed. There is hardly what can be called a street: the houses and shops are gathered irregularly along one side of the road, while on the other the river flows at the base of the steep and lofty hills. Before, behind, and on either hand, are other vast heights, some presenting bare masses of rock, others verdant and thickly wooded, while all the lower slopes are spotted over with neat dwellings. The stranger who is incurious enough not to look out of the conveyance which brings him from the railway, gazes around with no little surprise when he quits the vehicle in the midst of the village. Mr. Rhodes, in his admirable work, entitled 'Peak Scenery,' has described with sufficient animation the impression which the scene produces on the stranger, when beheld under favourable circumstances, and "in the season's height." The visitor will probably admit its truth; and also agree with the concluding sentence: "A more extraordinary, and, to a stranger, a more unexpected and fascinating scene but rarely occurs. At the time we beheld it, it was a vision of enchantment—a prospect into the fairy regions of romance—where all that can delight the mind and excite admiration, seemed to be assembled together. The stream, as it slowly swept round the wooded hill in the front of the Museum, sparkled with the vivid reflections of the white houses and the lofty trees that adorn its banks: carriages rolling along the road, and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen perambulating the dale in various groups, gave animation to this extraordinary scene. We paused instinctively before we proceeded onward, as if we feared to dissolve the charm, by obtruding ourselves upon it. The unexpected novelty of the scene produced sensations of delight; but the hotels, and all the elegant accommodations of Matlock Bath were soon lost in the contemplations of the hills, rocks, and woods, with which they are surrounded. The objects that at first had both surprised and pleased us, now seemed strangely out of place, and we imagined that this sublime dale would have produced a more imposing effect in a wild and savage state, than thus studded with gardens, lodging-houses, and hotels."

Of that there can be little doubt. Gardens, and lodging-houses, and hotels, are very comfortable things (sometimes); but alas for him who associates thoughts of them with his ideas of sublimity, or, indeed, antici-

pates finding the sublime anywhere in the vicinity of a watering-place. Sublimity steadily recedes before the approach of fashion: hardly will it even stand a moment against 'the progress of civilization.' It would be idle to complain of what is in the nature of things. We must acquiesce in the inevitable. Learn, if not to look on that as best which is necessary, at least to make the best of it. Let the visitor, therefore, make the most of the gardens, and terraces, and walks, the hotels, and the museums of Matlock, and he will find it a right pleasant cheerful place for a brief abode, and the scenery around very charming: he will be content to look farther a-field for solitude and sublimity. But he may more reasonably complain that much of what would be else agreeable is trimmed into formality, or decorated into insipidity; and above all, that such provokingly absurd names are appended to the objects which on every side engage attention.

This, indeed, appears to be a fault incidental to all places of public resort, and especially to watering-places; but of all watering-places, those of Derbyshire are the most extravagant in their nomenclature. Whether Matlock or Buxton be worst it is hard to say. Here you look up at some rather curious crags, and are told they are the 'Romantic Rocks:' there you see a tawdry cottage, and observe painted up 'Cottage of Contentment.' A little further, no doubt, is 'Love Lodge,' or the 'Home of Happiness.' Leaving the sentimental quarters, you come upon the historical or the classic, and are equally charmed with the aptness of the applications, and the graceful associations which they suggest. The higher grounds above the Baths are the 'Heights of Abraham:' then there are 'Cupid's Cascade,' 'Venus's Bower,' 'Dido's Cavern,' and an infinity of other 'elegant' titles." Even a new road must be 'Via Gellia.' Matlock folks are far from thinking that

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

If it were a thing to be exhibited they would prefer to style it the 'flower of loveliness.' Ask them "What's in a name?" and they would reply, in the words of Ben Jonson's *Master Medley*, (that is, if they could speak in such rude English)—

"Indeed there's a woundy luck in names, Sirs,  
And a main mystery."

But some of these places are worth visting, in spite of their names. Of the romance of the 'Romantic Rocks' you may judge after you have paid your sixpence to their keeper. The 'Heights of Abraham' may be easily ascended when the door is opened which leads to them ("where 6d. will be politely demanded"); and assuredly there is a very fine view from their summit. The Caverns are curious, though rather disappointing after those of the Peak: seen first they are very well. That known as Cumberland Cavern is interesting in a geological point of view. The High Tor Grotto, and the New Speedwell Mine, have rather remarkable stalactites, to which no less remarkable

names are attached. The others which are shown are perhaps less curious, but they will afford amusement to one staying for a while here: so, too, will the 'Petrifying Wells,' which rank among the 'lions' of Matlock. In them it is customary, as at Knaresborough and elsewhere, to place articles of various descriptions in order to receive the incrustation of carbonate of lime which is abundantly deposited from the water. Some of the articles submitted to this 'petrifying' process are sufficiently odd. Old wigs, birds' nests, and ladies' locks, appear to be among the most popular; but stags' horns and other large substances are also to be seen in the different wells. For them, however, the taste of the owners of the wells must not be held responsible: they receive whatever the curious choose to bring, charging a trifling rent for the use of the well and for their care in continually shifting the articles, which it is necessary to do, frequently in order to prevent them from adhering to the bottom or to each other. Of course, in what they prepare for sale they are guided by their experience of the taste of purchasers; and the odder the object generally, the more readily is it sold. While speaking of these places we must not neglect to direct attention to the Museums, which are quite a feature in Matlock. Some of these have really a splendid appearance: the Old Museum, for example, has a large and handsome room filled with an extensive and costly display of native minerals, both crude and manufactured. The beautiful fluor spar, which is found only at Castleton, is here chiefly wrought into vases and other ornamental articles, which, with similar articles made of Derbyshire marble, are displayed for sale in a great profusion of forms. Some of the fluor spar vases are exquisite specimens of that beautiful material; and in shape and workmanship they are equally admirable. Many of those which have been formerly exhibited here now adorn foreign as well as British palaces. Besides these, there is a considerable variety of Italian vases and sculptured articles; but these may be seen elsewhere: the Blue John is characteristic of the locality. We have mentioned the Old Museum because it is the chief; but the other museums have also very beautiful displays. If the stranger chooses to carry home with him a specimen of the Derbyshire mineral and Derbyshire art, as a memento of his Derbyshire tour, he will doubtless please folks at home, as well as at the Museum; but if he do not, he should at least please himself, by examining one or two of the collections: they are open to the visitor, whether a purchaser or not.

The architecture of Matlock needs no space. The hotels and lodging-houses, the baths and museums, are the noticeable places; but there is not one of them remarkable as a building. The new church is a neat structure, erected on a site which deserved a noble one. Libraries and all the ordinary conveniences of such places are to be found at Matlock, but do not require detailing here. The walks and rides around are everywhere pleasant, and in some places grand;

and for those who do not care to walk, donkeys and chairs for short distances, and various vehicles for long, are always at hand. On the river, too, a charming though short row or sail may be had. It is a favourite practice in the summer to sail or row here on moonlight evenings; and even grave and prosy people grow quite poetical and sentimental on these occasions. You go down by the 'Lovers' Walk,' and—but we shall not attempt to describe such a scene, having, unhappily, a clumsy hand at poetic painting: listen, however, to what enthusiastic heroics a scientific native can indite when discoursing on this theme. "On fine summer evenings, many parties go to regale themselves with a sail, and loiter on the waters sometimes to a late hour. On such occasions the band is sent for to mingle the strains of 'music that charms' with the solemn dash of the oar glittering in the moonbeam; and at intervals ladies *will* tune their sweet voices to heavenly music, when it is literally *thrilling*, entrancing the soul, and carrying it aloft in its conceptions to kindlier skies!" If middle-aged gentlemen can write in such a strain, merely at the recollection of these evening serenadings, how dangerous must it be in reality for tender-hearted young gentlemen to go listening to them beneath the soft silver light of the moon! Verily the gentle youth had better beware how he ventures by the margin of Lovers' Walk, or entrusts himself on the bosom of Derwent's sparkling stream while these fair syrens are warbling their "delusive strains i' the moonlight." Thus of old Ulysses—but we are growing poetical; Matlock air has infected us; (we should have said the waters have inspired, but that we never even tasted of the enchanting spring;) it is time to leave off.

All has been said that seems needful about the place and its attractions, and it only remains for us to add as our own private opinion, that if the reader have the leisure and means requisite for the indulgence of a hot-spring illness, Matlock is as pleasant a place as he can find for his purpose. There are good lodgings, good living, a delicious air, plenty of company, pleasant scenery, and water, which, though not quite so hot as that at Buxton, is hot enough for any moderate parboiler,—and there are plenty of doctors, moreover, to contrive excuses for prolonging the holiday if it be thought desirable. If the patient does not like hot water, there is plenty of cold, equally mineral and equally medicinal: and, by the way, a little distance up the neighbouring dale there is for those who prefer the cold-water-cure, a hydropathic establishment; but whether the poor soddened souls are permitted to share in the festivities of gay hot-water Matlock, we are not informed. If we could afford such a luxury Matlock would be the place we should choose, and the good old hot-water system, with all its comfortable appliances, the remedy.

The immediate vicinity of Matlock is exceedingly beautiful, and will doubtless be, as far as practicable, explored before more distant places be visited. Here we can only mention two or three of the more eminent objects. Matlock High Tor, of which we give an





1.—MATLOCK HIGH TOR.

engraving (Cut, No. 1) is the most striking piece of rock scenery here, and not easily to be matched elsewhere. The word *tor* is applied through Derbyshire (as it is in Devonshire) to a lofty precipitous mass of rock, much as *scar* is used in Yorkshire. *Tor* is the Saxon word from which our word *tower* is directly derived. The High Tor is an enormous mass of rock, which rises aloft to a height of nearly four hundred feet. The lower part is covered thick with various trees and shrubs, but above, a vast perpendicular wall towers for a hundred and fifty feet, its face bare, rugged, and weather-beaten. At the base winds the Derwent; all around are objects of only inferior grandeur. This is unquestionably the finest part of Matlock Dale, and the Tor forms a noble object in whatever direction it be viewed. When illumined by the setting sun, or the full moon—and the meaner features of man's introduction are hidden in the deep masses of gloom—the effect becomes magnificent. It is one of the memorable scenes in a Derbyshire tour. Masson, on the opposite side of the Dale, is much loftier than High Tor, but, from its form, is far less remarkable. The view from the summit of Masson is extensive and very fine: the southern entrance of Matlock Dale is naturally inferior to the northern, and its original character is pretty well destroyed by the cotton-mill, the stiff weir, and prim gardens. Yet, in almost any other locality it would be admired by the

stranger, while with Matlock people it appears to be the greater favourite.

At this southern end of the dale is the entrance to Willersley Castle, a castellated mansion of the style which prevailed near the close of the last century: it was erected by Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning-jenny. The grounds and gardens are permitted to be seen on two days in the week, and are generally visited by those who make a temporary sojourn at Matlock. They are worth visiting; formed from what was previously a wild rocky piece of moorland, while the air of cultivation and polish was imparted which is so needful and becoming in the vicinity of a mansion, care was yet taken to preserve the natural features. Some parts are very picturesque, and others afford excellent prospects. The view of Matlock Dale from Cat Tor is an admirable one. The house contains some pictures, but it is not open to strangers.

The walks around Matlock are, as was said, very pleasing, and there are several places at a short distance which afford a good termination to a stroll. The village of Matlock, about two miles from Matlock Bath, is one of these: it wears a rude old-fashioned air, and has an ancient church with a rather fine tower, having crocketed pinnacles at the angles. The neighbourhood is picturesque, and the views from the summit of Matlock Bank and Riber Hill are celebrated. On the summit of Riber there was once a very large rock-



ing-stone, which is said to have borne a considerable resemblance to the famous Cornish Logan: it was broken up several years ago to make stone fences.

Bonsall is another village which affords a pleasant walk over the hills of about a couple of miles, and is itself a place worth seeing: it is a village of mines and miners; and the mining works have a strikingly picturesque effect as foreground objects to the fine scenery by which they are surrounded. There is an old cross in the centre of the village; and the church is a fine old weather-beaten edifice.

#### WIRKSWORTH.

But the character of this part of the country as a mining district may be much better seen by a visit to Wirksworth, which is only about three miles from Matlock. Wirksworth is the ancient capital of the lead mining district of the Low Peak. The Moot Court, at which all mining questions and causes are tried, is held at Wirksworth, in a neat building erected for the purpose, called the Moot Hall. It is supposed that Wirksworth was the chief mining town in the time of the Romans, by whom the Derbyshire lead-mines are known to have been worked. Coins, and other Roman remains, have been discovered at Wirksworth. In the Moot Hall a curious brass dish is kept, which serves as the standard measure for lead ore in the Peak district: it was constructed for the purpose in the fourth year of the reign of Henry VIII., as an inscription on it in the old English character states,—“by assent and consent as well of all the miners as of all the brenners (smelters) within and adjoining the lordship of Wirksworth Pervell of the said honour. This dish to remain in the Moote Hall, at Wirksworth, hanging by a chain, so as the merchants or miners may have resort to the same at all times to make the true measure at the same.” The dish still remains as here directed, affixed to a chain in the hall.

Wirksworth carries few evidences of antiquity. It stands on a hill side, and is surrounded by other hills; the houses are irregular, and altogether the place is rather peculiar as well as picturesque. But there is nothing in it particularly requiring notice: it may suffice to describe it as a busy town of four thousand inhabitants. The sites of the mines are marked by the engines and works seen on the hill sides and in the dales all around. Some of them are in full work, some are exhausted or stopped. Almost all of them present some curious or noteworthy feature to those who take interest in such matters; but we cannot enter here upon the subject of mines and miners, however interesting it might be. The mining villages, or little collections of hovels, with the people about them, might often afford subjects for the painter.

On the way to Wirksworth, Cromford will be passed through, but it has no very remarkable attractions. It was at Cromford that Arkwright built the first mill in which cotton was spun by his new machines. He afterwards built two more on the same stream, and at

no great distance from his original mill. Before the erection of the first mill Cromford was an insignificant hamlet; Sir Richard Arkwright purchased the manor, erected houses for the work-people whom he employed, and procured the grant of a market for the young town; the Cromford Canal was made to terminate there; and a railway for the carriage of goods was constructed, which connects Cromford with the Peak Forest Canal. The place has now the appearance of a busy little country-town. But it has nothing very noteworthy in its appearance: cotton-mills, and formal rows of workmen's dwellings, possess little attraction for the tourist. The mills at Cromford still belong to the descendants of Sir Richard Arkwright, who employ about twelve hundred hands in them. There are also extensive lead and colour works.

If Wirksworth be visited, it will be a convenient occasion to ascend Stonnis, which lies but a little way out of the road. But whether Wirksworth be visited or not, no one should stay at Matlock without ascending Stonnis. The place which bears this title is a mass of huge blocks of stone, which appear piled on each other on the very summit of a lofty hill. The hill itself, with its rocky crest and the ragged pines that are growing out of the fissures of the rocks, is a striking object; but the glory of Stonnis is the magnificent prospect which is obtainable from it. We know nothing exactly comparable with it hereabouts, and the author of ‘Peak Scenery’ asserts that it is without a rival in Derbyshire. Few who see it under circumstances similar to those he describes will question his decision—at least while on the spot: there are views in the High Peak which make one feel the odiousness of comparisons. The passage, or a portion of it, is worth quoting: the visitor must decide for himself whether the glowing eulogy be deserved. “I have scaled,” says Mr. Rhodes, “the highest eminences in the mountainous districts of Derbyshire—seen from their summits the sweet dales that repose in tranquil beauty at their base—marked the multitude of hills included within the wide horizon they command, and my heart has thrilled with pleasure at the sight; but not an eminence that I ever before ascended—not a prospect, however rich and varied, which I have descried, was at all comparable with the view from Stonnis. In that species of beauty of landscape, which approaches to grandeur, it is unequalled in Derbyshire. The parts of which it is composed are of the first order of fine things, and they are combined with a felicity that but rarely occurs in Nature. Scarthing Rock, the woods of Willersley Castle, Matlock High Tor, the hills of Masson, Crich, and Riber, are all noble objects; and the rude masses that constitute the foreground of the picture, are thrown together, and grouped and coloured in a manner strikingly picturesque. When I beheld the scene from Stonnis, a fine breeze drove the clouds rapidly athwart the sky, and the flitting gleams of light, which were instantaneously succeeded by deep shadows, illumined in succession the various parts of the landscape, and imparted to it an interest that was powerfully felt. Sometimes the pass-



ing clouds covered the whole range of prospect with one unvaried tone of still and sober colouring—suddenly a bright ray of sunshine intervened, and for a moment the spot on which it fell appeared a paradise of light amidst surrounding gloom. An hour at Stonnis on such a day impresses the mind with a series of beautiful images, which in after-life are often recurred to and recollected with delight.”—(*Peak Scenery*, v. i. 105.)

#### SOUTH WINGFIELD AND HARDWICK.

A day should be given, if practicable, to an excursion to the above places. South Wingfield is seven or eight miles from Matlock; near it is a station of the North Midland Railway, by means of which Hardwick may be reached without much difficulty.

The road to Wingfield is a delightful one. You turn off by Cromford, and follow a very beautiful route by the Derwent,—a succession of charming scenery, where the sparkling river flows through a rich, verdant, and well-wooded tract. You then turn up a steep hill, and pass by Holloway, a village situated under a cliff, along the brow of which the road is carried for a considerable distance, thus affording a long range of wide and noble prospects. But Crich, which is next reached, is a much more remarkable place. It is a rough, wild-looking neighbourhood, but you see on every hand evidences of its subterranean treasures. Here is said to be the richest vein of lead ore in Europe. The Glory Mine on the summit of the hill is stated by Mr. Adam (in the ‘Gem of the Peak’) to have been estimated, a few years since, to produce nearly £40,000 per annum. The Wake-Bridge Mine is, according to the same authority, “one of the richest in the kingdom.” Others are also of great value. Besides the lead mines there are extensive lime-quarries, which contribute not a little to the peculiar character of the place. From Crich-Cliff there is a view of extraordinary extent and grandeur. The prospect extends over a country of greatly varied surface, the eye embracing within its ken the valley of the Derwent for a considerable space, broad open pastures and cultivated tracts, rich woods, and bare hills, with villages and scattered houses, and reaching to the city of Derby, which by the lofty tower of All Souls is distinctly marked. The rugged country about Crich, the mining works, and the lime quarries and kilns, give a character to the near prospect which strangely contrasts with the softer features of the more distant parts. From the Stand, a tower erected on the top of Crich Cliff, it is asserted that five counties may be seen: Lincoln Cathedral is plainly discernible on a clear day. The village is large and populous. Here the sharp whirl of the stocking-frame catches the ear as you pass the open doors of the cottages. Hosiery appears to be made to a considerable extent in this neighbourhood. Crich church is a noticeable edifice; the lofty spire is a landmark for miles around.

From Crich you descend by pleasant green lanes to a more level country. And soon the long walls and towers of a ruined edifice, standing upon the brow of a

bold hill, which rises before us, proclaim that the object is nearly reached for which we have come thus far. (Cut, No. 2.) The view of the pile excites at once the expectation that the ruin is of a rather superior kind, and the expectation is not disappointed. The gray ivy-covered gables and battlements have a very picturesque and even impressive appearance, as they stand out in vigorous relief from the light sky. South Wingfield Manor-house was erected near the middle of the fifteenth century, by Ralph Cromwell, lord treasurer to Henry VI. It was a castellated mansion, well calculated to withstand a stout siege. Its history is not devoid of interest. Within these now shattered walls the unhappy Mary Queen of Scots was for several years a prisoner, under the care of the Earl of Shrewsbury. It was while she was here that Anthony Babington sought to effect her escape: her asserted knowledge of his conspiracy, it will be recollected, was the charge for which she was arraigned and condemned. Babington at the time resided in his family-house at Dethick, a little village situated near Lea Wood, on the right of the road to Matlock. While Mary was at Wingfield, Sir Ralph Sadler was appointed captain of the garrison placed in the castle. The papers of Sir Ralph, published under the editorial care of Sir Walter Scott, give curious particulars of the unfortunate queen’s conduct here, and of the strange suspicious treatment which her keepers as well as herself experienced from the Court. Sad as is the story of Mary’s imprisonment in England, it becomes more pitiable and painful when the miserable details are read at length in the letters of those who were appointed her keepers. She was carried hence to Tutbury Castle. South Wingfield Manor House, at the breaking out of the great civil wars, was garrisoned for the Parliament; but it was taken by storm by a party of Royalists in 1643. Shortly afterwards, however, it was retaken by the Parliament army, though not without difficulty, and by the assistance of heavy artillery; the governor, Colonel Dalby, while defending the breach, was shot by a common soldier. In 1646 the Parliament ordered the building to be dismantled. The old house, however, though a ruin, and entirely neglected, remained in a tolerably complete state almost down to our own time, when on the termination of a long-contested chancery suit, the Mr. Halton, to whom this portion of the Halton estates was allotted, caused a large part of the ancient house to be pulled down, in order to erect a dwelling for himself at the bottom of the hill. Mr. Blore, in his ‘History of South Wingfield Manor House,’ says that for this purpose “some of the most beautiful parts were pulled down:” one who examines what is left, and sees how beautiful much of it is, will be almost led to bestow something like a malediction on the memory of the Vandal who could perpetrate so grievous a deed.

Mr. Blore wrote an elaborate account of the pile, which may be consulted with advantage by the student of English domestic architecture. Wingfield Manor House was one of the earliest of the quadrangular castellated edifices which took the place of the more





LADDON FLAT.





entirely military castles of a former age, and was the precursor of the purely civil mansion of a succeeding century. It was constructed with due regard to the probability of having to encounter a siege, yet so as to admit of domestic comfort and architectural elegance. Its general form and character will be understood by the following brief extract from Mr. Blore:—"The building consists of two square courts, one of which to the north has been built on all sides, and the south side of it forms the north side of the south court, which has also ranges of buildings on the east and west sides and on parts of the south: the latter court seems principally to have consisted of offices. The first entrance is under an arched gateway, on the east side of the south court: the communication hence with the inner court is under an arched gateway in the middle of the south side of the south court."

The ruins are now greatly dilapidated, but yet very impressive. By the entrance on the summit of the hill is a grove of venerable yew-trees, which form a strange sombre approach to the grim pile. A portion of the old house has been patched up, and now serves as a farm-house, while the chief court is a farm-yard. The appearance of this quadrangle is still very fine: the porch, a gable or two, and a couple of large windows with elaborate tracery, yet remain in tolerable preservation. The various parts of the building it is not now easy to make out. But some that remain the least injured sufficiently prove its ancient magnificence. The Great Hall is 72 feet by 36 feet, and must evidently have once been a noble room. Like nearly every other part of the building, it is roofless. Under it is a vault or crypt of the same size as the hall. It is supported by pillars, and has a handsome groined roof, with shields of arms at the centres of the groins. This crypt, whatever it was intended for, has been carefully and even expensively constructed. It has only a small window at the end, and exhibits a grand effect of light and shade at certain times of the day. The carved work in this crypt remains quite sharp and clean. From one of the towers there is a capital prospect over the long stretch of weald below. The room to which tradition points as that occupied by Queen Mary, is a very miserable one—the tradition is most likely in error.

The village appears to be wretchedly poor. Here, as onwards, the noise of the stocking-frame is heard issuing from almost every house.

In order to reach Hardwick as speedily as possible, the train may be taken at South Wingfield to the Clay Cross station, from whence the distance by the lanes to Hardwick is about four miles. Otherwise the road by Morton and Pilsley must be taken. It is a pleasant one of some nine miles, leading by a few gatherings of picturesque cottages, of which the stocking-frame-knitter seems to be the most frequent tenant. And here especially along the line of the railway will be noticed the numerous smelting and other works. This tract is a part of the great Midland Coal-field, and hence the frequent recurrence of these various works.

Wingfield even in its ruinous state is yet a valuable

example of the domestic architecture of England in the middle of the fifteenth century. Hardwick Hall is a perfect specimen of a mansion at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

The appearance of Hardwick, as you first come upon it, is very striking. On the brow of a bold and commanding hill stands a massive-looking edifice, thickly overgrown with ivy, and evidently fallen into complete ruin. Close by it is seen another structure, also of antique appearance, but in perfect repair. The forms of these buildings project strongly from the dense woods that rise beyond and on either side of them. (Cut, No. 3.) As you draw nearer, the more modern mansion loses nothing of the interest its first appearance excited. The quaint uncommon character of the architecture at once recalls its date, and brings to the memory a busy crowd of associations; and what appeared at a distance to be the elaborate carved battlements of the towers—resolving itself, when close at hand, into the well-known ES—reminds you that it is the work of the famous 'castle-building' Countess of Shrewsbury. But not merely on the turrets of the Hall has she set her mark: every part within and without bears the stamp of stout 'Bess of Hardwick.' The house is very large, and in the quaintest form of the Elizabethan style of architecture; the walls are pierced with numerous large windows, many of them forming goodly bays; at the angles are towers, which, as was said, have the initials of the countess pierced in the parapet that surmounts them. Round the top of the building is carried a balustrade. The wall which surrounds the garden partakes of the quaintness of style that distinguishes the building itself. The central gateway, by which you enter, is rather a fine structure; and, with the other erections at the angles of the wall, accords well with the house. The elaborate quaintness seems so characteristic, and is so consistently maintained throughout, that the building produces altogether a degree of pleasure which more classic piles often fail to excite. It has, happily, escaped almost unaltered from the first, and it is now preserved with the most scrupulous care. It is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, who occasionally resides in it for a few weeks: else, although quite habitable, it is not occupied.

The interior nobly maintains the promise of the outside: it has not entirely escaped, but it is perhaps the most perfectly preserved mansion left of the date of Elizabeth; and the rooms retain the ancient fittings. If the original furniture is not here, the furniture is yet all ancient; the walls are hung with arras; the doors are concealed by tapestry hangings; and throughout the utmost pains have been bestowed, in order to preserve the air of antiquity. The Great Hall, into which you enter from the garden, is a very striking one of its kind: it has a gallery at one end, with a heavy oak balustrade, and the walls are wainscoted with dark oak, above which tapestry is suspended. A very good statue of Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott, is a noticeable feature in this hall. Mary was





2.—SOUTH WINGFIELD MANOR HOUSE.

for some time confined at Hardwick; but it was not, as is often stated, in this house, which was not erected at the time. Her prison was the old mansion, the ruins of which are close by. The state-rooms of Hardwick Hall are all lofty, generally of good proportions, while some are excessively spacious. The walls and ceilings have elaborate scroll and figure work in plaster, of the kind so frequently occurring in Elizabethan mansions. The walls, generally, are covered with dark oak wainscoting to some height, and tapestry is hung above, in addition to which some of the rooms are hung with pictures. The fire-places are commonly of large size and of the showiest description: some are of coloured marbles, with most strange carvings—the sculptors displaying a supreme disregard for grace of form or correctness of proportion in their human figures, and a very odd taste in all others. The floors are usually constructed of a composition of sand and lime, similar to that of which the floors in cottages are still formed in this part of the country; these are better laid, and some in the chief rooms, which are not

covered with carpets, look almost like marble, being kept carefully scrubbed with buttermilk to maintain a good colour and polish. In nearly every room the letters E S, with the earl's coronet, appear; and very frequently, also, the triple badges of Shrewsbury, Cavendish, and Hardwick—the three titles by which the stout-hearted lady loved to be known. In the state-rooms there is a great deal of very curious antique furniture, and much of the tapestry is both curious and interesting, though some of it is sadly faded. A good deal of the tapestry was brought hither from Chatsworth, but the whole has been carefully repaired and fitted to the rooms. Of the antique furniture, also, a considerable portion was brought here from Chatsworth and elsewhere: to those who like to examine such examples of the skill of a former age, Hardwick will afford a rich treat, as may be seen by a reference to Mr. Shaw's 'Illustrations of Hardwick.' In the bedrooms there are some state beds, with hangings richly embroidered in the style prevalent in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.





3.—HARDWICK HALL.

One of the most interesting rooms is called 'Mary Queen of Scots' Apartment.' Her arms are affixed over the door, with her initials and titles. It is said in many books that she was confined in this room; but the house was not built till after her death: the date 1599 is frequently repeated in the panels of this room. According to a tradition preserved in the family, this apartment was constructed for the reception of the furniture which had been in her room at the old house; and the furniture which it now contains is said to be the same she used. The velvet hangings to the bed, it is further related, were embroidered by her—a thing not improbable, seeing that she was skilled in the art, and was accustomed to beguile some of the sad hours of her captivity by its practice. In other bed-rooms there are various and some very beautiful specimens of embroidery, and some of the rooms with the ancient state beds and chamber furniture are very curious.

The dining and drawing-rooms are both spacious and splendid apartments. The Presence Chamber, however, is a more striking room: it is 65 feet long by 33 wide and 26 high. All the rooms have antique furniture, and there are some pictures that will attract attention. But the most remarkable room—the glory of Hardwick Hall—is the Picture Gallery, which extends the whole length of the house: it is 160 feet

long, 22 wide, and 26 high. In looking at the exterior of the building, the most extraordinary feature appears to be the number and size of the windows, which are set so close together, and reach so high, as to have often suggested the comparison of the house to a lantern. A popular local rhyme terms it—

"Proud Hardwick Hall—  
More windows than wall;"

and the rhyme will not be thought extravagant when standing in the Picture Gallery, which is lighted by a range of eighteen windows, each 20 feet high, and of considerable breadth. The *perfect* lightness of the gallery is quite surprising when the room is first entered. The room is broken into several huge bays, from which delicious views are obtained, extending from the height of the hill on which the house stands over a great breadth of very beautiful country. The walls of this gallery are hung with tapestry, which is covered by a collection of some two hundred portraits of persons connected with the family of Cavendish, or prominent in English history. The two that deservedly attract the most attention are portraits of the remarkable woman who built the Hall. She has a pleasing though keen and positive cast of features. One represents her in early life; the other when well stricken in years; and even in the latter she retains traces enough of beauty to render it not so very wonderful that, even



on her own hard terms, she should have found a fourth husband: while the clear keen intellect and decision stamped evidently on her countenance, are strikingly characteristic of her shrewdness, ready energy, and masculine strength of purpose. Many of the portraits of the Devonshire family, as the long-armed duke, the handsome duchess (mother of the present duke), are noteworthy. So, too, are several of the historic portraits, such as those of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Jane Grey, Bishop Gardiner, and others; but it is unnecessary here to describe them, or to add to the list. The only one that needs to be especially indicated is the portrait of Thomas Hobbes, the author of the 'Leviathan.' The portrait was taken in his extreme age, and is marked by strong individuality. Hobbes, it will be remembered, resided with the Duke of Devonshire chiefly at Chatsworth. He died at Hardwick, whither he had just removed with the family, at the age of ninety-two: his remains were interred in the neighbouring church of Ault Hucknall, where there is a monument to his memory.

The old mansion is entirely dilapidated; but its gray ivy-covered walls have a most venerable and impressive appearance. Great care is now taken to preserve it. In this building it was that the unhappy Mary was for awhile a prisoner.

The park is extensive and richly wooded. Many of the trees—the oaks especially—are of large size, and often remarkably picturesque in form. Some yews, of noble proportions, also deserve to be particularized. Altogether the park is so attractive, the ruined mansion so picturesque, and the perfect one, with its contents, so full of interest, and the scenery around so pleasant, that a few days might be spent here with much enjoyment. And if the stranger feel inclined to stay awhile here, he will find a very convenient hostel, half inn half farm-house—the 'Devonshire Arms'—at the foot of the hill, just against the entrance to the park. A young artist might well employ a few days in sketching in this neighbourhood.

From Hardwick it is about four miles to the Clay Cross station of the railway; but should the visitor have leisure and inclination to prolong his journey, a charming walk of three miles across the park will bring him to another rather ancient edifice, well worth seeing, Bolsover Castle, which was erected by Sir Charles Cavendish early in the seventeenth century. The portion of the Castle which is habitable is now in the occupation of the Hon. and Rev. Hamilton Gray: in it is a collection of Etruscan vases and other antiquities of that nation, brought together with the taste and knowledge which distinguish Mr. Gray and his lady, the authoress of the 'History of Etruria.' Thence it may be well to proceed to Chesterfield, a very old town, which has much to requite a diligent exploration. The church is celebrated, on account of its crooked spire. A good many extensive factories and collieries exist in and about the town, which has the appearance of being a thriving place. From Chesterfield the visitor may return by the railway, which he will leave at

Ambergate station, whence omnibuses run after every train to Matlock.

#### ROWSLEY AND BAKEWELL.

We now quit Matlock for a new centre, though the places of interest within reach from it are far from being exhausted; and indeed those we are about to visit are commonly reached from Matlock by means of a fly. But we suppose the visitor to be a pedestrian, and therefore must select a spot from which the greater number of interesting places may be most readily examined. Bakewell will be found very convenient for this purpose, and in the town inns of various grades will furnish the visitor with the accommodation he may desire. Or if he prefer a quiet country spot for his head-quarters during a few days, there is, at the end of Darley Dale, an inn of wide-spread fame, which will supply all he can wish for. This inn, the 'Peacock,' at Rowsley, we shall imagine our home for the nonce.

To reach it we have to traverse the beautiful valley of the Derwent, which, from a little above Matlock to Rowsley Bridge, bears the name of Darley Dale. Owing to the main road from Matlock to Chatsworth, Haddon, Buxton, and other of the most visited places, passing along this valley, Darley Dale is one of the best known of Derbyshire dales, and has acquired celebrity equal to its merits: we need therefore not speak of it in detail. From the rugged rocky scene at the entrance of the valley, by Matlock, to the broad placid one from Rowsley Bridge, it is a succession of pleasing and often of beautiful views. The dale is broad, and the hills on either hand are lofty, undulating, and varied in surface. The river, a wide and rapid stream, flows close to the base of the western hills, while the road keeps under the eastern range. The whole extent of the dale has a cultivated and cheerful aspect. Genteel houses, enclosed within their grounds, appear at intervals; now a few rude huts, and presently a village is met with; occasionally the engine of a lead-mine, or the entrance to a quarry, is seen, and serves to give character to the locality; while the hills sometimes swell softly their verdant slopes, spotted here and there with a solitary homestead, and crested with foliage, and at others rise up steep, bare, and craggy. Especially beautiful does Darley Dale appear when the sun is sinking behind the western hills, which lie in deep shadow, while the opposite slopes are smiling in sunshine; and in the gloomy hollow of the valley the river rushes darkly, save where foaming over the rocks which check its way it seems to create a gleam of light. But Darley Dale is now far different to what it was a year or two ago. The traveller who remembers the dale as it was then will look with some discontent upon it now. A railway is being constructed along the valley; and the most enthusiastic admirer of railways would, we fancy, have at least a transient feeling of regret cross his mind as he looked on the 'works' of this one in this lovely



dale. The pliant playful curvatures of the river were once a leading charm in the prospect; now beside it runs the rigid, harsh, and formal line of the railway. The broad view along the dale is for ever changed: many a delicious bit of river scenery, familiar to the angler or the artist,—who, leaving the road, delighted to stroll along the margin of the stream—is for ever destroyed: but there yet remain many a prospect which the railway has not interfered with; and they who had not seen Darley Dale before the railway was commenced will probably not suspect, as they now wander down it, that it was once so much lovelier; and so will not have useless regret excited by the comparison.

There are three or four things that should be noticed in passing through the dale. Oker Hill will be known by the two trees which crown the summit. A tradition relates that they were planted by two brothers, when about to set out on their separate courses in the world. The brothers never met again on earth; but the trees lived and preserved their memory; and Wordsworth has embalmed the tradition in one of his admirable Sonnets. Oker Hill has also found a place in the poetry of Gisborne. Darley church should be noticed for its site, and visited for the magnificent yew-tree in the churchyard. The town of Winster will be observed perched among the lofty hills on the left: it deserves to be visited; but that may be done another time. Half-way up the dale a good-sized inn on the right of the road will, by its sign, 'the Grouse,' serve to indicate what is the character of the neighbouring heights: on the opposite hills at Stanton-Woodhouse is a shooting box, belonging to the Duke of Rutland. A tower on the rugged ridge of the hill at Stanton, 800 feet above the valley, commands a splendid view over the moors, as well as over the dale.

Near the head of the dale, just below Rowsley, is the confluence of the Wye with the Derwent. The scene was not equal in grandeur to that presented by the junction of some other rivers, yet it was one of mingled amenity and beauty; and it seldom failed to excite those undefinable feelings of sober pleasure which are so commonly experienced when beholding the confluence of two considerable streams. But no wther ailway has come in and shares in the prospect, putting inevitably to flight all poetic imaginings. The fine view, too, which was obtained up the valley of the Derwent from Rowsley Bridge, and which was so great a favourite with all who knew this spot, is in like manner transformed. The railway is to terminate—at least for the present—in the meadows north of Rowsley Bridge; and there are now hideous embankments of earth, more hideous sheds, and soon will be, moreover, a constant turmoil of trains and engines—and all this in the very front of one of the loveliest scenes in this neighbourhood. It seems an odd site to select for a railway-terminus, but it has so pleased the railway lords, and of course there is no remedy but patience. To the ordinary traveller the desecration of Darley Dale will matter little. He will be spirited through it in the rear of a locomotive, and will have little opportunity

to see or to care whether the scenery be injured or not. But, at the end of the dale, even he must regret the necessity that has converted this calm and beauteous scene into a turbulent and ugly eye-sore. There is of course the consolation that this new line will help the tourist to 'do' Derbyshire in half-a-day less than heretofore.

The Peacock, where we are to establish our quarters, is just by the bridge. It is a quiet old-fashioned stone building, in the later Elizabethan style of architecture, looking rather like a comfortable private abode than a public hostel. For a long period the Peacock has been in special repute with brethren of the angle: particularly has it been so with such of them as ply the pencil as well as the rod. Mr. Adam says, "Here, sometimes, have congregated Stanfield, Cattermole, Oakley, Nash, and Landseer, and many others, both of the line and the easel, to enjoy their favourite pursuits of drawing and angling." It would be easy enough for any one, ever so slightly acquainted with artists, to add to the list the names of many more 'known to fame,' who have come hither to recruit, after toiling for the Exhibition; but we have little inclination to publish the diversions of any one. The attractions of this neighbourhood to artists who 'cast the fly' are manifest. Haddon and Chatsworth, and much beautiful scenery are at hand to exercise the pencil when so inclined; and the Derwent and the Wye to afford diversion. But though it be the painter's inn, painters are not the only eminent guests Mr. Severn has had to welcome. In literature, and science, and the learned professions, fly-fishers abound; and with them, also, the Peacock is an established favourite: they, no less than the others, know how to appreciate a pleasant spot, good fishing, and when the day is ended, good fare, and a comfortable lodging.

Among the Derbyshire rivers which are celebrated for their trout, the Wye and the Derwent take foremost rank; and here, where they unite, is one of the choicest spots to fish both rivers. By their junction, and down the united stream; along the meadows by Haddon, and up the Derwent towards Chatsworth, there is a tempting range of haunts, of which the Peacock is the centre. Deeps are there and shallows, where the fly may be cast as the day or the hour may suggest; and the well-preserved waters will seldom fail to yield a creel of dainty trout and grayling. A genuine disciple of Izaak Walton will not wish a happier spot for the pursuit of his quiet, contemplative recreation; for here, assuredly, as old Burton hath it, "If so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk to the river-side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow-flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds, he sees many water-fowl with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sport that they can make."

"But the most pleasant of all outward pastimes," says our author, a little after, "is that of Aretus, *de ambulatio per amœna loca*, to make a pretty progress, a



merry journey now and then with some good companions, to visit friends, see cities, castles, towns,

'To see the pleasant fields, the crystal fountains,  
And take the gentle air among the mountains.'"

This is the pastime we are engaged in; yet both may well be combined by him who has the needful time to devote to them, and both be the better performed, and more enjoyed in consequence. Doubtless it is an excellent thing to have ever so brief a country jaunt, and it will "refresh the soul of man," as well as invigorate his body. But when a long or leisurely journey be made, in order thoroughly to enjoy the country some occupation is needed—something that will partly engage and divert the attention. The mind falls into a querulous or indifferent mood by mere observation of scenery, if long continued. If there be no serious inquiry or employment, some light incidental one is most desirable. Botany, geology, sketching, (and every one who visits a mountain district, or, indeed, any fresh locality, ought to be able to make notes with the pencil as well as the pen,) fishing—some one of these is just the sort of occupation that serves to fill up a by-hour pleasantly and profitably—and none of them better than the last. But we would have the due mean kept: none of these things should absorb the attention. Of all disagreeable and unprofitable travellers the mere botanist, geologist, angler, or sketcher, is the most wearisome and unprofitable. He has neither eye nor ear for the grandeur or the beauty even of external nature, apart from his own direct pursuit; and he is heedless of all the lessons which the ways of life and condition of the people he meets with might teach. And where so much is left unseen, what is seen is almost sure to be seen imperfectly, one-sidedly. This is a state which the young traveller—whether his journey be protracted, or of briefest space—cannot too earnestly guard against. It is no hopeful sign when the eye and the mind are closed against any healthy impressions. The best artists and naturalists, like the better men of every grade who have made travelling almost an occupation, have looked abroad on Nature with the eye of a poet, and on man with an ever-observant and active sympathy: and only by so doing can broad or true views be obtained, or travelling produce a salutary impression on the mind.

We have wandered away from the subject of angling, on which we had intended to say a few words, and it is too late to return to it: we have a large tract of country yet to wander over, and many things to notice. The angling reader must be content by this mere allusion to the fishing celebrity of this locality.

As some of our readers will doubtless choose Bakewell as the centre from which to visit the spots we are about to point out (and all of them may be visited with nearly equal facility from either place), we shall now briefly notice it. Bakewell is about four miles beyond Rowsley, on the Buxton road. It is an ancient town: in the Saxon Chronicle its foundation is recorded with great precision. "Anno 924. In this year, before Midsummer, King Edward went with his forces to

Nottingham . . . and then he went thence into Peakland, to Bakewell, and commanded a town to be built nigh thereunto and manned." It has been supposed, however, that this was merely a castle which Edward erected, and that a town or village existed here before: and we confess to thinking there is sufficient ground for the opinion. The word employed in the Chronicle is generally read and rendered town, but we believe that, in this instance at any rate, it would be more correctly rendered castle. A little way north-east of the town, on the opposite side of the river, is the place which is traditionally fixed on as the site of the castle which Edward erected: it is called Castle Hill, and the fields around bear names that correspond with the outworks of a stronghold. Of the castle, the trench and vestiges of the foundation are said to be traceable. From this hill there is an excellent prospect of the town and surrounding country, including a beautiful bit of the valley of the Wye.

Bakewell is pleasantly situated on the slope of a hill, which rises from the west bank of the Wye. The town has a population of about 2,000 inhabitants; but the parish, which is the largest in the county, contains above 10,000. Of the antiquity of the town there is little appearance: on the whole it has rather a modern look. The church, however, is ancient, and of a superior order. It is large, cruciform, and has an octagonal tower and lofty steeple. Standing on elevated ground, it is an important object for a considerable distance. A portion of it is of Norman date; but the chief part is of the decorated and perpendicular styles,—and some of the architectural features are noteworthy. It was carefully repaired and restored a few years back. Inside are a good many interesting monuments, chiefly to members of the families of Vernon and Manners. One to the memory of a Foljambe also deserves to be noticed. In the churchyard there is a curiously carved cross, which has been often engraved.

In the season Bakewell is a good deal resorted to for its warm baths. It has been rather fancifully supposed that the springs were known to the Romans: a Roman altar was found some years ago in the vicinity of the town. For the accommodation of visitors sufficient provision has been made. Besides the baths and shops and lodging-houses, there are excellent inns—one of them, the Rutland Arms, built expressly for the accommodation of a superior class of visitors by the Duke of Rutland, has the reputation of being one of the best-conducted hotels in the county. As the Wye is more famous for its trout than the Derwent, and here and by Monsall Dale is the best part of it, this inn is perhaps more frequented by fishermen who are chiefly eager after the sport, than that at Rowsley. It is fitting, by the way, that we should mention, for the benefit of the gentle brethren, that the landlords of the Rutland Arms and Peacock have respectively the privilege of granting permission to fish in the Wye and Derwent in the vicinity of their hostels.

Bakewell has very little independent trade. The bulk of the labouring population are engaged in the mines

and quarries in the vicinity. Just out of the town is a large cotton-mill, which was built by the Arkwrights: but it is not at present at work. Bakewell is situated nearly midway between Matlock and Buxton, being about ten miles from the former and twelve from the latter town. About half-a-mile south of the town is a spring called Peat Well, which is reputed to have medicinal qualities: it stands in an inclosure, very prettily laid out in walks, and planted with shrubs, on the left of the Matlock road.

#### HADDON HALL.

Haddon is about a mile and a half from the Peacock; from Bakewell it is two miles. The Vale of Haddon from Bakewell to Rowsley is not alone very beautiful, but has ever been noted for the richness of its pastures. Thomas Fuller mentions it in his 'British Worthies' in his usual style. "The north part of Derbyshire (called the Peak) is poor *above* and rich *beneath* the ground. Yet are there some exceptions therein. Witness the fair pasture nigh Haddon (belonging to the Duke of Rutland), so incredibly battening of cattle, that one proposed to surround it with shillings to purchase it; which, because to be set side-ways (not edge-ways), were refused." There have been many bargains broken off for a far less difference.

Haddon Hall stands on an eminence, which rises bluffly from the river in the midst of broad level meadows. As its battlemented turrets are seen from among the trees, which partly conceal the extent of the building, it wears a stern and warlike aspect. But it appears more of a stronghold than it really is. It was not erected till after the period was passed when the feudal chiefs were allowed to raise castles that might at need defy an army—even of the sovereign. The oldest part of the building was erected in the fifteenth century, but the greater portion belongs to the sixteenth—and no part is later. The manor at the Domesday Survey belonged to the Avenels, from whom it passed by marriage to the Vernons and Bassetts. In the reign of Henry VI. it had fallen wholly to the share of the former. The last Vernon was the Sir George, who is said to have been the lord of thirty manors, and whose boundless hospitality and splendid style of living procured for him the *soubriquet* of 'King of the Peak.' On his death, which occurred in 1565, his estates were divided between his two daughters. Haddon fell to the share of Dorothy, who had married Sir John Manners, the second son of the Earl of Rutland. Their grandson became Duke of Rutland; and Haddon has since formed a portion of the Rutland property. For the last century and a half Haddon Hall has been deserted: Belvoir Castle, Leicestershire, having been made the family residence.

You cross the Wye by an old bridge, and then approach Haddon Hall by a long and rather steep slope. A lofty embattled tower is before you, the large gateway of which is the grand entrance. On passing through this you find yourself in a tolerably spacious

quadrangle, the buildings around which speak aloud of a time when state was maintained after a fashion very different indeed to that of our days, and ease and elegance were considered of but secondary consequence. This air of antiquity is so strong here, that the appearance of a retainer in buff jerkin crossing from the hall, or a sturdy steel-capped soldier stepping from the guard-room to take a survey of the intruder, would hardly excite in you any considerable astonishment. Around this court-yard are the great hall, chapel, chaplain's room, and other apartments, with a turret or two lifting their heads at the angles. Except that it is ruder and of more defensive style, as well as somewhat less altered, this first court-yard is very similar in character to that at Penshurst, described in a former part of this volume: we may therefore be spared entering into much detail respecting it—and indeed may refer to those pages for a general view of a baronial mansion of the sixteenth century. We shall thus escape some repetition, and perhaps avoid tediousness.

In this court-yard your attention is particularly called to the chaplain's room—chiefly however for its contents, for the room itself is little likely to interest the ordinary visitor. These contents are, first, some pewter dishes and platters of capacious size—for which the chaplain's room may have been thought an appropriate depository. Then there are huge jack-boots, thick leathern doublets, and cumbrous matchlocks, for which, unless literally of the church militant, the clerk would hardly seem a fitting keeper. But why the cradle should be placed here it is more difficult to guess. The visitor will notice the fire-place and stone fender. From the chaplain's room you pass naturally to the chapel. It is a curious and noteworthy building, erected before the middle of the fifteenth century—being, with the hall, the most ancient part of the edifice. It is rude and small, but most valuable as an example of the domestic chapel of that age. In the windows are some fragments of the original stained glass, bearing the date 1427. Mr. Rhodes, comparing its small size with the ample proportions of the hall, the kitchens and the larders, observes, that "the very limited capacity of the chapel, when contrasted with the magnitude of those apartments, shows, that though the good people of this establishment took up a large space in which to manage their temporal affairs, they contrived to arrange their spiritual concerns within very moderate dimensions." But this is a sort of sneer unworthy of the excellent author. The chapel was undoubtedly large enough for the establishment, and, as there was a spacious parish church close at hand, it could not be needed for any who dwelt outside the walls of the mansion. There is nothing in the size or character of the chapel to indicate that religious worship was neglected, or performed in a grudging niggardly spirit. The space in which many a modern peer and his establishment "contrive to arrange their spiritual concerns," as contrasted with the magnitude of the space devoted to their "temporal affairs," might suggest, in comparing the two, some reflections very little to the advantage of the



modern—but such comparisons are obviously fallacious, and, it is not too much to add, such sneers at the people of a former age are absurd.

The great hall was erected before 1452. It is a good-sized room, though hardly so large as some other existing halls. Its appearance is imposing. The roof is open: the walls to a good height are lined with panelled oak wainscoting. Round two of its sides is carried a gallery of carved oak—but this appears to be somewhat less ancient than the room. At the end of the hall is a dais, and upon it still remains the high-board. A capacious fire-place with huge andirons tell of ancient cheer. But a curious instrument in this hall speaks in coarser tones of the rudeness of ancient hospitality. It is a kind of iron handcuff, which is fastened against the screen; when any guest refused to drink off a proper potation, he was punished by locking his hand in this frame, which is fixed at some height above the head,—the remainder of the draught was then poured down the arm. It was also used for the punishment of other small offences.

Now the hall is bare of furniture, only a few stags' horns being suspended from the gallery and around the walls. Yet is it in its silent deserted state singularly impressive, and suggestive to the imagination. This hall, the reader may remember, is that which Sir Walter Scott describes under the title of Martindale Hall, and makes the scene of some chapters in his 'Peveril of the Peak.' The ancient festivities of these halls have been so fully described by us already (*ante*, p. 10), that we need not add anything in this place. What was said there too of the change in the customs of the nobility when the practice of dining at the head of the retainers in the great hall began to be neglected, will also apply here.

From the great hall you pass to the dining-room—an apartment constructed when it had become the fashion for the lord of the house to dine in private, except on special occasions. It is probably one of the oldest of these private dining-rooms: it was erected about 1545. It must have been in its day a splendid room. The ceiling is divided into compartments by carved beams, which have been richly coloured and gilt. The walls are covered with panelled oak, a fanciful carved cornice is carried round the room, and the fire-place is profusely carved. Among other figures the portraits of Henry VII. and his Queen must not be overlooked. Here, as in the other rooms, the boar's head, the crest of the Vernons, and the peacock, that of the Manners, are of perpetual recurrence. The drawing-room, and the bed-room connected with it, are particularly interesting. In the former is a noble bay-window. Both are hung with tapestry, that will repay examination. The old furniture in these three rooms should not be passed unnoticed. The rude doors will also be observed, and it will be noted that they were all once covered by arras hangings, as some of them still are.

From these rooms you pass to the long gallery, a room 109 feet long, by 18 wide and 15 high. The room appears, of course, both narrow and low, from being so

long; but the appearance is greatly improved, and the inconvenience lessened, by three vast bay-windows which occur at regular intervals on one side of it. This apartment was built in the reign of Elizabeth, and there is a tradition that the first ball given in it was opened in person by the virgin queen. In its day this room has witnessed abundant gaiety, and one might be tempted to moralize in looking upon its present sad and fallen state. Yet even now the old walls occasionally re-echo to the sound of mirth, and "twinkling feet" trip lightly along the floor. Only a few months back the tenants and neighbours were invited to a festival and ball, under the presidency of Lord John Manners; and the youths and maidens—the Young England of the Peak—parted unwillingly from Haddon when the morning sun had risen high over the neighbouring hills. In the withdrawing-room adjoining the ball-room are some noticeable features, and also a few pictures. The floor of this long ball-room is traditionally said to have been cut from a single oak which previously grew in the park.

There are many other rooms which will be shown to the stranger, and all of which are more or less worth looking over. Some have arras hangings, and old furniture. In one is a curious antique state-bed, brought here from Belvoir Castle; the last person who slept in it, you are told, was George IV. when Prince Regent. One of the rooms bears the name of Dorothy Vernon; this lady, the daughter of the King of the Peak, "the circumstances of whose loves," it has been said, "have thrown such a romantic interest over Haddon;" this lady, it will be remembered perhaps—for the story has been told a hundred times, and in as many ways—formed a secret attachment to Sir John Manners, and, when her father refused to consent to their union, eloped with him. We are sorry to tell the story in this bald style, because the lovely one and her adventures are evidently great favourites with the fair visitants to Haddon; but as we cannot do justice to these love stories, and really do not like to spoil them, as we invariably do in telling them at length, we prefer to run the least risk by using the fewest words possible. All the tender meetings, soft vows, and pretty occurrences, our fair readers will readily supply out of their own happy imaginations. We will only add, by way of assisting them, that they show here a little oratory to which the fair one used to retire, in order to watch from the oriel the fond youth's coming, and the lattice is pointed out through which they used to exchange sighs and greetings; the spot too is shown whither they repaired for their stolen interviews; and the door by which on a festal evening the lady escaped

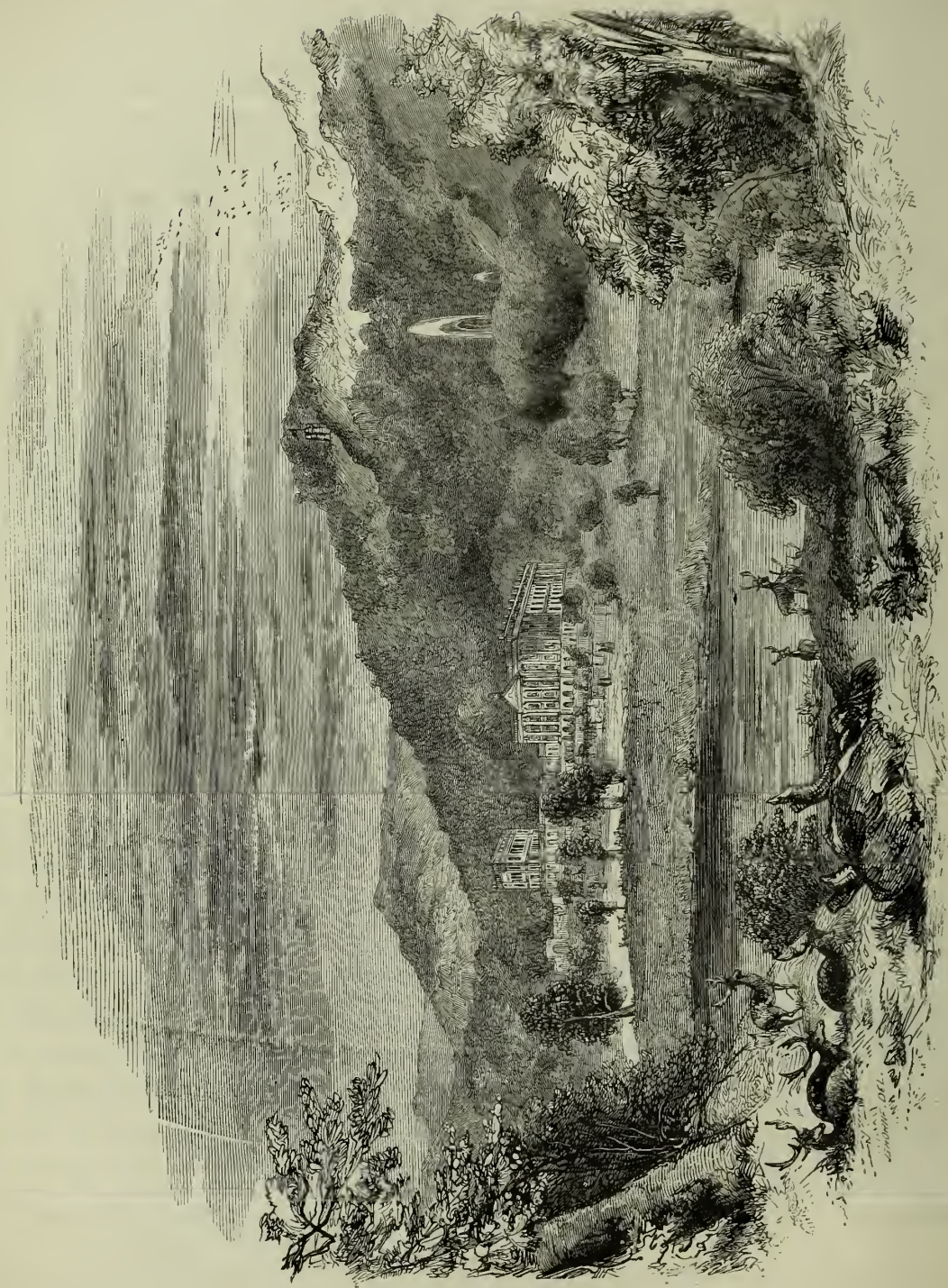
"Into the night, and to the arms of love."

It was through this lady thus won, let us repeat as a climax, that the Haddon property (and a good deal more) passed over to the Rutland family.

The slightest sketch of Haddon Hall would be justly condemned that left the gardens unnoticed. These, though neglected, show the tall clipped hedges and

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4.—CHATSWORTH.



narrow alleys which the memory always associates with the ancient hall, but which are so seldom found existing. Here, however, they have been preserved, and now happily are little likely to be destroyed. The Terrace, with its quaint balusters, is too well-known from pictures (and every recent exhibition has contained more than one) to need more than mention here. The Upper Terrace (or, if the fair reader pleases, Dorothy Vernon's Walk) has been seldom painted or praised—but to our thinking it is, with the delicious avenue of noble limes, far more charming. We had almost forgotten to mention the view from the Eagle Tower, and from the turret at the angle. From the tower the eye ranges far and wide over a beautiful country; and then turns to gaze with fresh interest upon the roofs and courts of the ancient mansion. The least sentimental will hardly be unmoved, the least thoughtful scarcely escape from pensiveness, as the mind turns from these remains of the dim past, and looks over the hazy mountains, emblems of the dreamy future. Nay, even the outline of some slender foot, cut by admiring swain on the leads, might almost lead one to moralize, as the date inclosed within its boundary tells that the fair one and the swain are alike mouldering in the grave.

The great charm of Haddon is the almost perfect example it affords of an ancient hall. Altogether it is a noble relic: perhaps the most perfect of its age, and in many respects the most interesting, as it is certainly the most picturesque. To one who passes hastily through it, often it appears but small, and rude, and mean. Yet the most indifferent will it soon interest if examined at leisure: and the most skilful will it longest delight and most thoroughly stimulate. Not alone did Scott draw inspiration from Haddon: painters of every class have here acquired knowledge, and in return have done honour to the ancient pile. Cattermole has re-peopled its halls; Nash illustrated the glories of its ancient state; Creswick eternized the terrace in all its vernal bloom: and many another has in his manner embodied some feature of the matchless edifice. Our steel engraving represents Haddon as seen from the meadows on the Bakewell side.

#### CHATSWORTH.

We now proceed to a mansion which is in all respects a striking contrast to that we have just quitted. Chatsworth is perhaps on the whole the most splendid residence in England, and well deserves its title of the Palace of the Peak. In the seventeenth century, among the 'seven wonders of the Peak,' which were celebrated as well in poetry as by common fame, Chatsworth held an enviable place; but the Chatsworth of that day would sink into insignificance if put into comparison with the Chatsworth of the present.

From Haddon there is a way over the hills and through private grounds and roads, by which the distance to Chatsworth is not above two miles and a half. This way is very beautiful; but as it is not a public one, we shall not now pursue it. From the Peacock

a path leads alongside the Derwent quite to the mansion. The distance is somewhat more than three miles; a pleasanter way can hardly be desired. The river, which is here and there overhung with foliage (but not enough to interfere with the sport of the angler), now rushes foaming and sparkling over rocky shallows, and again seems to sleep in the deep pools. Before you stretches a long broad valley, through which the river meanders: on either side are lofty hills: in front are others, which recede into the blue distance. One or two picturesque watermills and foaming weirs are past; and then the Palace of the Peak comes full into view, its long front gleaming in the sunshine, and thrown into stronger relief by the luxuriant plantations that cover the lower slopes of the hills which rise behind it. On the heights, which are bare, and from which masses of gray crag protrude, is a tower that bears the flag of the noble owner of the domain. In front of the mansion is the river: on one side jets of water stream up aloft far above the tops of the tall elms. The broad park is spotted over with trees, standing singly or in groups; while hundreds of deer lie under their shadows, or are scattered about the open glades.

As you draw nearer, and view the house from the higher grounds, but still on the opposite side of the river, its somewhat peculiar features are seen to great advantage. (Cut, No. 4.) The building ranges north and south; its chief front facing the west. It consists of a large quadrangular pile at the south end, from which proceeds a long extension, which terminates northwards in a lofty and massive structure. The façade, which is 750 feet in length, is peculiar, but certainly has a grand effect. The style of the edifice is Ionic, but the whole has an Italianized character. In front are extensive terraces, ornamented with statues; and statues and vases embellish the building. You cross the river by a bridge, which is ornamented with statues sculptured by Cibber, and enter the mansion by a grand Roman arch.

The first house at Chatsworth which laid any claim to splendour was erected by the Countess of Shrewsbury, the builder of Hardwick, and also of another mansion in this county. She became possessed of Chatsworth, by her marriage with Sir William Cavendish; and she made all her husbands settle their estates, as far as they could, on her. This building was for a while the residence, or prison, of Mary Queen of Scots. In it, too, for many years, the philosopher of Malmesbury was a resident. His strange mode of life at Chatsworth has been clumsily sketched by the author of the 'Lives of the Cavendishes,' and with a more facile pencil by St. Evremond. Hobbes has not forgotten to sing the praises of Chatsworth in his '*De Mirabilibus Pecci*:' Cotton, too, gives it honourable place in his Peak poem. During the civil war it was the scene of several encounters. When, in the reign of James II., the Earl of Devonshire, after in vain endeavouring to prevent the arbitrary proceedings of the king, retired from public life, he sought occupation in planning the erection of a new and more splendid



mansion. The actual building was begun but a little while before the Revolution. In bringing about that great event the earl took a leading part, and he was rewarded, in consequence, with the title of Duke of Devonshire. The building was completed in 1706. William Talman was the architect employed; but Wren is believed to have been also consulted. This building is the square pile which forms the southern end of the present edifice. No material alteration took place at Chatsworth till the present Duke of Devonshire commenced those additions which have entirely changed the appearance and character of the place. The whole of the present building, with the exception of the original square structure, has been erected since 1820. The architect of the new portion was Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. The stone of which it is constructed was all obtained from the duke's quarries: it is a sandstone, of a rich warm tint, and beautifully veined. The grand arch affords some excellent specimens of it. All the additions have been made on one side,—a circumstance by which an irregularity hardly consistent, perhaps, with 'classic' style has been produced, but which has certainly given to the vast edifice something of originality, as well as greater lightness and picturesqueness, without at all interfering with its stateliness.

Over the interior of Chatsworth we must pass hastily: the briefest description of it would require far greater space than we can afford. The rooms are spacious and lofty; and not only fitted up and furnished in the most sumptuous manner, but stored with an innumerable variety of the costliest articles of taste and luxury. The ordinary visitor to Chatsworth, however, will now obtain but a very imperfect notion of the magnificence of the interior. Several of the most splendid of the state apartments, which used to be shown to the public, have been closed from them for the last year or two; and Chatsworth, in consequence, leaves a very different impression on the mind. The part now permitted to be seen consists chiefly of the State Apartments of the older part of the mansion. For a list of the rooms which are shown, and a description of their contents, the reader must turn to the Guide-books: here we can give but a few general remarks.

The chief apartments are so arranged as to permit them, on state occasions, to be thrown open *en suite*. They are connected by openings of equal breadth, and as the state rooms occupy the entire length of the mansion, a vista, unrivalled in England, is obtained of nearly 750 feet. The effect is described by those who have witnessed it, when the whole has been set forth in its utmost richness, and the rooms were filled with brilliant company, to be of surpassing splendour. In the fittings and embellishments of the apartments it appears as though the resources of art and of wealth had been tried to the utmost. Fancy woods and marble, with carved work and gilding, are everywhere profusely lavished. Instead of the lining of the walls being of paper, rich silk brocades and velvets are employed, as also in the curtains of the windows and

the hangings which conceal the doors. And then not only is the furniture commensurate, but, as was said, pictures, statuary, vases, and other costly articles abound on every hand. The library, the drawing-room, and the music-room—the richest of the apartments—are among those, if we remember rightly, which are not now shown.

Among the works of art which embellish this princely seat, the carvings of Grinling Gibbons claim a foremost place. When the older building was erected, Gibbons was commissioned to execute the carved ornaments of the grand rooms. These rooms accordingly possess an almost invaluable collection of carvings in wood. They consist principally of cornices, and brackets, and festoons; which are formed for the most part of flowers, shells, dead game, and scroll-work. In looking at these carvings as a whole, and with reference to their several purposes, the feeling becomes very strong that Gibbons' genius was rather executive than inventive. Nothing probably in such a material as wood can surpass the wondrous skill displayed in imitating the various objects represented, or in giving to each accuracy of surface as well as of form: the soft feathers of birds, whether smooth or ruffled, the crisp flowing foliage, the downy skin of fruit, are all given with extraordinary facility and almost deceptive truth. Yet beyond that the artist does not advance. Equally with the lace-frills (his famous masterpiece), or the net of dead game, which were executed chiefly with a view to show his executive power, all is merely imitative. And so little did appropriateness of ornament enter into his thoughts when designing the carvings for an apartment, that he has adorned the walls of the chapel with game and fruit, just in the same manner as he has more suitably decorated the dining-room. With however that drawback—that there appears to be a want of definite artistic purpose—these carvings must be regarded with almost unmingled admiration. On the whole, we think them inferior to Gibbons' carvings at Petworth, but they are without rivals elsewhere: and they command that kind of homage which only the works of genius can command. How poor and unsatisfactory after the first glance are the gold and the marble and the silk which here line the walls, when placed beside these productions of mind! It is proper to add, that a large part of the carvings at Chatsworth were executed by Samuel Watson, a native of Derbyshire, under the direction of Gibbons. We regret to be obliged to add, also, that the wood carvings are suffering terribly from the ravages of insects: some endeavour ought to be made to stay the mischief before it be too late.

Chatsworth contains a great many paintings. As is usually the case in these lordly halls, the larger part of them bear the names of the great masters of Italy and Holland: often, no doubt, without sufficient authority. But the pictures at Chatsworth are not such as dwell on the memory. Their superiority as works of art is not sufficiently great to interest you in spite of their subjects; and generally their subjects are not such as to excite much sympathy. To a lover of art—still more

to a connoisseur—the gallery at Chatsworth would no doubt afford much pleasure, if he were permitted to examine it at leisure. But to the ordinary visitor, who merely walks quickly through it, it is as unsatisfactory as a collection of works of art, which he wishes to understand and to admire, well can be. Of the productions of British artists a few good works are hung in the rooms which are shown. One room is particularly pleasing. It is not very large, but quite large enough for the purpose; the walls are hung with a rich crimson velvet, which displays the pictures to great advantage; and it is well lighted. The chief attraction here is Landseer's well-known 'Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time.' One would wish it to be hung a foot lower; but as it is, it stands out clear and fresh as the real scene. In its style it is perfect: the admirer of English art who remembers this picture when first painted, will rejoice to see that it has stood hitherto without the smallest change—except perhaps a slight mellowing of the tone. Less fortunate in this respect is that admirable picture of Collins's which hangs nearly opposite to it—a representation of rustic children setting open the road-gate for the 'squire—which has blackened sadly, to the great injury of the gay and happy spirit of the subject. A large academic painting by Eastlake is very beautiful, as all his paintings are; but the subject is one that does not accord with his grave and reflective genius—at any rate, the picture does not come home to the heart and the feelings of the spectator as his later paintings generally do. One such picture as the 'Christ Weeping over Jerusalem,' were worth a gallery of these. In this room there are also some pictures by Lawrence; one or two of small size by Liversege (showing, like most of his pictures, strong proof of the eccentricities of fashion); one or two by Newton, and several others. The portraits in the different rooms it is needless to particularize. We must not forget the beautiful natural landscape which is seen from each of the state-rooms. The windows, though large, have but a single pane of glass in the upper and in the lower sashes, so that the view is seen as it were set in a frame. Looking down the valley, the prospect is an exquisite one, embracing the river and the gentle uplands, with, close at hand, the terraces and gardens, the lakes and the fountains, of Chatsworth—a scene in its cultivated beauty of all others most appropriate to these ornate apartments.

There used to be a good deal of tapestry at Chatsworth, but the greater part of it has been removed to Hardwick. Of the specimens yet here, those wrought from the cartoons of Raphael alone have any interest. It is said that they are of Gobelin manufacture, but it is more likely that they are one of the sets worked at Matlock; the cartoons were purchased by Charles I. for the purpose of being copied there, and some copies were unquestionably made.

Perhaps the apartment which affords most delight to the cultivated visitor is the sculpture gallery. It was built expressly for the exhibition of the collection of modern sculpture formed by the present duke, and it answers the purpose for which it was constructed much

better than most sculpture galleries. The room is of good size and very pleasing proportions, lofty and well lighted. The walls, instead of being painted as is usual, have the material of which they are constructed left uncovered. The beautiful veined sandstone is worked to a perfectly smooth surface, and its warm mellow tone forms an excellent contrast to the marble.

The sculpture at Chatsworth displays the resources of the chisel in the hands of the more eminent of recent Italian, German, and English artists. The subjects are of course taken chiefly from the Grecian mythology. Dealing almost alone with the human form, this is perhaps a necessity; but it places the modern sculptor at a great disadvantage as compared with the ancient. With the Greek the gods were living beings, and divine. With the modern they are mere abstractions, or common humanity. The Greek regarded with reverence the divinity of "the immortal gods," and he fashioned their images with respect and awe and reserve: the god was the calm embodiment of a lofty ideal; the goddess was felt to be a deity. With the modern sculptor this is impossible. His object is to make the nearest possible approach to a perfect human form. The god is a reflex of the Greek idea; the goddess a frail female, somewhat too ostentatious of her person. The modesty of ancient sculpture as compared with modern is apparently one of the least remediable differences.

Thorwaldsen's celebrated statue of 'Venus with the Apple,' one of the chief features in the Chatsworth collection, we think illustrates most markedly the difference between ancient and modern art. The superiority of this statue is evinced by its European reputation, yet looked at without regard to the conventional laws by which such works are commonly judged, and leaving out of view the mere handiwork, what is it? A finely-formed, plump, well-developed, somewhat matronly woman, standing in such an attitude as to exhibit most fully all her charms. Assuredly if a goddess she has put off her divinity. A Greek could not so have treated the sacred form: nor could a German perhaps have treated it otherwise. In truth, there is little hope for modern sculpture, till some man of lofty genius, looking steadily at the changed condition of the world, will grapple fairly with modern requirements, and strike out some grand modern idea. The gods are dead and forgotten, why should we continue for ever to imitate the imitation of their forms? What is wanted is an idea at first hand: something that can be believed in. Michael Angelo seemed as if he comprehended the need: but he did not supply it.

Canova is the sculptor whose works are the grand attraction at Chatsworth. Of his poetic art the *Endymion*, and the famous *Hebe*, are the chief examples. Like all his works, they are extremely beautiful—though not divine. The colossal bust of Napoleon is a fine example of his mastery in portraiture. It is one of the very few representations of that extraordinary man which suggest the idea of one who, not content with raising himself from obscurity to an imperial throne, dared to aspire beyond it, to be the lawgiver and the



sovereign of Europe. The statue of the Mother of Napoleon is also a noble conception, and admirable as a work of art. Like the other seated statues, and larger groups in this room, it is made to turn readily on a pivot, and thus allow of its being seen on all sides, and under any light. The works of Canova are not his only memorials here. A colossal bust of him is placed at the end of the room; and his modelling-tools are preserved under a glass. Cupid extracting a thorn from the foot of Venus, by Tenerani, is the next most attractive of recent Italian works. The works of Finelli, Trentanovi, and other of their countrymen, it is needless to catalogue. Of the productions of German artists we have already mentioned Thorwaldsen's Venus, and shall only add that, forgetting the deity, it is a charming work of art: the difference between the German and the Italian goddesses, by the way, is very striking. There are also some exquisite bassi-relievi by Thorwaldsen of subjects from Homer, of Morning and of Night. His bust of Cardinal Gonsalvi must not be overlooked. Schadow's Filatrice is one of our favourites among the German works. Our English sculptors hardly keep their place—few, however, of their higher efforts are here. Gibson's Mars and Cupid is perhaps the best, but it is not his best. In the state-rooms there are some of Chantrey's admirable busts, and some little inferior by others. The colossal vase of polished granite which occupies the centre of the sculpture gallery, was presented to the Duke of Devonshire by the King of Prussia: it was executed by an artist in Berlin. In one of the state-rooms there are a pair of vases which were a present from the Emperor of Russia. In the conservatory adjoining the sculpture gallery is a copy in marble of the Medicean vase, the size of the original.

The riches of Chatsworth are far from ending with the house. The gardens and grounds are no less costly in character or worthy of examination. Of the gardens themselves we can only say that they exhibit all that the highest horticultural science joined with unlimited means could accomplish. Of the artificial works, the "water-works" will first be pointed out to the attention of the visitor. They have always been celebrated. The old works where the water bursts suddenly from every part of a building, forms a cascade, and then after flowing towards you down a series of steps for some 300 yards, sinks under the path; this, and the tree that sends a shower from every branch on the unwary who venture nigh it, and the snakes that pour out a hundred little streams upon those who run to escape from the tree,—these elaborate puerilities we need but mention. The really noteworthy water-works are the vast aqueduct and fall on the heights above, and the powerful jets which rise from the large basins in the arboretum. In the grounds of the original Chatsworth of the Countess of Shrewsbury there were fountains, but they were somewhat different to these. Cotton, in singing of the Chatsworth of the seventeenth century, gives a very poetical account of the chief fountain:

"Now in the middle of the great parterre,  
A fountain darts her streams into the air

Twenty foot high; till by the winds deprest,  
Unable longer upwards to contest,  
They fall again in tears, for grief and ire  
They cannot reach the place they did aspire."

*'Wonders of the Peak.'*

But the fountain which for a good many years has played here sends its streams 94 feet into the air. And now another fountain has been constructed, the jet of which rises to an altitude of considerably above 200 feet! For this unrivalled fountain the water is brought from a lake or reservoir of some acres area, constructed for the purpose on a mountain summit some three or four miles distant. This fountain only plays on special occasions; the other always when the duke is at Chatsworth, and at any other time when visitors come to the gardens. Exceedingly fine is the appearance of the snowy column rising far above the tops of the lofty trees and breaking in the most graceful curves,—and the falling shower glittering like myriads of diamonds in the brilliant sunshine.

The next marvel is the Conservatory—the largest in the world. Some conception may be formed of this immense pile of glass from its dimensions. It is 300 feet long by 145 feet wide, and the centre of the arch is 65 feet high: it covers an area of nearly an acre. The basement wall is about four feet high; above it all is glass. The plan is a simple oblong. Mr. Adam, from whom these dimensions are taken, says, that it contains "not less than 70,000 square feet of glass," and that the sash-bars would, "if laid end to end, reach to the amazing distance of forty miles." About four miles of iron tubing are required to heat this enormous structure. Round it a subterranean way is made, in which is a railway, thus enabling whatever is required in the conservatory to be carried without difficulty to any part, and without causing any unsightliness. The conservatory, like all the recent changes in the grounds, was designed by Mr. Paxton, the eminent horticulturist, who has the entire direction of the grounds and everything out of doors at Chatsworth. The conservatory stands in the best situation that could be selected for it, both for shelter and for show: "the thick wood to the south of the water-works was cleared to the extent of several acres for the purpose." Its appearance is superb. The interior contains a collection of exotic plants for which the east and the west have been alike ransacked. A carriage-way is carried through the centre of the conservatory, which permits of its being seen (as it has been shown by the duke to his grander visitors) while sitting at ease in a carriage—and-four, there being ample space for the evolutions of such a vehicle.

The Rock Works are among the most astonishing of the recent doings at Chatsworth, and, if we may venture to say it—among the most unsatisfactory. No efforts of man can rival the majesty of Nature. He may, as here, pile rock upon rock, and skilfully conceal the means by which he has effected his purpose; but the result is formal and feeble when compared with her least wondrous cliff or ravine. One of these objects,

for example, you are told is a copy of the Strid, near Bolton,—that strange spot, where the pent-up Wharfe pours in a tremendous torrent through the narrow gorge it has been compelled to cut through the living rock; a scene once looked on never to be forgotten—here it is copied in solid sandstone, almost the original size, and stone for stone, but wanting all its grand accompaniments, and, of course, the mighty torrent: one thinks of Madame Tussaud, and—

“Thirsting for redress,  
Recoils into the wilderness”—

or would gladly do so, were a wilderness at hand. But if it were possible to look at these things merely as works of art, they would be admirable for the ingenuity which has been expended upon them. They are not, either, merely rude rocks piled together: rocking-stones, and other curious things, are here as large as the originals. But we have stayed long enough here. We should be hardly forgiven, however, if we did not, before we left this part of the grounds, mention that there is in one of the enclosures a fine healthy oak, which was planted by her Majesty when Princess Victoria, and by it a chestnut that was planted at the same time by the Duchess of Kent: the Queen's tree has far outgrown that of her august parent. There is also a tree of Prince Albert's planting; and there are others planted by the Emperor of Russia, his brother, the Arch-duke, and, we believe, other seignors and mighty potentates.

The private gardens are about half a mile distant: they are on a princely scale. The collection of orchidaceous plants is among the finest in the kingdom. The various hot-houses and green-houses are abundant and amply stored:—but gardens and park, with all their contents, we must commend to the visitor's own researches. We have already made too long a tarriance.

As we came to Chatsworth we spoke of the contrast it presented to Haddon: another contrast may suggest itself to the mind of the visitor, as it did to that of our great philosophic poet. Wordsworth's fine sonnet may appropriately conclude this hurried and imperfect notice of the Palace of the Peak:

“Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride  
Of thy domain, strange contrast do present  
To house and home in many a craggy rent  
Of the wild Peak; where new-born waters glide  
Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide.  
As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
With every semblance of entire content;  
So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried!  
Yet He whose heart in childhood gave his troth  
To pastoral dales, thin set with modest farms,  
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,  
That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms;  
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms  
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both.”

If Chatsworth was approached from Rowsley, it must be quitted by way of Edensor. This village should be visited. The principal entrance to the park is here; and the visitor had formerly to pass through a mean and dirty village to reach it. To remedy this the duke

pulled down the old cottages, and built their occupants better and more comfortable ones at a little distance from the road. Along the road he erected a number of a rather superior class of houses,—not after a pattern and in a row, but of various shapes, and in the old English (or Elizabethan), Swiss, and Italian styles. The little village is quite unique. Edensor is a worthy pendant to Chatsworth: one farm-house is a very model.\*

It is hardly possible to overrate the benefit which during the last twenty years the Duke of Devonshire has, by his improvements, conferred on this part of the county. Not only has he provided constant employment for a very great number of people, and called into existence a large body of skilful artizans and labourers of various kinds, but his example has extended far around. It is not too much to say, that while he has uniformly sought to elevate the character and increase the comforts of the peasantry on his own estates, he has at the same time raised the taste and improved the physical condition of the whole locality.

The road from Edensor to Bakewell is one of uncommon beauty. Over the hills there are wide and rich prospects; in the hollows are delicious shady green lanes. Edensor Church, we ought perhaps to have mentioned, is old, and not without architectural merit: in it, too, are some noticeable monuments to some of the lords of Chatsworth, and other members of the Cavendish family. And as we have elsewhere pointed out to the Rambler where he may find a temporary home, it is only proper to mention here that among the houses erected by the duke at Edensor is a very pretty inn: we have no doubt that Mr. Adam is quite correct in saying that “a party might spend a day or two at Edensor inn with great advantage.” There is plenty to be seen in the neighbourhood.

#### STANTON MOOR.

We must have another day's ramble from Rowsley: its attractions are of an entirely different kind to those of the walk last taken. Then we saw a realization of the highest state of refinement and luxury: now we are to look at the relics of an age, and a condition of society long anterior to civilization. The early British antiquities are scattered far and wide over our land. In the loneliest and what must have been the most sterile spots, on bleak moors, or bare downs;—

“Remote from human dwellings, and the stir  
Of human life—and open to the breath  
And to the eye of Heaven;”—

from Wiltshire and Cornwall even to Cumberland, we see extensive Druidic remains, as they are generally called, yet existing; sometimes singly and far apart, elsewhere gathered in considerable numbers, and of

\* There is, by the way, in one of the rooms at Chatsworth, an actual model, on a considerable scale and beautifully executed, of a Russian farm-house and buildings; it was sent as a present to the duke by a Russian prince, who fancied it greatly resembled this farm at Edensor. The visitor will find it worth a pretty close inspection.



divers kinds, within the boundary of some comparatively narrow district. North Derbyshire is very rich in these remains, and a walk to Stanton Moor will enable us to examine conveniently a few of the various classes.

From Rowsley there is a way over Peak Tor and along the Stanton ridge, by which Stanton Moor may be reached within a distance of three miles. It is a rough road, and there is a long hill to be ascended, but the summit when gained commands magnificent views, both over the valley of the Derwent and in the opposite direction. Once this moorland tract must have been a wide desolate waste: now it is in good part inclosed and cultivated, or covered with plantations. Over the whole Stanton Moor, on Harthill, which is separated from it by a narrow valley, and over the moorland tract extending thence westward to the Dove, there yet remain a vast number of single stones, circles, and barrows, with rocking-stones, rock-basins, and other of those various objects which have been so long popularly associated with Druidic worship. If the stranger wishes to visit the chief of them, and be at all pressed for time, he will do well to procure the service of a guide, as they are often difficult to find—and sometimes, as far as our experience goes, only to be reached by a little infringement of the laws of trespass.

We shall notice a few of these objects. It is not our intention to explain them,—that we are unable to do; nor to theorize respecting their several purposes,—a more searching investigation and a wider induction must be made before that can be done with any safety. All these rude monuments appear to be common (with a difference) alike in eastern climes, and throughout the north of Europe. There is good reason to expect, from the diligence with which ethnological studies are being pursued by the learned of different countries, that some satisfactory elucidation of a subject in which so many countries are interested, will be arrived at; meanwhile it is enough to say, that the theories of our own elder antiquaries are now generally regarded as unsatisfactory.

Perhaps the most interesting of the monuments about these parts are the circles of stones. On Stanton Moor there is one known as the Nine Ladies; it consists of nine rude upright stones arranged in a circle, of about eleven yards in circumference. The spot on which this circle stands is inclosed, and the relic itself is imperfect. On Harthill Moor, the summit of the opposite hill, about a mile and a half south-west of this spot, is another of these circles. It stands in a field called Nine Stone Close, but the circle, which is thirteen yards in circumference, consists of only seven stones of the rudest description, and only three of them are now standing. A circle of very much more importance—indeed the most perfect and important of the British remains in this part of the country—may be mentioned here for the sake of connection, though it is some four miles west of the spot we are now at. This is Arbor Low (or, as it is commonly called, and sometimes written, Arbelow). It is situated on Middleton Moor, about nine miles from Buxton; the site commands a great

extent of country, being the most elevated part of the moor. The monument is yet tolerably complete. It consists of a circle of about thirty shapeless flat blocks of stone, some of which are broken, but which appear to have been all from six to eight feet long, and three or four broad. The stones are now all prone; they point towards the centre of the circle, but lie irregularly: they were probably originally upright. Near the centre of the circle are two larger stones. The platform on which they are ranged is encompassed by a fosse, or ditch, about six yards wide, and fifty in diameter. Outside the ditch is a vallum, which appears to have been formed by the earth thrown up from the ditch. The circumference of the top of this mound is about 270 yards. The vallum is broken through in places, but the monument seems to be carefully preserved. Nigh it are some tumuli, one of which is of large size. Arbor Low has neither the magnitude nor the grandeur of Stonehenge; yet assuredly, in its way, nothing can be more impressive, or appeal more powerfully to the imagination than this rude and undecipherable monument of a shadowy age!

That these circles were in some way connected with the sacred rites (probably, too, as northern antiquaries suggest, with legislation, for they were commonly united) there appears to be little doubt. For a religious purpose it is generally admitted were those single rude blocks of stone raised, of which two or three are still standing on Stanton Moor and in its vicinity, and which were set up by various people over a large portion of the earth from the time of the Jewish patriarchs. Whether the rocking-stones, or logans, as they are called in Devonshire and Cornwall, and the rock-basins, which are generally found in the same neighbourhood, were employed by the priests, has been questioned. Many writers imagine that they are wholly natural, being produced by the disintegration of the rocks. That the rock-basins, which are merely hollows scooped out of the surface of the rock, have been formed by the action of water is quite probable. But any one who has carefully examined the rocking-stones in different parts of the kingdom, will find it hard to believe that they have all fallen naturally into the positions they occupy. That they should almost invariably occur in the neighbourhood of those unquestionable relics of the ancient worship is a matter not to be overlooked. Even if they were formed naturally (as it is very likely that in many cases they were), it is at least probable that the priests may have availed themselves of their peculiar property; and if so, have learnt to construct them where they did not already exist.

The most remarkable rocking-stones in Derbyshire are those on Stanton Moor, which are known as the Routor Rocks: so called from the provincial word *roo*, to rock. There are several of them: the largest is a huge shapeless block, and weighing some fifty tons. Originally it was so nicely poised as to be set in motion with the greatest ease. A party of young men assembled for the purpose on Whit-Sunday, 1799, and with great difficulty succeeded in throwing it off its balance. It

has been since restored to its position, but to obtain the exact balance was found impossible: it now requires the whole strength of a man to move it. Some others, however, close by, can be made to oscillate by the application of a single finger—or the most delicate hand of a fair lady. There is one very curious pile of stones here that oscillates readily on pressing against one of the lower stones.

Other rocks hereabout are also noticeable. The stone chairs need only to be mentioned in order to warn the stranger that all is not ancient which he may discover here. The 'Augur's Seat' on Durwood Tor, has been fashioned, no doubt, by some whimsical person at no very remote period. A strange group of rocks will be observed on the summit of a hill on Harthill Moor. They are evidently the remains of the hill itself, which has been worn down in the course of ages,—the hardest crags having longest withstood the action of the elements, and projecting in columnar masses. At a distance it looks like some ruined castle. It has the trivial name of Mock Beggar's Hall, from two of the largest pieces of rock at the opposite ends bearing a fancied resemblance to chimneys: but very few beggars, we think, would wend far towards it. It is also called Robin Hood's Stride; the stones, says the tradition, being set to mark a stride taken by that "famous man;"—if so, he could stride well, for the stones are twenty yards apart. Close by it is a circular earth-work, called Castle Ring; it is supposed to be a British encampment.

There are several other objects, natural as well as artificial, here, which might well engage attention. It must suffice for us to mention only one other class—the barrows, of which there are many here, and a remarkable number scattered over the north of Derbyshire. The barrows are of various kinds, and probably of various ages. Most of the northern tribes employed this mode of interment, and barrows are as common in Sweden and the north of Germany as in England. Of late barrow-opening has become quite a fashionable archæological employment. One of the most zealous of barrow-openers resides in Youlgrave, a village on the edge of Stanton Moor, where he has a large collection of articles found in these tumuli. Within the last few months he has published the result of his researches, in a volume entitled 'Vestiges of the Antiquities of Derbyshire,' a work which should be consulted by any one who wishes to investigate these early remains. The account of the barrows is particularly full and valuable: a notice is given of "every tumulus opened in the county of which any record has been preserved," and a very particular account of those Mr. Bateman has himself examined. As the reader may like to know what is found in these Derbyshire barrows, we shall quote the account of one of the best of those recently opened: very few, however, are so rich as this, which is known as Green Low.

"It is situated upon the tract of land known as Alsop Moor, which has since proved very productive of ancient British remains. This tumulus had been heaped over a rocky and unequal surface, in which a

hole had been cut in order to serve the purpose of a cist. In removing the upper portion of the barrow a few human bones, horses' teeth, and rats' bones were discovered; and on clearing out the soil with which the cist was filled, the skeleton of a man in the prime of life was laid bare: his knees were contracted and drawn up, until they nearly approached the head; and immediately in the rear of the shoulders were placed an elegant and most elaborately-ornamented drinking-cup, a piece of spherical pyrites, or iron ore, before alluded to as being an occasional ornament of the Britons, a flint instrument of the circular-headed form, and a splendid flint dagger; a little lower down the back of the skeleton there lay three beautifully chipped and barbed arrow-heads of flint, seven other instruments of the same material, but of inferior workmanship, and three instruments made from the ribs of some animal, neatly rounded at each end, and much like a mesh-rule for netting, or perhaps used as modelling-tools in the construction of urns. Still lower down, close to the pelvis, lay the remains of an infant; across the pelvis lay a bone pin, made from the leg of a small deer, which had probably been used to secure the folds of some vestments, in which the body had been enveloped previous to its interment. The contents of this barrow are highly interesting, as they present a striking degree of similarity to the contents of barrows discovered in Wiltshire, particularly to the relics engraved in plate 18, vol. i., of Sir Richard Hoare's work. The drinking-cup there figured bears a characteristic resemblance to the one here discovered, which is quite different to any heretofore found in Derbyshire; indeed, had railways then existed, and communication with distant places been as easy as at the present day, we should have attributed both vessels to one designer and manufacture. All the flints here discovered had undergone the action of fire, and present a spotless white, which materially improves their appearance."

If the Rambler should not feel interested in these antiquities (which is not very likely), he will nevertheless not regret a stroll to Stanton Moor. There are rude old mining villages,—some, as Winster, more than commonly picturesque; and there is a great deal of beautiful scenery. The little Lathkill, one of the very loveliest of the lesser Derbyshire rivers, works its way along a valley, through which it is quite a delight to trace it. Mr. Rhodes very truly says, "A walk round Stanton Moor exhibits a greater variety of fine scenery than can be found in the same space in any other part of Derbyshire."

#### VALLEY OF THE WYE.

We must now turn our steps to the High Peak, and take up our abode awhile at Castleton. In proceeding thither we shall go by way of Monsall Dale and Tideswell,—not because it is the nearest way, but as very much the pleasantest. Monsall Dale must not be omitted in a tour of North Derbyshire. After quitting Bakewell we soon arrive at Ashford, a respectable and



thriving town. Just beyond are the Ashford marble quarries, where the Derbyshire black marble, the finest and purest in the world, is chiefly obtained. Here, too, are the marble-works in which it is wrought into slabs for tables, mantel-pieces, &c. These works, or those at Bakewell, are worth looking over.

Monsall Dale is but a short distance further. The Buxton road follows the river as far as the entrance to the Dale, when it diverges to the west, and is carried over the hills by Taddington. This road we, of course, cannot pursue further; but we may just mention that the prospects from some parts of it delight every traveller. The opening view of Monsall Dale is very fine. Majestic hills rise before you, sweeping round in a bold curve, while the river, a clear swift stream, flows along a meadow of the brightest verdure, and fringed with handsome trees. The dale winds in a serpentine direction, and the river, beside which you can keep through the valley, meanders still more playfully. Here you come upon a broad foaming cascade, which, with the surrounding scenery, makes a striking picture. Close by is a homely rustic bridge. Presently you see a picturesque farm-house nestling among lofty trees, and imaging itself in the clear stream; while a long bridge crosses the river, supported on the oft-described 'leppings;' and as a background to all there is the broad heathy mountain side. Over this hill, Longstone Edge, the road to Castleton is carried. We intend to keep by the river, and therefore shall not ascend it; but the stranger should be told that the view from Longstone Edge, with Monsall Dale smiling at your feet, is one of the finest in this land of noble prospects. Besides its pictorial celebrity—and it has furnished many a page in the sketch-books of artist and tourist—Monsall Dale has also a very high piscatorial fame: on a promising day in June a dozen brothers of the angle may be seen diligently whipping the stream. The privilege of fishing in Monsall Dale is granted to those who stay at the Devonshire Arms, at Ashford.

Beautiful as is the Wye in its passage through Monsall Dale, it loses nothing of its beauty as you ascend beyond into Cressbrook and Litton Dales: they are narrower, but more companionable therefore, and certainly not less picturesque—save where you meet with a couple of huge cotton-mills. In some places the combinations of rock and river are often of an almost romantic character. Beyond Cressbrook Mill you have to quit the stream, the rocks on both sides rising so steeply from it as to render the glen impassable, except by rather bold pedestrians: but for them there is some of the finest scenery on the Wye; the rough path lies along the left bank. They who take the road will rejoin the river just above Litton Mill, where you enter upon Miller's Dale, along which, for above a mile, there is a succession of scenery that will appear lovely, or grand, or wearisome, according to the season, or the weather, or the temper in which it is beheld. Black impending crags tower far up aloft, but luxuriant foliage abounds, and softens the sternness. The river

is broken by frequent rapids, and there is a not unpicturesque corn-mill or two on the banks.

At Tideswell Mill the road to Tideswell is met. But the tourist may as well prolong his walk about a mile further to Chee Tor, one of the most celebrated spots on the Wye, and the finest piece of rock and river scenery of its kind in Derbyshire. There is a wild path to it along the river, but it is a private way; and perhaps it will be best (as it is certainly most correct) to turn up the hill on the right to the village of Wormhill, where, at the Red Lion, you will readily obtain the requisite permission and a guide to the Tor. The right of granting access to this wild glen (which is private property, and enclosed,) appertains to the little inn; and Mrs. Heaphy, the hostess, is so civil and ready to oblige (and so very moderate in all her charges), that the stranger will do well to save himself trouble by calling there. Wormhill itself stands on an open elevated spot, and might be described, in Homeric phrase, as "abounding in springs;" for besides the rather celebrated Wormhill spring, which gushes out of the rocks at the base of the hill, they burst forth in almost every field, clear as crystal, and in ever-flowing plenty. Wormhill is so pleasant and healthy a place, and has so much splendid scenery close at hand, that it is surprising more of the migratory tribe do not settle here for a short summer season.

From the open and comparatively uninteresting country around Wormhill, it would scarcely be expected that so romantic a dell lies just below it. A stranger might pass through the village, and, even though looking diligently around him, leave Chee Dale quite unobserved. But so, let us add, it often happens elsewhere in this Peak district, though perhaps on a less important scale. Everywhere among the hills does some little streamlet find for itself a way down a narrow valley, and create there some quite unimagined beauty. Only to one who resides awhile in these wilder districts do these secluded beauties reveal themselves: from the hasty traveller they are hidden and remain unknown. A rough steep path quickly leads you from the inn down to the river: to assist you over the rugged parts of the descent there are some rude steps, which, after the Matlock fashion, are named 'Adam and Eve's Stairs;' but, though of very respectable antiquity, they are hardly as old as Adam, if even he ever visited Derbyshire.

Chee Tor deserves all its celebrity. It is an enormous concave wall of limestone, rising perpendicularly from the bed of the river to a height of more than three hundred feet. Other, though not such stupendous masses, rise with equal abruptness on the opposite side of the dell. Here and there a yew has found a root in a fissure of the mighty cliff, or a graceful ash or hazel waves in the soft breeze. The light green fern, brown heath, and dark ivy, climb about the face of the crags, contrasting with the gray or yellow lichens which form their chief covering. All around is silence: you seem shut out from the world, and left to commune in solitude with Nature and your own heart. It is the loveliest and





5.—ENTRANCE TO THE PEAK CAVERN.



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most impressive scene in this part of the country. And onwards, though no such amazing mass of rock lifts its lofty brow before you, the scenery hardly at all diminishes in grandeur. You wander on, awed by the surrounding majesty, till your path is closed by beetling rocks, which rise like vast portals of the pass, to prohibit alike admission or departure. In fact, the Dale is here impassable except in very dry weather, when by keeping in the bed of the stream, and occasionally crossing it, a way may be found or made by one who is not afraid of wetting his feet, or of a little rough and perhaps dangerous climbing along the ledges of the steep rocks when needful. But to those who like the excitement of a little apparent danger, and care not for a little toil, the Valley of the Wye to Blackwell Mill, and indeed right onwards to Buxton, has no common charms.

We however must retrace our steps. From Chee Tor it will be well to go down Chee Dale to the bridge, and there turn off to Tideswell. There is a moorland road from Wormhill to Castleton, but it is a rough hilly way, and not particularly interesting. Chee Dale, as you descend it, loses something perhaps of the grandeur of the Tor Dell, but it increases in loveliness. It is indeed an exquisite and most enjoyable place, and the only regret of the stranger who passes through it will be that he cannot stay to enjoy its charms at leisure.

#### CASTLETON.

Tideswell will not for a moment stay the feet of the tourist; unless it be to look at the church, which is a large and handsome structure, and contains some valuable monuments. The road hence to Castleton is a rough breezy one, of some five or six miles, over the moorland hills; but only as you approach Castleton does the country assume a particularly striking appearance. Then you have a prospect extending over the High Peak, more mountainous in character than has yet greeted the tourist's eye. At your feet is a deep hollow, having Castleton at the western and Hope at the eastern extremity, and encircled by an amphitheatre of lofty hills; and beyond these rise peaks and ridges other hills, range beyond range, till the view is bounded by the highest of all—the Giant Peak.

Castleton, with its rocks and its caverns, has been so often described, and is really so indescribable, that we may safely content ourselves with a very brief notice of its chief points of interest, just sufficient to indicate its character to the reader; and leave it to the visitor's own observation and discernment.

The village of Castleton lies in an angle of Hope Dale, seemingly closed in by the surrounding mountains. It consists for the most part of rude stone huts, but there are a couple of comfortable inns for the accommodation of visitors. The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in mining; a few are employed in agriculture; the rest are more or less dependent on the visitors, who flock hither from every corner of England,—one might almost say of the world; for in the books kept at the

inns are seen names not only from France and Germany and Italy, but also from Greece and Russia, America, and even Australia. The appearance of the place and the people bespeaks poverty, and on the whole it is a very poor place.

For at least the last two centuries Castleton has been resorted to by the lovers of the marvellous. In the seventeenth century the philosopher Hobbes, and Izaak Walton's friend Charles Cotton, both published poems on the Wonders of the Peak; and of the then wonders Castleton's were the most wonderful. That which then, as now, was the chief attraction, was the Peak Cavern, or Devil's Cave, as, among other less mentionable variations, it was then called. It is indeed a strange place. You approach it up a narrow ravine, on either side of which steep rocks rise to a vast altitude. In front an immense cliff closes the chasm, on the summit of which, at the edge of a deep cleft, is seen a ruined tower; at the base is the gloomy entrance of a cavern. (Cut, No. 5.) As you draw nearer, you see that the mouth of the cavern is peopled by a busy and noisy crew of men and women and children, engaged in spinning twine. The scene is altogether quite unlike anything else in England, and is a fitting approach to the dark recesses you are about to explore. Some writers recommend that the cavern should, if practicable, be visited at mid-day, when the spinners are absent for their dinner; but after visiting it at all times, we are disposed to think that the wild-looking spinners help materially to increase the uncommonness of the scene. These people have long had a sort of prescriptive right to the use of the mouth of the cavern. Two centuries ago it was inhabited by a race "whom by their habits you could scarce guess what creatures they were." Then, and till a comparatively recent time, they dwelt in rude huts built within the shelter of the cavern, and added to their earnings by acting as guides to strangers who wished to examine the inner parts. Now they are only permitted to use the mouth of the cave to work in, for which they pay no rent: their cottages have long been swept away. The cavern itself is let at a nominal rent to the person who shows it to visitors.

When you have passed through this strange vestibule, and the eye has become somewhat accustomed to the darkness—for the candle you carry serves but to render the darkness visible—and the character of the cavern begins to make itself felt, you come to what is called by the guide the 'First Water': a stream or pond fills up the narrow opening, and the roof bends almost to the surface. While you are wondering how it is to be passed, the guide hauls from its concealment on the farther side, a kind of boat, in which you are told to lie down, and in this posture you are drawn through the cavity. There is a rather startling sensation experienced the first time this voyage into Erebus is made. But when there are more in the party, some efforts at pleasantry are usual. The Soph mutters some choice quotation about Styx and Charon; your fat friend inflicts a joke, or suffers one, about Falstaff and Gadshill; the fair one puts on a little pretty alarm. On disembarking you



arc led onwards alongside a little streamlet: now the roof rises into lofty vaults, whose top is lost in the deep shadow; presently it sinks so low that you are constrained to stoop till your back aches again; and so you pass on by winding ways till you reach the farthest point that has been attained, some 750 yards from the entrance.

By this time you are able to discern the objects around more distinctly; and in returning can make out the forms of the several chambers. Some are very remarkable. One is a cavity that rises to an amazing altitude. By the aid of a 'Bengal light,' which the guide fires at some height up this opening, you see the sides far up brilliantly illumined, yet can hardly perceive the roof. Other cavities there are scarcely less remarkable, though of less extent; to exhibit these artificial lights are also employed. At one spot, where is a series of arches almost as regular as though wrought by hand, a red light has of late been used. As you look from a distance towards the light, the effect is very singular. Contrasting with the fitful lurid glare that plays over every projecting fragment, and throws the arches into strong relief, are deep gloomy recesses, which seem as though within them some mysterious occupants were moving stealthily about. Just the 'robbers' cave' would it seem to be of some old romance that haunted the imagination in one's youthful days. Besides these lights, which are brought to show the height and form of the principal chambers, candles are in others so placed as to produce a pleasing or curious effect: and, occasionally, at one spot, a band of singers is assembled high up in a sort of natural loft, to greet the visitor. At one place a blast of gunpowder, which has been fixed in a bore in the rock, is discharged. And this produces the most surprising effect of all. The report is usually described as "seeming to roll along the roof and sides of the cavern like a heavy and continuous peal of thunder." But this is not exactly its character. The first report is perhaps like a burst of overpowering thunder, save that it is more intense; but then the reverberations resemble a prolonged rushing sound, which grows fainter and fainter till it dies away in a whisper, like that of a gentle breeze stirring softly among the leaves of some ancient grove.

It would be idle to stay to mention the trivial names of the various chambers:—Roger Rain's House, where a spring finds its way downwards, falling from the roof in a perpetual shower;—the Devil's Wine Cellar (which by the way is empty), and the like, would suggest little in themselves, and require a considerable space to explain. Not the least noteworthy thing connected with this strange place, is the very singular and beautiful effect of the daylight streaming into the mouth of the cavern, as it appears to you on emerging from the darkness. Vain attempts have often been made to depict this effect—it is inimitable, as it is indescribable.

The castle on the summit of the lofty Castle Hill, directly over the entrance to the cavern, appears to have been erected in the Norman era by Peveril, surnamed from his abode, 'of the Peak.' Its history might be worth

repeating had we time. Sir Walter Scott's use of it in his novel of the same name will of course be remembered. Only the keep of the castle (which never seems to have consisted of much more than a keep), and that in a very decayed condition, remains. It is worth while, however, to ascend to it for the sake of the prospect.

There are several other caverns, in their way hardly less interesting than the Peak Cave; but a mere mention of them will be sufficient. Tre-Cliff, or the Blue John Mine, is remarkable on account of the greater part of the Blue John, or fluor-spar, being procured from it. This beautiful mineral is indeed only found, in a sufficient quantity to render the working profitable in Tre-Cliff, as the hill is called which this mine pierces. But the mine would be sufficiently interesting on its own account: in it are some cavities at least equal in size to those of the Peak Cavern, and far higher. Here too, from the walls, depend vast numbers of stalactites. The works of the mine will of course not be overlooked; by the entrance may be seen a very large block of Blue John. Another block is in the Conservatory at Chatsworth, which, though larger, is of a different and inferior variety. The Speedwell Mine is also worth visiting: it was opened some sixty or seventy years ago, in search of lead; but after the expenditure of £14,000, and eleven years' labour, it was abandoned. Here you are floated along a tunnel, which was cut some 650 yards through the solid rock: the boat is driven along by means of wooden pegs fixed in the sides of the tunnel, against which the guide pushes. The echoes in the tunnel are very fine; the guide, or some one he employs, often amuses the visitor by singing as he passes along; we have seen some whimsical effects produced by ventriloquism—the poor old guide being utterly bewildered by the, to him, unaccountable sounds. When this tunnel was wrought thus far, the miners broke, unexpectedly, into a cavern of astonishing magnitude. Downwards is an abyss that almost makes you dizzy in looking into, as you listen to the long pause there is ere a stone cast in plunges into the water at the bottom. The guide declares that it has not been fathomed; but Mr. Adam says that "the actual depth in standing water is about 320 feet." Upwards, the fissure reaches beyond the means of admeasurement. "Rockets, of sufficient strength to ascend 450 feet, have been fired without rendering the roof visible." It ought to be told, as a striking instance of perseverance, that even the breaking into this cavern did not put a stop to the works. The daring miners cast a bridge over the fearful abyss, and recommenced tunnelling on the other side: nor did they stop till, after carrying it, as is said, some 600 yards further, without finding a vein of lead that was worth working, they were compelled, after eleven years' continuous labour, to stop, from having exhausted their funds. In the course of the working, upwards of 40,000 tons of rubbish are said to have been thrown into 'the bottomless pit,' as the guide calls it, without any perceptible difference being produced in its depth; but the keeper of the Peak Cavern asserts that enormous

quantities of this rubbish were brought there by floods. It seems to be ascertained that the water flows from Speedwell and also from the Blue John Mine through the Peak Cavern. Bradwell Mine, half a mile from Castleton, is remarkable for its beautiful stalactites.

Of all the rock and mountain scenes, wherein water does not enter into the combination, which distinguish this part of the county, the grandest is that through which the old Buxton road was carried, the Winnats, or Windgates, as it is appropriately named. It has no rival here; to match it you must go to Wales or Cumberland. The Winnats is a narrow mountain gorge, three-quarters of a mile long, which forms the natural western entrance to the valley in which Castleton lies. In going to the Blue John Mine you pass up it, but its savage grandeur is only fairly seen in descending it. On either hand rise precipitous mountains, strangely reft and shattered, yet answering to each other, line for line and curve for curve, as though in some mighty convulsion the earth had opened and the sides of the gaping fissure had been suddenly arrested, and for ever fixed apart. Along the narrow bottom of the cavity the road passes, but so rapid is the inclination, that though the new road, also a steep one, winds far away, almost encircling the base of the vast hill, there are few who do not prefer to drive through it. The Winnats should be descended at the fall of the day. Then when the narrow ravine is in deep gloom, the projecting crags, which stand out detached from the parent hills, appear like keeps set up aloft to defend the pass; and as the hills so interlock that at every bend you seem shut in beyond chance of escape, it assumes as you advance a continually more and more wild, stern, and romantic character, till the valley opening before you displays between the parting barriers of rock a peep of clear open country, and suddenly changes the scene to one which seems by contrast as beautiful as the other was grand. But the impression of this pass may be greatly heightened by accidental circumstances: we have descended the Winnats when the night was rapidly drawing on, and in storm, and almost doubted whether we had ever beheld a prospect more sublime.

Another of the passes by which Castleton is approached is Cave Dale, a narrow ravine, as bare and wild a spot as the Winnats, though not so magnificent: It winds round the Castle Hill, and is the original northern entrance to Castleton. Cotton tells a long story of a strange adventure which befel a countryman returning home on horseback through this 'Cave's Way,' as it appears to have been called when he wrote.

Among the ancient "seven wonders of the Peak," besides the Peak Cavern, which is in Castleton, there are two others that belong to the neighbourhood: they are worth visiting, though they have long ceased to be regarded as the marvellous objects they once were. Mam Tor, or the Shivering Mountain, is about a mile and a half west of Castleton. It is a nearly insulated mountain, rising steeply to a height of 1,300 feet above the valley. On the summit are traces of an ancient

earth-work. All the sides are steep, but the southern is an abrupt cliff-like slope, the face of it being wholly formed of loose shattered fragments of the sandstone and shale of which the mountain is composed. This broken material (answering to the *screes* of the Cumberland mountains) slides down with the least additional weight; frosts, or storms, frequently disturb the masses of loose rock above, and they in their fall set the whole face of the hill in motion. The story told of old by the natives was, that the mountain was by a constant shivering motion perpetually casting off the loose stone, whence the accumulated *debris* at the base; but (and this was the wonder) notwithstanding this enormous waste, there was not the smallest decrease in the bulk of the Tor itself. Mam Tor should be climbed for the sake of the view from the summit—to our thinking one of the finest of the mountain views in the Peak. Odin Mine, no great distance from Mam Tor, is supposed to have been worked by the Romans. The name, it is hardly necessary to say, is Scandinavian. There is little doubt that it is one of the oldest lead-mines in this part of Derbyshire.

The other wonder we alluded to will be found in Peak Forest, about half a mile from the village of the same name, and two miles south of Mam Tor. Eldon Hole is a cavern which, instead of piercing the side of a hill in a horizontal direction, descends perpendicularly, and has for its mouth a chasm of about 30 yards long and 10 wide—a sufficiently formidable place, but very different to what it was once thought to be. "This hole," said young Browne, "is a fitter place for cleanly conveyance than any I know, and anything once thrown in is as safe as if it were in the moon:" and he adds the story so often told, of a traveller being robbed and then thrown in, horse and all—as was confessed by the murderer when dying. Cotton declares that the appearance of the yawning gulf is so horrible, that not only did his "heart beat and eyes with horror stare," as he peeped into it, but that in merely writing the description "his hand trembles and his cheeks turn pale"—he adds, comically enough, that if any can look in and "keep his hair from lifting off his hat," he must certainly either have no hair or wear a wig. Of the interior nought was known: for though "a mercenary fool, by lucre tempted," was induced by the Earl of Leicester to descend into the gulf, when he was drawn up again he had lost his senses, and died a few days after. Its depth has never been fathomed; he says,

"But I myself, with half the Peak surrounded,  
Eight hundred fourscore and four yards have sounded;  
And, though of these fourscore return'd back wet,  
The plummet drew and found no bottom yet."

*'Wonders of the Peak.'*

In recent times it has been often explored and sounded. There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of the interior; and the depth is diminished to about sixty yards! Cotton evidently did not know how to "heave the lead." Of its frightful aspect modern visitors dispose very cavalierly. "Unassisted by fable and the



babbling of the credulous gossip tradition," says Mr. Rhodas, "there is nothing either vast or astonishing in this fissure in the limestone strata: it is a deep yawning chasm, entirely devoid of picturesque appendages, and altogether as uninteresting as a hole in a rock can possibly be." So passeth away the Wonderful! Yet this is rather too rough usage; for what 'picturesque appendages' could possibly be expected to be found connected with a yawning fissure, or, if the term be preferred, a hole in a rock?

Well, we may leave Castleton now. These things are but a sample of what may be found there. Visitors generally take a rapid survey of two or three of the most celebrated objects, and are whirled away after a stay of a few hours in the village: but in truth there is sufficient to occupy not hours merely but weeks, if weeks could be spared.

### THE HIGH PEAK.

Indeed, we are inclined to fancy that a young man with health and time, and a hearty liking for the country, would find the High Peak district much better worth staying in and thoroughly exploring than is commonly supposed. Those parts which are usually traversed are pretty well known, but there are considerable tracts which are seldom seen, and in and about them there is not only a good deal of scenery of a superior kind—though perhaps nowhere equal to those more famous spots which attract pilgrims from all parts—but there is also many a sequestered village and rude homestead where some vestiges of primitive habits yet linger. In the district we have gone over are some of these places; but we are referring now rather to the broad wild moorland country extending north of Castleton and away to the right and left. It is a different kind of country in every respect to that usually gone over by tourists. Long desolate tracts occur—though not without oases; rough roads and craggy hills must be gone over, and sometimes rough accommodation and rude fare be put up with. But these would in themselves be salutary and even agreeable to one graduating as a traveller. It is true, intellectually as well as physically, that

"A good digestion turneth all to health."

(Herbert.)

In this northern portion of the High Peak it is that the peak mountains attain their greatest altitude. The mighty range, called emphatically The Peak, falls little short of 2,000 feet: Ashop Moor, at the eastern extremity, being 1,880 feet, and the Peak at the western 1,980 feet above the level of the sea, while the intervening 'Edge' is seldom much depressed. Some of the peaks towards Glossop are above 2,000 feet high; but the country there is hardly so striking in character. In speaking of these Peak mountains, the reader must not imagine that this is a mountain district similar in character to that of Cumberland or Wales—where, looking from some "watch-tower in the skies," it might

seem as though the waves of a boiling sea had been transformed into everlasting granite. This is rather a wild moorland waste, the entire surface of which appears to have been heaved up, and then to have subsided into an irregular succession of acclivities and declivities, which ever and anon break into bold and lofty hills and bluff tors, with deep valleys between. The whole area of the High Peak is considerably elevated, so that none of the mountains assume the appearance we are apt to consider essential to a mountain, of "piercing the sky." These heights do not rise into spiry pinnacles belted with clouds, though clouds often rest upon them: nor are there ridges which seem the home of mist and flitting vapours. The grand atmospheric effects, so constantly observable among the Cumberland mountains, for example, must not be looked for here. Yet these moorland heights are not uninfluenced by the atmosphere, nor without their changing effects of sunshine and shadow. Often when clouds are passing rapidly over the sky, the effect of the broad shadows skimming over these wide swelling moors is extremely fine: and when a storm is gathering in the distance, or involving in its gloom one and another of the mountain ridges, and the lightning is playing upon the bleak tor, and the thunder reverberating from side to side, the least impressive prospect becomes grand, and the nobler scenes almost sublime. When, too, the storms are passing off, and the valleys glitter under the vivid rays of the sun, and the rainbow is bridging the deep ravine, a new loveliness is imparted to the loveliest spot, and the dreariest is rendered pleasing.

Nor must it be supposed that only on the heights is beauty or grandeur to be found. Everywhere are there pretty rapid streamlets working their way through cheerful and often beautiful dales. Sometimes, too, good-sized rivers are met with, which might well furnish the painter with many a choice study of rock and water and overhanging foliage. The upper course of the Derwent, for example, yields many a charming picture, sometimes of close and shady nooks,—at others broad and open scenes, with a lofty moor filling up the distance. (Cut, No. 6.) The Ashop, too, the Alport, and the Noe, have some very pleasant scenery along their banks. Mr. Montgomery's poem, 'The Peak Mountains,' will be a safe and sufficient guide to the poetic features of the High Peak.

But we must break off, only mentioning, before we quite leave this part of our tour, two or three places—out of the wilder country, though still in the High Peak—which ought, if possible, to be visited. Hathersage is one of these: it is in a picturesque spot, and is picturesque in itself: it has, too, its little lions. The country-people boast that Little John, the redoubted companion of Robin Hood, was buried there: they point out his grave in the churchyard, and ask you to notice the head and foot stones, which are eleven feet apart. From Hathersage you may follow the Derwent down a beautiful valley to Stoke, and then turn aside to Eyam. The chief interest connected with this little

village is of a painful yet ennobling kind. In 1666 the plague was conveyed thither, in a box of clothes which had been sent from London, where the pestilence was raging. The rector of Eyam, Mr. Mompesson, as soon as the nature of the disease became evident, adopted prompt measures to prevent it spreading to the adjoining villages. He persuaded his parishioners to agree not to go beyond a boundary-line which he marked out; the people of the neighbourhood, at his suggestion, undertook not to enter within it, and, while carefully avoiding personal intercourse, to deposit at certain places such provisions as might be needed. Mr. Mompesson had, at the first appearance of the disease, besought his wife to leave Eyam with their children; but as he would not desert his charge, she heroically insisted on sharing in his pious labour and braving the danger: the children they sent away. For seven months the pestilence walked abroad, entering, in turn, every house; in some destroying every inmate, in others carrying off parent or child. Out of 330 inhabitants which the village contained when the destroyer entered it, only 80 were left when he departed. During this sad season Mompesson and his wife were the advisers and the nurses of the sick, the guides and comforters of the dying, the stay of the survivors. Religious worship was no longer carried on in the church, but instead the holy man assembled his flock in the little lonely Dale at the end of the village, where, from a recess in the rock, he dispensed words of wisdom and of hope. Mr. Mompesson escaped the contagion, but his wife fell a victim. Her tomb is in the churchyard, near the east end of the chancel. Along the hill-sides may be seen numerous graves of those who were interred there when it was accounted dangerous to lay the sufferers in the graves of their fathers, lest, on opening them at some future day, the infection might again spread abroad. It is said that the disease did break out again some sixty years afterwards, when one of the graves was incautiously opened.

Cucklett Dale, where Divine service was performed during the continuance of the plague, should be visited: it is a picturesque dell, looking into Middleton Dale. The rock which served as the pulpit is pointed out. The spot is known as Cucklett Church. In Eyam churchyard there is a very curiously-sculptured ancient cross. Miss Seward, the most disagreeable, or rather the least agreeable, of female writers, was born in Eyam, of which place her father was rector. We have only space left to recommend a visit to Middleton Dale: and now we must off to Buxton.

#### BUXTON.

Mr. Macaulay has given Buxton an unenviable place in his History. "England," he tells us, "was not, in the seventeenth century, destitute of watering-places. The gentry of Derbyshire and of the neighbouring counties repaired to Buxton, where they were crowded into low wooden sheds, and regaled with oatake, and with a viand, which the hosts called mutton, but which

the guests strongly suspected to be dog." (*Tour in Derbyshire, by Thomas Browne, son of Sir Thomas.*)\*

This, at the first glance, is rather startling. Buxton is seated in the midst of a stony country; the meanest hut is built of stone; the very fences are all of stone: how did it happen, then; that the gentry who repaired to Buxton for the benefit of the waters came to be "crowded into low wooden sheds?" The fame of the hill and moorland mutton is not of recent date,—how came it to pass that, in the seventeenth century, it was not distinguishable from dog? Could the unfortunate gentry procure no better meat or lodging? Had a fire swept away the houses? Had there been a disease raging among the sheep? Surely this could not have been the ordinary condition of things at a Derbyshire watering-place in the seventeenth century. There must have been something rotten in the state of Buxton.

Let us inquire into the matter. A grave charge like this, advanced with so much solemnity, and without any qualification, by such an authority, claims careful consideration; and it is manifestly incumbent on us, in treating of the history of the town, to ascertain whether it be strictly accurate.

The first thing, of course, is to examine the reference. Now here, in order to come to a right understanding of the value of the authority quoted, it is necessary to remark that this 'Tour in Derbyshire, by Thomas Browne,' is not, as might be supposed from the way in which it is referred to, an elaborate account of a Tour, published some time in the seventeenth century. In fact, this reference is hardly sufficiently explicit; no such book would be found in any catalogue. The work referred to was printed for the first (and only) time in 1836, among the 'Correspondence' appended to the Memoir of Sir Thomas Browne, in the edition of his works edited by Mr. Wilkins. The original is, with other of Sir Thomas Browne's family papers, deposited in the British Museum. (Sloane MS., 1900.) It is bound up in a small volume with some notes and prescriptions, and entitled 'Dr. Edward Browne's Memorandum Book.' Mr. Wilkins says it is evidently written by Thomas Browne; and he is, no doubt, correct. It appears to have been written hurriedly, and is very brief; as printed it occupies twenty of Mr. Wilkins' pages (v. i., pp. 22—42). But as neither the size of the book nor the date of its publication are of much importance if the writer be creditable, and have had sufficient opportunities for acquiring information, we must look a little further. The 'Tour' was made in 1662. At that time Thomas Browne was sixteen years of age. His father intended him to be a sailor, but proposed, before sending him to sea, that he should go to college for a year; and previous to going there Thomas and his brother Edward took a holiday ride from Norwich, where Sir Thomas Browne resided, through Derbyshire to Chester, and thence, by way of Warwick, home. They were in all three days in Derbyshire. The account of the Tour seems to have been written after his return to Norwich, and

\* 'History of England,' i. 346.





6.—ON THE DERWENT, NEAR ASHOPTON.

apparently for the amusement of his friends. He was a merry rattling youth, and the whole account is written in a strain of good-natured exaggeration.

Still he would describe not untruly what he witnessed: let us see therefore exactly what he says. They had been examining the wonders at Castleton, had then proceeded to Eldon Hole, and he continues—"from hence we made as much haste as we could to Buxton, and gained by that time it was dark by help of a guide." It was Saturday night, and they were to stay there over the Sunday: now comes the passage on which Mr. Macaulay has based his statement—it ought to be read along with the context. "At this town the better sort of people wore shoes on Sundays, and some of them bands. We had the luck to meet with a sermon, which we could not have done in half-a-year before by relation (I think there is a true chapel of ease indeed here, for they hardly ever go to church). Our entertainment was oat-cakes and mutton, which we fancied to taste like dog; our lodging in a low rafty\* room,

\* We are not quite certain as to what he means by a 'rafty' room. The word is written very plainly in the MS., so that there is no error in transcription. We suppose he has intended to intimate that the rafters of the room were exposed (as the rafters of rooms continued to be long afterwards in Derbyshire). Norwich was a wealthy town, and probably he was not used to see rooms without plaster ceilings.

and they told us we had higher hills to go over than any we had passed yet, which relished worst of all," &c. (Wilkins' Browne, i. 34). Now here is something that seems on first reading it not altogether unlike what Mr. Macaulay states, but even the slight resemblance fades when looked at steadily. In the first place, it is *our* entertainment that is spoken of, not that of the 'gentry'—and a couple of youths entering a strange country-town at night may not have gone to a place where the gentry were accustomed to lodge: they may have fared ill therefore, without it by any means following as a matter of course that those who were staying at the baths fared after the same fashion. You may have but lenten entertainment at the Cat and Fiddle, while your neighbours fare sumptuously at the Queen's Hotel. There is nothing whatever said, it will be observed, about the visitors being crowded into wooden sheds, or crowded into any sheds: As for what he says of the mutton, it might be enough to observe, if we cared to defend the Buxton sheep, that a lad of sixteen, used to the fat wethers of the Norfolk marshes, was very likely to look a little askant at the small lean moorland sheep: we have heard an almost similar complaint brought against Welch mutton. But the mutton may stand as it is—dog or sheep, as the reader pleases—for the present. We have to point to a passage a few lines lower, wherein Master Browne shows plainly enough that he is no authority either way for the style in which 'the



gentry were regaled' at Buxton, for he was not there till the bathing-season was over, and the bathers had returned to their homes: and he shows also, with equal plainness, that they were *not* lodged in low wooden sheds. "There is a handsome house built by them [the baths], and a convenient bathing-place, though not very large; but neither the time of the year\* nor the day of the week being seasonable to bathe in, we contented ourselves with the sight, without any more than a manual immersion into these delicious springs." (*ib.* p. 35). The handsome house was that in which the bathers lodged:—we shall speak further of it presently.

We have preferred, in the first instance, to show that Mr. Macaulay's statement is not borne out, but rather disproved by his authority (the only one he adduces). But a little reflection will convince any one of its extreme improbability, and a passage or two from works of the time referred to, and antecedent to it, will effectually dispose of the question. These, as far as they will assist us in looking at the history of Buxton (our chief concern), we proceed to give.

Buxton was a watering-place in the sixteenth century. Before the suppression of religious houses, the baths were connected with a shrine, whereon offerings were made by those who sought the benefit of the waters, and the crutches and bandages of the cured bore testimony to its healing properties. One of Thomas Cromwell's Commissioners tells his master how he has taken away all these ignorant offerings, and locked and sealed up the baths, so that none should wash therein till his lordship's pleasure were known. If after that the baths were for awhile neglected, they had in the reign of Elizabeth acquired more celebrity than ever. Camden says in his 'Britannia' (published in 1586), that "the Most Honourable George Earl of Shrewsbury hath lately adorned Buxton Wells with buildings, upon which they begin to be frequented by great numbers of the nobility and gentry." (Gibson's ed. iii. 76).

Here we see that even in the sixteenth century something better than a wooden shed was, as we might expect from their rank, provided for the visitors. But though Camden is a good authority, his information may have been obtained at second-hand. Another account of the lodgings prepared for the nobility and gentry who repaired to Buxton is desirable: and fortunately it is at hand. In 1572 was published a thin quarto black-letter volume, entitled 'The Benefit of the Ancient Baths of Buckstones, which cureth most grievous Sickneses, &c., by John Jones, Physician:' wherein the doctor not only lays down the most precise rules for using the waters, but gives a pretty full account of Buxton and all matters connected with the Baths. There were, he says, three chief baths, and "four or five others, though not quite so good." Then, having described the baths and their situation, he goes on to state what accommodation has been provided for those who use them: the "goodly house and buildings of the Earl of Shrewsbury upon the Baths' side," he dwells upon with considerable fondness.

\* He was there about the middle of September. The season ended in August.

It would not be thought very splendid in these days; but, as will be seen, it was not a low wooden shed:

"Joining to the chief spring, between the river and the bath, is a very goodly house, four-square, four stories high, so well compact, with houses of office, beneath and above, and round about, with a great chamber, and other goodly lodgings to the number of thirty, that it is and will be a beauty to behold: and very notable for the honourable and worshipful that shall need to repair thither: as also for other. Yea, the poorest shall have lodgings, and beds hard by for their uses only. The baths also so bravely beautified with seats round about; defended from the ambient air; and chimnies for fire to air your garments in the bath's side, and other necessities most decent." (fol. 2).

This was the "bandsome house" which Thomas Browne mentions: with one great chamber, and thirty other lodgings, it would afford accommodation, such as was required at that time, for a considerable number. Cotton describes it as "a palace"—"a mansion proud enough for Saxon kings." There are plenty of other allusions to the "building," which seems to have been an object of much admiration, but it would be idle to quote more. In 1670, eight years after Browne was at Buxton, this building gave place to a new and "more commodious" one, which was erected by the Duke of Devonshire;—the present 'Old Hall.'

Had there not been this very exact evidence, it would be hardly conceivable that the nobility and gentry of Derbyshire and the surrounding counties, who, as is evident by the many mansions yet remaining which were standing in the seventeenth century, were accustomed to elegant and stately houses—it would be hardly conceivable that they should have endured the wretched treatment spoken of so broadly.

But now, having so abundantly settled what lodgings they had, let us look at their fare: "*Retournons a nos moutons*," as Rabelais hath it.

And here again Dr. Jones will assist us. On the subject of diet he is very great. There is no occasion to fast at Buxton, he thinks: he would have a dispensation obtained even from fish days, while using the waters;—though trout and gurnet, bream and smelts, and some other kinds of fish which he enumerates, he thinks very good at proper times. But as to meat he is very liberal. The patient, he directs, "may use a more large diet at Buxton than at Bath." Still he would have the rule of, "not too much" carefully beeded. It is curious to notice the hour he recommends for dinner and supper; what would a Buxton physician say to them now—and what would the patient say if the doctor advised them?

"Now for your meats, they will be best at ten or eleven o'clock, if you can fast so long. Your hour of supper shall be about six of the clock: but after that I would have you to use no more meat that night, nor yet drink, if you can abstain." Now observe the bill of fare: "Your flesh shall be most ordinary as followeth:—mutton, kid, coney, rabbit, veal, turkey, capon, hen, chicken, pheasant, partridge, rail, curlew,



cnotwype (?), woodcock, snipe, or any other cloven-footed fowls, poached eggs or rere roasted is also right nourishing meats, as is aforesaid."

If the patient would like a little fruit after his 'diet,' the doctor is quite willing that he should take "almonds, raisins, pomegranates, figs," and so forth. Wine he does not actually prohibit, but for a poor sick, or as he calls it, 'crazed' body; at Buxton, some good ale, "neither too new nor too stale, and not overhopped, is the best drink." With these a sick man might make shift pretty well. It is reasonable to suppose that they were obtainable at Buxton, by their being so carefully prescribed by the Buxton doctor.

But then it is possible that Buxton may have become so degenerate in the course of a century that the 'gentry,' who repaired thither may have been glad to be "regaled with a viand which the host called mutton, but which the guests strongly suspected to be dog." Of course it is possible, though it is generally stated that the baths continue to grow in fame and favour: let us see whether we cannot find some contemporary notices of Buxton viands. This time the philosopher of Malmesbury shall lend us aid. Just about the time referred to, Hobbes wrote a Latin poem, already mentioned, *De Mirabilibus Pecci*, published in 1636 and 1666; and again in 1678, with an English version on the opposite page. There he relates the particulars of a visit which he paid to the Buxton Baths. Arriving towards evening, the travellers resolved to bathe, "while turfy fuel does prepare our supper." When they returned to their room, "the spread tables" told that the supper was ready. Now observe with what viands they were regaled: it is not a very stately supper, but there is no suspicion of dog:

"Then in by candle-light our meats convey'd,  
Where a small bowl, but not whole baths of broth  
At our request is plac'd to be supt off:  
The mutton taken from 't apart is laid;  
From the same sheep a smoking loin is had,  
Hot drawn from off the spit; with a young fowl  
From the demolish'd egg was lately stole,  
And butter'd pease by spoonfuls. But rich wine  
In vain we seek; ale in black pots that shine,  
Good nappy ale we drink. Thus supt, afar  
We with tobacco drive off sleep and care."—p. 70.

We had collected a good many other notes, but it would be useless to pursue the subject further. Enough for us is it to know that "in the seventeenth century, the gentry of Derbyshire and of the neighbouring counties who repaired to Buxton were *not* crowded into low wooden sheds, or regaled with oatcake and with a viand which the hosts called mutton, but which the guests strongly suspected to be dog." Enough is it to know that if the viands were not luxurious, they were wholesome and substantial; and that if the lodgings were what we might think rude, they were at any rate comfortable.

We have been thus particular in inquiring into this defamation of poor Buxton, and in clearing off the stain cast on her early character, as in duty bound, being for the nonce her humble servitor. But it is

important further that readers of history should learn to question these broad and startling statements. We are rather too apt now-a-days not merely to dwell with complacency on our own comforts and luxuries, but to exaggerate the poor make-shifts and unrefined contrivances of our semi-barbarous great-grandfathers. No doubt we are very much wealthier, and therefore happier and wiser than the poor creatures of that dismal age—but, after all, they were flesh and blood, and did somehow manage to crawl through their pitiable existence; it will be at least generous on our part, therefore, not to expend needless pity upon them, or make them worse off than they were, or their state more deplorable.

It is not difficult to guess how it was that Mr. Macaulay fell into this error. A dull man might have taken Master Thomas's lively exaggeration for a grave narrative—as dull men are said to have read the narrative of Captain Gulliver; but Mr. Macaulay could not so have blundered. He has probably trusted to his memory, or to a hasty note made when looking through Wilkins's edition of Sir Thomas Browne's Works (perhaps when he reviewed it), and he had forgotten that Young Browne's Tour was not a substantive work, and so did not turn to it to verify the quotation or reference when sitting down to the history.

Having seen what Buxton was, or was not, let us look a while at what it is. From the seventeenth century downwards, it seems to have maintained and increased its popularity. Many additions and improvements were made at different times; but for those which have stamped on Buxton its general character and appearance, the town is indebted to the late Duke of Devonshire, who almost entirely rebuilt the fashionable or visitor's part of the town. The chief pile of building in Buxton—that which distinguishes the town both close at hand and from a distance—the Crescent, was commenced by him "about the year 1789, and completed in seven years afterwards, at a cost of £120,000." For a town of but a few hundred inhabitants it is a structure of uncommon size. It is three stories high; the lower one is rusticated, and forms an arcade, which serves as a covered promenade. "The span of the Crescent is 200 feet, and each wing measures 58 feet, making the whole extent of the front 316 feet." It contains 378 windows. The style is Doric; the architect was Mr. Carr, of York. Among the additions made by the present duke, the new church is the most important and noticeable. It is a large and graceful edifice, in the Tuscan style. From its elevated position, it is a leading feature in every view of the town. Of the additions made to the visitors' means of enjoyment, the laying out and planting the hill in front of the Crescent, and the construction of the 'Duke's Drive,' are the principal. The former is a considerable improvement to the appearance of the town itself, as well as a grateful boon to the resident, to whom it furnishes—together with 'the Serpentine Walks' formed down by the side of the Wye—as pleasant and cheerful a variety of home walks as in an inland town he could expect or desire. All are open freely alike to rich or poor.

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7.—BUXTON.



The baths are numerous, and fitted up with every possible regard for convenience and comfort. The temperature of the water is somewhat higher than that of Matlock, but inferior to that of Bath. The Buxton water is applied both internally and externally in a great many disorders; and if it were the custom now as of yore to make votive offerings, St. Anne's shrine would display now, as it did when the Commissioners demolished it, a goodly collection of "shirts and shifts and crutches." There are several places for drinking as well as bathing: but now, as three centuries ago, the principal fount is "St. Anne's Well," which is situated close by the hotel of the same name. The spring is covered by a neat little Grecian building. The water in St. Anne's Well has a temperature of 81°. A little distance from it rises another spring, the water of which is quite cold. These springs formed one of the Wonders of the Peak, and are duly celebrated in the poems so entitled. "It was pretty to observe," says Master Thomas Browne, "the hissing of the cold and hot springs, so nigh one another, that by putting my hand into the water I conceived one finger to freeze till the other could not endure the heat of the boiling spring just by it." Buxton had in 1841 a population of 1500. There is accommodation in the hotels and boarding-houses for about the same number of strangers. The average visitors to Buxton during the season is between 14,000 and 15,000.

Mr. Rhodes has in a few words described the appearance of the town: "The upper part of Buxton is truly a Derbyshire village; the lower, in the elegance of its buildings, its show, and its parade, approximates to Bath." The fashionable part, with its stately buildings, its gardens and promenades filled with well-dressed company moving to and fro while the band is performing popular melodics, is, in the height of the season, a gay place, and will be looked upon with pleasure: and the contrast is certainly striking between it and the upper part—but we confess to having a liking for the latter, and by no means agree with Mr. Rhodes' description of it as miserable, mean, and poverty-stricken. We like it for not being smooth, and formal, and Bath-like. Buxton presents no very remarkable appearance from the surrounding country. It is perhaps seen to most advantage from the higher grounds about Fairfield. (Cut, No. 7.)

There are charming walks and drives around Buxton: but we have no room left to speak of them. The Valley of the Wye by Shirbrook Dell, Ashwood Dale, and Lover's Leap, is very fine; and there are splendid views from the heights which border it. On the other side is the bare bleak mountain, Axe Edge, from which there is a range of prospects of marvellous extent. During the Ordnance Survey, the station on Axe Edge was connected with others on the tower of Lincoln Cathedral and the summit of Snowdon—the reflector placed on the latter was distinctly visible, though ninety miles distant. On the slopes of Axe Edge four of the rivers of Derbyshire take their rise: the Goit, the Dane, the

Dove, and the Wye. The source of the Wye is just out of the Macclesfield road, about a mile from Buxton, in a spot which gives no promise of the future beauty of the river. The Dove rises high up the mountain-side, some distance above the village of Dove Head, and is a pretty streamlet from the first. We must mention Pool's Hole, which was once reckoned among the wonders of the Peak; and boasts of having been visited by Mary Queen of Scots while she was a resident at Buxton for the benefit of the waters. It is inferior to the Castleton caverns, yet worth visiting. The other notabilia of Buxton must go unnamed.

#### DOVE DALE.

From Buxton, Dove Dale is some sixteen miles distant. The upper part of the river is pretty in parts, and a resolute pedestrian would prefer following loosely its guidance to Dove Dale to taking the road. If that be not done, it is advisable, if time permits, to join the river at Hartington, for the sake of visiting the scenery of the 'Second Part of the Complete Angler.' Just where the broad meadows begin to contract, is the little fishing-house built by Charles Cotton, and by him dedicated to fishermen, and which all fishermen and all lovers of the gentle craft regard with peculiar interest. The little house is still perfect as when Cotton owned, and, in the person of Viator, so pleasantly described it; and Izaak Walton added to it and to the surrounding scene the crowning charm by declaring, that though "some part of the fishing-house has been described, the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows cannot; unless Sir Philip Sidney, or Mr. Cotton's father, were again alive to do it."

Just beyond the fishing-house the Dove has forced a way through a rocky glen, which, though short, is nearly as fine in its way as anything along the river. The dale is richly wooded, the rocks are bold, and the river full and rapid. A large piece of rock, which rises out of the bed of the river, and is quite detached from the parent cliff, has given the name of Pike Pool to part of the dell. Cotton's notice of it is worth quoting. "Viator. What have we got here? a rock springing up in the middle of the river? this is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw. Piscator. Why, sir, from that pike, that you see standing up there distant from the rock, this is called Pike Pool: and young Mr. Izaak Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape in black and white." This drawing is lost, but there is a sketch of it in black and white by old Mr. Izaak Walton, which he added by way of note to the above passage. "It is a rock in the fashion of a spire-steeple, and almost as big. It stands in the midst of the river Dove; and not far from Mr. Cotton's house, below which place this delicate river takes a swift career betwixt many mighty rocks, much higher and bigger than St. Paul's church before it was burnt." How characteristic a touch is that of the excellent old linen-draper of Fleet Street!

On passing from this spot, you have, if you follow the stream, to traverse a "long, narrow, and desolate



valley, called Narrow Dale." It has been called "barren of wood, and, with one or two exceptions, devoid of beauty." Barren of wood it is, and perhaps devoid of beauty; but its very desolateness has an attraction. The hill-sides run up to a great height very precipitously, bare, craggy, and void of vegetation save grass and furze, and a little stunted brushwood. Here and there huge rocky fragments project from the slopes, and occasionally large spaces consist wholly of scree; while the river, pent within a close rocky channel, courses rapidly along the deep bottom. This may not be beauty, but is something that is at least very agreeable to look upon.

Mill Dale, which succeeds, is less interesting; but very curious and picturesque is the sort of village by the bridge, or rather disjointed collection of houses, which seem as though they were fitted into or carved out of the knolls and recesses of the rock. But visitors to Dove Dale do not come thus far; they almost invariably enter it from the south, and turn back again when they have ascended it as far as Dove Holes.

Perhaps it is best, as well as most convenient, to approach Dove Dale on the southern side. It has at any rate the advantage that it obliges the visitor to retrace his steps, and so see the Dale in both directions. Dove Dale is nearly three miles long; it has many short and sharp windings, and some pretty long ones; but on the whole its direction is north and south; and hence, as the banks rise up on either hand into lofty broken cliffs and craggy hills, and other lofty hills raise themselves in the distance wherever the valley opens sufficiently to permit them to be seen, the reader who is used to look on Nature with an observant eye, will see that very much of the character and beauty of the several spots will depend on the time of day and state of the weather in which they are witnessed. If Dove Dale be passed through as the sun is sinking behind the hills on a bright autumnal afternoon or evening, there would be little hesitation in saying that the downward walk is by far the finest, notwithstanding some glorious scenes in the opposite direction: at other hours the decision would probably be the reverse.

We are not going to enter upon any particular description of Dove Dale. That has been done often enough already, and we have neither time nor inclination to do it again just now. We can only point out two or three of the noted points as we stroll through it.

The opening of the Dale on this northern side is very grand. On both sides the rocks rise in enormous masses from the river, black, bare, and frowning. By some mighty convulsion of Nature, the rocks seem to have been rent asunder, while the storms of ages have torn and riven the surface. Here bold spiry fragments stand detached; there gloomy caverns seem to pierce into the heart of the mountain. Beyond rise lofty moorland slopes; while the stream forces its way beyond the opposing blocks of mossy stone that lie in its channel. But far enough to see this tourists seldom proceed. A little further is what is commonly considered the northern entrance to Dove Dale. Here

on the left, is a vast wall of rock, running up, after it has gained some height above the river, into a craggy mountain slope. On the right, a huge, insulated, shapeless column, called Pickering Tor, rises from the river to a great elevation. By its base a few light trees dip into the clear stream, and the hills are pretty thickly clad with foliage: and all these, with the rich prospect beyond, the river, here calm as the pale blue sky which bends above, repeats in its dark bosom. Our view belongs to this lower part of the dale. (Cut, No. 8.)

As you proceed, scenes of exquisite loveliness alternate with those in which a rugged grandeur predominates. Sometimes you seem shut in a close shady dell, where luxuriant trees hide all the lower rocks, and overhang the water. Sometimes hardly a tree is to be seen, but the hill-sides are covered with short grass, and heath and furze contrast with the gray protruding crags about which they love to cluster. Occasionally the whole hill-sides seem broken up, and spiry pinnacles and irregular ragged crags stand up like fragments of some wide ruin. In some places the rocks rise up abruptly to a vast height, and beetling masses impend threateningly. The river, too, seems to adapt itself to the character of each succeeding scene. At one time it glides quietly and smoothly; at others it rattles rapidly over a pebbly bed: again it winds between large loose pieces of rock, that have fallen from the adjoining heights; and all through the dale it every now and then forms into some delicious little foaming water-breaks.

But the tourist must not, if he can climb, confine himself to the bottom of the dale. From the slopes of the hills, and from the summits of the cliffs, some noble views of the windings of the dale and the varying forms of the hills which border it are obtainable. One spot he will, of course, not omit to ascend. Reynard's Cave is one of the 'lions' of Dove Dale; it will be found about halfway up the dale, at some height up the hill-side on the left. Before you reach the cave you come upon an enormous isolated mass of rock, which rises from the hill—a sort of natural triumphal arch: its appearance is very strange, having so artificial a look, though manifestly natural. From it you have a grand view of the dale; and the river, with its water-breaks, looks very charming from this height. Some yards higher up is the cave, a natural excavation, which pierces for a short distance into the rock; this is sometimes called Reynard's Hall, and another recess close by, Reynard's Kitchen.

In parting with Dove Dale, let us only add that, after not having seen it for some years, and having, meanwhile, witnessed much beautiful and famous scenery, we strolled about it the other day with as much delight as the first time we saw it, and quitted it as unwillingly. Although we cannot do more, we must not neglect to recommend the visitor to Dove Dale on no account to leave the grounds of Ilam Hall, or the village of Ilam, unseen.

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8, —DOVE DALE.

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NOTTINGHAM

# NOTTINGHAM, AND THE HOSIERY DISTRICT.

AN *industrial map* of England might be made a very instructive addition to the library of a general reader. In it he might read, by a glance of the eye, the contemporary history of English productive wealth. The Sanitary Commissioners, in some of their reports, have given *health maps* of England and of particular districts; in which, by the adoption of a peculiar mode of engraving, the relative health of particular spots at a given time is indicated—the darkness of the tint being associated with unfavourable health results. A geological map may be regarded as a *mining map*; for it indicates those spots where, by the prevalence of particular strata or veins, mining industry naturally locates itself. In the ‘Report of the Irish Census Commissioners,’ published in 1843, four maps of Ireland are given, illustrating respectively the *population*, the *house-accommodation*, the *education*, and the *farming live-stock* of Ireland, in the year 1841: the lightness or depth of the shading in each map being made to indicate the relative quantities of the items under consideration.

If such a map were formed for England, in relation to manufacturing and commercial features, we should find certain groupings, associated more especially with particular geological strata, but also in part with the courses of large rivers. We should see how it arises that the districts around the rivers Tyne, Wear, and Tees, and in many other parts of England, point to collieries as the main source of their wealth; that South Staffordshire is so dotted over with iron furnaces, and Cornwall with tin-works; that the Thames, the Severn, the Mersey, and the Humber, give life to London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Hull; and that Lincolnshire and Norfolk are little other than food-factories. If, in some cases, there seems to be no obvious connection between a particular branch of industry and the physical features of the district where it is mainly located, there are yet some points which a deeper inquiry would develop. For instance, if we take the settlement of the hosiery manufacture in some of the Midland counties, there is no very strong association between this employment and the natural features of the district; still, if we bear in mind that worsted hosiery was almost universally worn in England before the use of cotton, and that the long wool of the Leicestershire sheep is especially suited for this purpose, we see a sufficient reason for that department of industry having settled itself in and around Leicester.

Without, however, undertaking to account philosophically for all that meets the eye, we invite the reader to accompany us through that remarkable part of England, where the inhabitants mainly support themselves by making “stockings for the million.” The technical detail of all the matters that pertain to such a manufacture would be beyond our present purpose; yet it

may not be uninteresting to take such a combined view—semi-topographical, semi-industrial—as may picture to us the salient features of the district.

## LEICESTER.

Although Leicester may, perhaps, be deemed the birthplace of this department of industry, yet various circumstances have extended to Nottingham and Derby, and the counties to which they belong, a share in its advantages. From the time when Sir Thomas Lombe established the silk-manufacture at Derby, facilities have been afforded for making silk hosiery in that town, such as have not existed in the other two; and from that later date, when circumstances (connected with the bobbin-manufacture) led to the consumption of a large amount of spun cotton at Nottingham, cotton hosiery has found in that county its chief manufacturing centre. We therefore find that there is a triangle of towns—Leicester, Derby, and Nottingham—each of which is the chief seat of a particular branch of one general manufacture; and we moreover find that each town is the centre of a district, extending for miles on all sides of it, and partaking generally of the industrial features of the town itself. The three towns lie at distances from fifteen to twenty-five miles asunder; but Derby is much less associated with the department of industry under notice than the other two towns; and Leicestershire, as a county, has its industry diffused among a larger number of places than Nottinghamshire; but if, taking Loughborough as a centre, we draw a circle which shall include the south of Derbyshire, the south of Nottinghamshire, and nearly the whole of Leicestershire, we have here marked out a district within which, and in most parts of which, the clack of the stocking-loom can be heard from morning till night. This may, significantly and truthfully, be designated the **HOSIERY DISTRICT**: a district in which the fortunes that are made, the poverty that is borne, the buildings that are constructed, the ingenuity that is displayed, the outward appearances that are presented, the social usages that prevail—all are very intimately dependent on this one of the numerous clothing arts: combined, in part, with the lace-net trade, which is associated with it not so much by a parity of products as by a similar origin of the machines employed.

Leicester has more to recommend it than simply its position as a nucleus of one particular kind of trade: it is associated with many events in the past history of the country; and it is in the heart of an agricultural district, whose peculiar feature is that one notable part of the agricultural produce (wool) is brought to the county town for sale, and wrought up into finished goods within the county. It is also, as matters have



now arranged themselves in the railway world, a central county of communication between north and south, and, in a minor degree, in other directions.

Leicester has been said to be situated on "a saucer of loam;" by which we are to understand a stratum of loam lying beneath the town, somewhat saucer-shaped. The brim of the saucer is formed by a range of shelving hillocks, and broken only to the east, in which quarter the town is completely exposed. In every other direction it is bounded or enveloped, more or less nearly, by the Dane, Forest, and Spinney hills. This Forest means Charnwood Forest, which lies half a dozen miles or so westward of the town, and presents an elevation of seven or eight hundred feet. The town itself is very flat; there being only a gentle ridge running through it from north to south-east, which gives an easy slope to the streets running thence down to the river Soar.

It is a pleasant thing to be able to say, in times when sanitary matters are so forcibly impressed upon us, that Leicester occupies a large area in respect to its population, and that the largeness of the area is mainly owing to the numerous gardens contained within the town—almost to the very heart. Every considerable tenement has a large attached garden. Besides this, the principal streets are wider than the average of those in our manufacturing towns. It is also remarkable (and traceable, perhaps, to the saucer-shaped strata on which the town is built) that almost every large house has its own well; while the smaller tenements have a well to several of them in common. Besides the spring-water thus derived, there are in the town a large number of underground tanks, for the reception of rain-water from the roofs; and a group of small tenements has generally such a rain-water tank to the same number of houses as are supplied with spring-water from one well. An Act of Parliament was obtained in 1847, for bringing a supply of water to Leicester from a place called Lockey Bridge, about ten miles from the town; two streams, called Thornton Brook and Carr Brook, join at this point; and near the point of junction there will be a reservoir of about fifty acres, capable of holding 200,000,000 of gallons; the water will pass through filtering tanks, and will thence flow through iron pipes to the town. But even without this new supply, Leicester, with its wells and tanks, is better circumstanced than most other towns of similar size.

Leicester, we have said, has a goodly array of wide streets and open places. The Market-place, with the Exchange, are shown in Cut, No. 1. Nevertheless, the small streets, the courts, the alleys, the *culs de sac*, are far too numerous, and (as in most other towns) far too little attended to in respect to health and cleanliness. The principal street runs nearly from north to south, and two other main streets cross it at right angles: the other streets are of a humbler character. These minor streets are characterized by having houses so small, that one operative family frequently occupies the whole of a house.

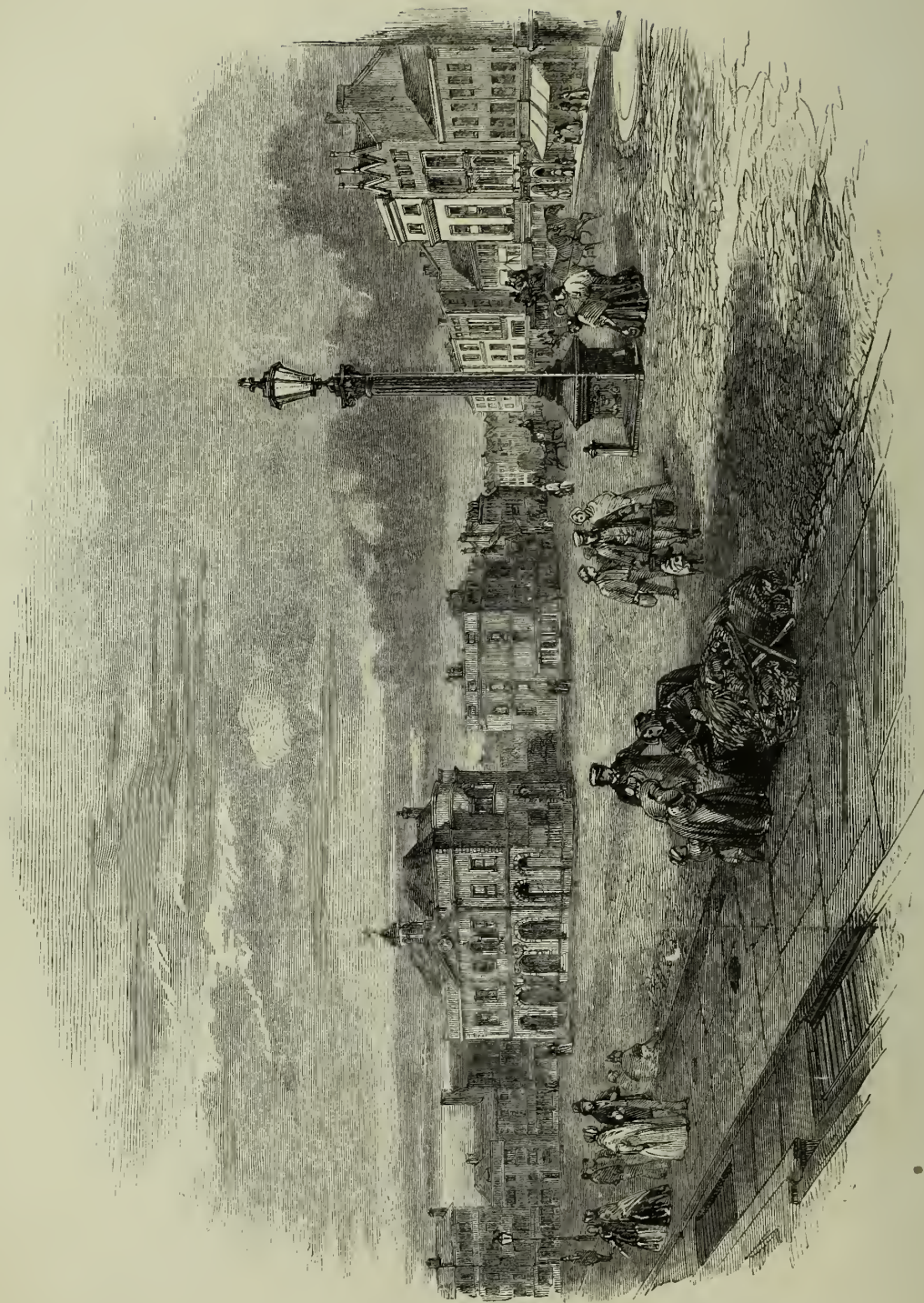
Leicester has undergone a good deal of modernizing within the last few years. The time-honoured timber houses are going or gone, and the old red brick houses are, one by one, going likewise, to be succeeded by others decked in the garb of the nineteenth century. One could wish that the old memorials, however, might be maintained: those buildings which serve as index-spots to persons and events long gone by. Such an index was the 'Old Blue Boar,' at Leicester, where Richard III. slept on the night preceding his decisive struggle with the Earl of Richmond at Bosworth Field. Hutton, in his account of the battle, thus describes the old inn: "In the Northgate Street yet stands a large handsome half-timber house, with one story projecting over the other, formerly an inn, the *Blue Boar*; hence an adjoining street derived its name, now corrupted into *Blubber Lane*. In one of the apartments Richard rested that night. The room seems to have been once elegant, though now in disuse. He brought his own bedstead, of wood, large, and in some places gilt. It continued there two hundred years after he left the place, and its remains are now in the possession of Alderman Drake. It had a wooden bottom, and under that a false one, of the same material, like a floor and its under-ceiling. Between these two bottoms was concealed a quantity of gold coin, worth about £300 of our present money, but then worth many times that sum. Thus he personally watched his treasure, and slept on his military chest."

Some few of our towns can boast of a pleasant, shady, tree-planted walk, belonging to the Corporation, and purposely kept free from houses. A very small number, indeed, have such a splendid avenue of this description as the Dane John Avenue, at Canterbury; yet, be they humble or extensive, they are an ever-welcome adjunct to a town. Leicester has one such, called the New Walk; it extends south-east of the town, to the length of a mile, and is planted with a double row of trees. By the side of this walk a series of baths has been constructed within the last few years; the water being obtained by a well from a depth of about 90 feet. The public buildings within and around the town, such as court-houses, asylums, hospitals, gaols, assembly-rooms, &c., present nothing of a very notable or distinguishing kind; if we except, perhaps, the Elizabethan town-hall or Guildhall, and the Ionic front of the news-room and library.

But the churches of Leicester make ample amends for any apparent scarcity of other public buildings. The towers of these churches form conspicuous objects as seen from a distance; while a nearer view develops their merits as examples of past ages in ecclesiastical architecture. The largest of these churches is that of St. Martin; it is a cruciform structure, with a fine tower and lofty spire; part of it is in early English, and part in the perpendicular style; the lower part of the tower is Norman, while the rest of the tower and the spire are of much later date. The interior contains a splendid organ, by Snetzler. This church has had more to do with secular or civil matters than falls to

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1.—MARKET-PLACE AND EXCHANGE, LEICESTER.





2.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LEICESTER.

the lot of most churches; for it was used as a barrack by the Parliamentarians during the civil war; while in modern times the archdeacon holds his court here, and public meetings have also been frequently held in the church. St. Mary's, (Cut, No. 2,) another of this



3.—THE NORMAN DOORWAY.

fine old group of churches, is partly of Norman and partly of early English architecture, with a few insertions of later date; it has a western tower, surmounted by a lofty and elegant spire, rebuilt in the last century. The Norman doorway is sketched in Cut, No. 3. The whole building is regarded as a very beautiful example of the various styles in which it is executed: on the south side of the chancel are three fine Norman stalls, with double shafts and rich mouldings; the roof of the church is elaborately carved in oak. The most ancient, but not the most beautiful, of the churches, is that of St. Nicholas, which is partly built of the bricks from an adjacent Roman wall, of which a fragment, called the Jewry Wall, remains. There is a resemblance between the church-arches and the wall-arches, which has led to an opinion that some portions of the same edifice to which the Jewry Wall belonged, or of an edifice of about the same date, have been built into the church. The church itself, which consists of a nave, chancel, and south aisle, has a square western tower between the nave and chancel, and is chiefly of Norman architecture. The antiquaries have made many a search among the fragments of the Jewry Wall here spoken of; and some have broached the theory (partly induced by the discovery of a large number of bones of oxen dug up in the vicinity) that these ruins belonged to the temple of the Roman god Janus. Leicester, at any rate, was an important military station of the Romans. St. Margaret's, which has a lofty tower, presents many excellent features in the early English



and perpendicular styles: indeed, some writers say that this was formerly a cathedral. Besides these four old churches, there are many new ones, two or three of which are buildings of considerable beauty.

The other relics of really early days, except the churches, are mostly crumbled into dust. The Roman remains met with are wholly fragmentary. On the establishment of the Anglo-Norman power, William the Conqueror either built a castle here, or enlarged one already in existence: it was situated east of the south-gate, near the river. This contiguity of the castle to the town often gave the town's-men an unwelcome share in the turbulent scenes of feudal days. The castle was destroyed in the reign of William Rufus, and built again in the reign of Henry I. In the fifteenth century, Leicester Castle was a focus of much splendour and power; but after that time it was suffered to decay: indeed, the reason assigned for Richard III. having slept in the humble 'Blue Boar' inn is, that the castle was too dilapidated to accommodate him. Decay did its work rapidly, until, in 1633, orders were transmitted to the sheriff to pull down the remainder of the castle, and build a sort of record-house with the fragments. Hardly a vestige of the castle now remains. With regard to the ecclesiastical or monastic antiquities, Bishop Tanner states that there was a collegiate church at Leicester before the Conquest, that this church was burned during the reign of William I., and that it was rebuilt in 1107, for a dean and twelve prebendaries, forming the present St. Mary's church. In the year 1143, an abbey of black canons was founded about a mile northward of Leicester, and dedicated to the blessed Virgin: a few vestiges of this abbey yet remain. (Cut, No. 4.) A hospital was built in 1330, in a spot of ground near the castle, for "a master and certain chaplains, and poor persons;" but of this hospital, and of the religious houses of gray friars, black friars, and Austin friars, which once existed in Leicester, no remnants are now visible.

If now we turn our attention to the social features of this town, we find, as was before stated, that hosiery,

in its multiform varieties, is the main stay and prop of the population. Most of the principal firms, most of the influential inhabitants, are directly or indirectly connected with this manufacture. Some of the larger firms employ two or three thousand hands; and one or two spinning-mills recently built would rival those of Lancashire. Among those who supply the raw material for the manufacture are worsted spinners, lambs'-wool spinners, and wool-staplers; for the working implements there are 'frame-smiths,' 'needle-makers,' and 'sinker-makers;' for conducting the larger arrangements there are manufacturers and merchants in hosiery; while the large bulk of the articles made are the result of the labour of thousands of men, women, and children, who work at the 'stocking-frame' in their own humble abodes—a stocking-factory, properly so called, hardly exists; for reasons which will appear in a later page. The worsted-mills, indeed, are factories, in which machinery is employed in spinning the woollen fibres into yarn for the knitters; but almost every other portion of the work is conducted by hand. Wherever there is a poor street throughout the town, there may we be pretty certain to hear, early and late, the clack and rattle of the stocking-frame. There may be some of our London readers who have occasionally seen frames of this kind, brought thither by unemployed workmen of Nottingham or Leicester, and set to work in the open streets in the manufacture of hosiery. Such a frame is the type of Leicester industry; there are, perhaps, ten or twelve thousand such in the town, worked by both sexes and by nearly all ages; and the daily average produce of each frame—small and precarious as it too often is—mainly determines the social position of the whole of the inhabitants. When ladies wear long dresses, and gentlemen wear trowsers and boots instead of the dress-attire of former days, they are wont to regard it as a question merely of fashion or taste; but if a 'stockinger' were appealed to in the matter, he would say that it is a food-question to him, especially if his work be of cotton or silk hosiery; he would point to the elegance and high finish of the stockings which were worn by the wealthy of both sexes in by-gone days, and to the large price paid for them; and he would contrast those with the unseen and therefore uncriticised substitutes of the present day.

#### THE HOSIERY TOWNS AROUND LEICESTER.

We will, however, not dwell longer on this point here. In another page we group together a few details illustrative of the industrial features of the whole district; and will, therefore, now proceed with our bird's-eye glance at the hosiery towns.

Leicester is almost exactly in the centre of the county; and there is a circle of secondary towns surrounding it, at an average distance of twelve or fifteen miles. These towns are Market Harborough, Lutterworth, Hinckley, Market Bosworth, Loughborough, and Melton Mowbray. All of these, to a greater



4.—LEICESTER ABBEY.

or lesser degree, are connected with the hosiery manufacture; and all of them look to Leicester as a centre of operations.

Market Harborough is at the south-east margin of the county, adjoining Northamptonshire. It is a clean, neat little town, consisting—as many other of our towns consist—of one main street, with several minor streets branching from it. The townsmen claim to have some connection with Roman times; for there have been several coins, urns, and other relics found in the town; but the chief existing memorial of past ages is the church, which is said to have been built by John of Gaunt: it is a fine structure, with a nave, two aisles, a chancel, two porches, and a tower with a crocketed spire. At present, no railway passes through the town. Market Harborough is on the verge of the hosiery district; and its chief employment of wool is in making carpets.

Lutterworth is almost south of Leicester, and has the Midland Railway running near it. It lies pleasantly on the banks of the little river Swift, a tributary of the Avon. Its chief notoriety is in connection with the name of John Wickliffe, who was rector of this parish from 1375 to 1384. The church, dedicated to St. Mary, is a handsome structure, with nave, aisles, and chancel. The pulpit now in use is said to be the same as that in which the great reformer preached: it is a rich old specimen of carved oak, interesting alike for its own sake and for its historical associations. The portrait of Wickliffe, together with his dining-table, gown, and communion-cloth, are preserved in the church as relics. Westmacott has sculptured an alto-relievo of Wickliffe, which occupies a place in the chancel. Lutterworth is about as far distant from Coventry as it is from Leicester; and it contributes a small portion of the ribbons of the one and the hosiery of the other.

Hinckley, south-west of Leicester, is more of a hosiery town than Lutterworth. The stocking-frame is, indeed, said to have been introduced here so far back as 1640; and there are now between two and three thousand frames in the town and immediate neighbourhood. The situation of Hinckley is very commanding. It stands on a sort of table-land or plateau, separated from the boundary of Warwickshire by the old Roman Watling Street, near which are vestiges of a Roman fortification. The town had formerly a wall and a ditch, the dimensions of which indicate that the site was once larger than at present. The remains of a Roman wall, too, afford another indication of the antiquity of Hinckley. Of later memorials, there are a few fragments of the castle, which was in ruins when Leland wrote; and the hall-house or mansion of a Benedictine priory, which had existed for many centuries, and was occupied by a manufacturer, (and the priory-garden used as a bowling-green), so late as 1827; but since that time, modern bricks and mortar have occupied the place of the old monastic remains.

Market Bosworth, in which a little of the hosiery

work is carried on, is chiefly known for the battle which decided the fate of Richard III. The town lies westward of Leicester; it is small, plain, and unpretending. In the grammar-school of the town, endowed in 1592, two men, afterwards eminent in their respective walks of study, were at different times ushers—Thomas Simpson, the mathematician; and Samuel Johnson, the lexicographer. On a large moor near the town was fought the 'Battle of Bosworth Field,' which every school-boy and every play-goer connects in his mind with the name of the 'hump-backed tyrant.' In the summer of 1485, the two armies which were destined to settle the dynasty of England, and to transfer the crown from the Yorks to the Tudors, gradually approached each other at this spot. King Richard passed the 16th of August at Leicester, the 17th at Elmesthorpe, the 18th and two following days at Stapleton, and arrived at Bosworth on the 22nd; while his opponent, the Duke of Richmond, was at Tamworth on the 18th and 19th, at Atherstone on the 20th, and arrived on the field of battle the next day. Richard's army is said to have been more than three times as numerous as that of Richmond—16,000 to 5,000; but so fierce was the onslaught, that the battle was terminated in a little more than two hours, by the utter discomfiture of Richard's forces, and by his own death. Near the field is a well, at which Richard is said to have refreshed himself during the battle: a Latin inscription was written for it by Dr. Parr.

Loughborough ranks next to Leicester, among the hosiery towns of this county. It lies nearly north of Leicester, towards Derbyshire, and occupies a pleasant position on a branch of the river Soar. It consists of one main street on the road from Leicester to Derby, intersected by smaller streets at right angles. There is a very fine church in the town, with nave, chancel, aisles, transept, and a remarkably beautiful western tower. The manufacturing industry of this town embraces a wider range than any in the county, except Leicester; for it not only includes worsted hosiery, but also mohair work, cotton hosiery, and bobbin-net—the latter two becoming more and more observable as we approach Nottinghamshire. Indeed Loughborough was one of the earliest seats of the bobbin-net manufacture.

The last of the Leicestershire towns which we have named (not because it exhausts the available list, but because it completes the circle around the county town,) is Melton Mowbray. It lies north-east of Leicester, on the way towards Lincolnshire; and, like Market Harborough, it is on the verge of our prescribed district, where the agricultural begins to supersede the manufacturing. Everybody knows that the celebrity of Melton Mowbray is the 'Hunt,'—one of the finest in the kingdom. From the beginning of November to the end of March, Melton is the head-quarters of dogs, horses, and sportsmen, for whose accommodation much has been effected in and near the town. There is also at Melton a particularly fine church—one of the most beautiful in the county: it is a spacious cruciform



church, consisting of nave, chancel, aisles, transepts, a tower over the crossing, a porch, a magnificent mullioned window at the west end, and rich internal arrangements.

The reader will thus form a rough picture of a circle of towns, having Leicester in the centre, and comprising within its boundary the chief part of the hosiery district of the county. Not that these are the only towns belonging to the group; for some of the smaller towns and villages near Leicester have more stocking-frames at work than either Lutterworth or Melton. It may, perhaps, with truth be said, that there is hardly a village throughout the whole interior of this circle but has its share in the stocking-manufacture. There may be no manufacturer, properly so called, for miles distant; but the remarkable system of 'bagmen,' or 'middlemen' (which will be explained further on), enables the humble workers to place themselves in communication with those who will supply the yarn to make the hosiery, and purchase the hosiery when made. Sometimes a farming man attends to his ground when the weather permits out-of-door work, and applies to the stocking-frame at other seasons; in other instances the husband is a field-labourer, and the wife and children are employed in various branches of the hosiery or bobbin-net trades; while in other instances, again, the whole family—father, mother, and children, down to six or seven years old—are employed on the staple produce of the district. Mr. Felkin, of Nottingham, the leading authority in all that relates to the statistics of this branch of industry, found that there were, in 1844, nearly 21,000 frames in Leicestershire, of which more than 18,000 were at work. He gives the names of no fewer than 122 towns and villages in this one county, in which stocking-frames were at work in that year: some villages had only one frame each, some a dozen, some twenty, some a hundred,—while the towns numbered their hundreds or thousands. If we could follow the manufacturing history of a few pairs of hose, we should probably find that it gives rise to a considerable amount of busy trafficking between these several villages and the towns where the manufacturers reside: there is, in fact, a complete network of connection between the whole series.

What, then, is this manufacture? What is the relation existing between the various parties engaged in it, which gives a tone to the social and topographical features of the district? Although we cannot hope to teach the reader to make his own stockings, nor to become learned in the relative merits of different kinds of hosiery texture; yet we do think that a clearer and better conception may be formed of the general character of this portion of the 'Land we Live in,' if we know how the mass of its inhabitants are employed. Let us see.

#### A GLANCE AT THE STOCKINGERS.

The questions we place before us are—How did it happen that the hosiery manufacture settled itself in

this district?—How long has it been so settled?—and How is it conducted? We learn from the early history of this manufacture that before the time of Queen Elizabeth, our honourable ancestors wore stockings knitted of very coarse woollen thread; or if the women desired something cooler, or smacking somewhat more of the elegant, the stockings were cut out of linen or of silk tissue. The maiden queen herself wore stockings of silk, stitched after having been shaped by the scissors.

It was in this state of things that the *stocking-loom* was invented: a machine which has maintained its chief features tolerably unchanged for two centuries and a half. There is a little bit of romance attached to the invention; and, as in many other cases, this romance has given rise to different versions of the story. According to the current story, there was living at Woodborough near Nottingham, in 1589, a clergyman, named the Rev. W. Lea. He was enamoured of a certain lady; but finding that she was always more attentive to her knitting than to his addresses, he, in a mood of mingled pride and vexation, set his wits to work, in the hope of inventing some machine which would knit more speedily and easily, and thereby leave her more time to attend to him. His difficulties were immense: it was not an age for mechanical invention; and he had very few persons to whom he could apply for aid; the knitting-mesh, too, is so different from the simple crossing of the threads in common weaving, that it required ingenuity of no limited kind to devise forms of apparatus fitted for the object in view. He was repeatedly baffled, and as frequently returned to it with renewed determination. At length he succeeded in making a machine which would knit stockings; and so important did he deem the invention, that he gave up his clerical duties, and attended solely to his new machine. The result of his love-suit, whatever it may have been, seems to be buried in the subsequent history of machines and stockings.

Lea was eagerly desirous of obtaining the patronage of Queen Elizabeth for his invention; and he so far succeeded, that the queen actually visited him while at work, accompanied by Lord Hunsdon and his son. Here an unlooked-for damper occurred. The queen expected to see him make *silk* stockings; but, alas! they were of worsted. She refused to give him either a grant of money or a patent of monopoly; and the reasons assigned, in a letter to Lord Hunsdon, appear to have been these:

"My Lord,—I have too much love to my poor people who obtain their bread by the employment of knitting, to give my money to forward an invention which will tend to their ruin, by depriving them of employment, and thus make them beggars. Had Mr. Lea made a machine that would have made *silk* stockings, I should, I think, have been somewhat justified in granting him a patent for that monopoly, which would have affected only a small number of my subjects; but to enjoy the exclusive privilege of making stockings for the whole of my subjects is too important to be granted to any individual."

Well argued, good queen! Lea was urged on by the terms of this letter to try to make silk stockings by his loom; and he succeeded in bringing his machine to that pitch of efficiency in 1597. It is said that Lord Hunsdon himself was Lea's first apprentice: so greatly were hopes raised as to the pecuniary results of the invention. Lea made nine of his machines, and set his relations to work in them; but court favour he found to be rather an evanescent commodity: neither the queen nor her successor did much to aid him; and he was induced to accept an offer made to him by the great Sully to introduce his new manufacture into France. He did so: he established his frames at Rouen, and was fast rising into note, when all was blasted at once:—the king of France was assassinated, Sully retired into private life, and poor Lea died of a broken heart. Lea's brother and friends tried for a while to work the machines, but failed; they came to England, and sold the machines to one Mead, who was invited over to Venice, to try to introduce the manufacture in that Republic; but neither Mead nor the Venetians knew how to repair the machines when they became disarranged; so this project also fell to the ground, probably about the year 1620.

In the mean time improvements had been gradually introduced by various persons in England; and the stocking-loom increased steadily in number. By the year 1670 there were 660 in England, of which 400 were in London, chiefly employed in making silk stockings. By the end of Queen Anne's reign there were nearly 9,000 in England, of which 2,500 were in London—Nottingham and Leicester still having only a relatively small number. This restriction was mainly owing to the Framework Knitters' Company—a company which still exists, and which still exhibits its arms (consisting of a stocking-loom, supported by a clergyman, and a female presenting her unused knitting-pin), but which has totally outlived any useful duties connected with the manufacture. By the middle of the last century the balance began to turn against London, and in favour of Nottingham and Leicester; and this movement has been going on for a hundred years, until at length a stocking-loom is a curiosity in London. The number of stocking-loom in the three hosiery counties, when Mr. Felkin made an investigation in 1844, was about 43,000.

The reader would not thank us for any elaborate attempt to describe the stocking-loom: it would puzzle rather than enlighten him. The 'carcass,' the 'carriers,' the 'jacks,' the 'needles,' the 'sinkers,' the 'slurs,' and many other technical names for the mechanism, are somewhat bewildering; for the stocking-loom is really a very complex piece of machinery. Let us not forget that Dr. Johnson defined 'network' to be "anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections:" an account of the stocking-loom, in this place, would be about as equally clear and satisfactory. Suffice it to say that this machine is a sort of upright loom, in which a number of small steel hooks are set so peculiarly at

work as to twist successive rows of thread round each other, so as to form loops or meshes: if we unravel a piece of a stocking, we shall see how peculiar this entanglement of the thread becomes. The phraseology of the manufacture, in other respects, too, is as odd as the mechanism is intricate. Listen, kind reader, to a few of the technical terms: 'Bothering-up' and 'bothering-on,' and 'fruzzed work,' are three elegant names for a particular mode of making the stocking-web. 'Cut-ups' are a kind of inferior or slop-made hose. 'Drop-offs' are hose made at three looms in succession. 'Fashioned hose,' or 'wrought-hose,' are the better kinds of manufactured goods. 'Plated-work' consists of stockings in which the outside is of silk, and the inside of cotton or worsted. 'Seaming' and 'stitching' are processes for making up the web into the form of a stocking; in 'seaming,' the seamer joins the selvage edges together with a needle, which is passed through loops in the web left for the purpose; while in 'stitching,' the edges are brought together by random, hasty, and slovenly sewing, which soon gives way in wear. 'Spider-work' was once an ornamental kind of stocking, with eyelet-holes; but 'blind-spiders' are a cheap and trashy modern production. 'Straight-downs,' or 'dandies,' are stockings which are made of one uniform width from top to bottom, without 'narrowing' above the heel; these are invited and persuaded, by the use of a 'leg-board,' to assume somewhat the shape of a smart human leg; but their original perpendicularity clings to them pretty closely throughout their career.

But though the technical details of the manufacture are beyond our present purpose, the commercial features of its distribution lie within our scope: indeed, this is the very point which will enable us, better than anything else, to observe the existing state and relation of the mass of the inhabitants in the hosiery towns.

In the first place, then, the reader must understand that stocking-weaving is not *steam-engine* work. Steam assists in spinning the yarn in the worsted, cotton, or silk mills; but it has scarcely aught to do with the working-up of this yarn into hosiery. This fact is a singular one; for in almost every other kind of weaving steam-power has become a formidable competitor with human power. It has been sometimes explained thus,—that the varied movements of the body, hands, and legs, called into action in the working of a stocking-frame, are all necessarily mainly guided by the eye; especially in the finer kinds of work, where the tax on the sight of the workman is very severe. But this does not seem to be a sufficient reason. Steam has been made to perform work of a much more delicate kind than that of making stockings. The explanation may perhaps be found in the very low rate of wages in this department of industry, which renders it doubtful whether hosiery could be made much more cheaply by machinery than by hand. This seems to be all the more probable, because, in America, where the wages of labour are comparatively high, steam-power is applied to the making of hosiery.



Steam has been applied to some extent, in the Nottingham district, to the making of cotton and lambs'-wool shirts and jackets.

We are so accustomed to associate steam-engines with factories, and factories with steam-engines, that we scarcely think of the one without the other. Yet there might certainly be a thousand stocking-frames assembled in one large building, as there are a thousand looms in some of the cotton-factories, although the frames might be worked by hand-power. There are, however, no such large assemblies of hand-worked frames. The manufacturers do not seem to consider it a system from which any especial advantages can be derived; and only a very small number have tried it. Some of them consider that the system would ensure greater regularity in the quality of the work, and greater uniformity in the rate of production; while others think that no adequate advantage would be derived from the system by any party, that the expense of building and superintendence would more than counterbalance any saving in the work, and that the workmen would lose more time than they now do in going and returning to and from work. It has been urged that the factory system is the perfection of the division of labour; whereas the division of labour in frame-work knitting is as complete with ten frames as with a thousand. One of the manufacturers, in evidence given a few years ago, gave a curious proof of the dislike of the stockingers to the restraints of the factory system. He built a factory, stocked it with a number of frames, and established a system of daily economy in the establishment. He charged no frame-rents, but agreed to pay a definite price for all the work done; he repudiated the 'truck system' (which prevails very extensively in the hosiery district), and paid all wages in money: but he found, after twelve months' experience, that the workmen had been for so many years accustomed to do their work in their own way, at their own homes (a stockinger seldom works on Monday), that they could not brook the organized regularity of the factory system. It was like sending a number of grown-up boys to school to learn something which they had not known before; and these grown-up boys did not show much inclination to attend to their lessons. The home-workers jeered the factory-hands, and all was soon over. If, therefore, the manufacturers feel no particular inducement to the adoption of the factory system, and if the work-people dislike it, we need no longer wonder that the hand-working system still prevails.

There being no stocking-factories, then, we have to see how the manufacture is managed.

In the first place, our attention is directed to the *manufacturers*. If we look among the principal inhabitants of Nottingham and Leicester, we find them to be, to a very large extent, hosiery manufacturers; they have warehouses, they are men of more or less considerable capital, and they each give employment to a large number of workpeople. But they are not like the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire: they do not

bring in the raw material at one door of a large establishment, and send it out at another in the form of finished goods: they have no steam-engines or lofty chimneys; nor have they hundreds of workpeople congregated for ten or twelve hours a day under their roof. The manufacturer executes all orders for the staple produce of the district: he watches the state of the market, abroad and at home, and manages his commercial relations according to the state of trade from time to time. He buys his cotton yarn (if engaged, as most of the Nottingham manufacturers are, on *cotton* hosiery,) from Manchester, or some small quantity, perhaps, in Nottingham itself; or his worsted yarn, if engaged in the Leicester trade, from some of the worsted spinners of Leicester, or, perhaps, from Bradford in Yorkshire—the head-quarters of worsted spinning. Having thus procured the raw material, he sets his men to work; but here the peculiarities arise; for, instead of arranging his frames or stocking- looms under the roof of his own factories, he gives out the spun yarn to the weavers, who take it home to their own humble abodes, and receive a specified price for every dozen pair of stockings or of gloves woven. But the reader may ask—is the stocking-loom the property of the weaver who works at it? The answer to this question, instead of being in the affirmative, opens up to us the very remarkable system of *frame-rents*: a system around which the whole industry of the hosiery district hinges; and which has hardly any parallel in other parts of England.

The value of these frames depends on two circumstances—the *width* and the *gauge*: the former relates to the width of the web capable of being wrought at the machine, and the latter to the fineness of the meshes forming the web. The width varies from about fifteen to thirty inches; and the gauge has particular numbers attached, from 24 to 70: indicating different degrees of fineness. These frames cost, when new, from about £15 to £50 or £60, according to the width and gauge; but it is a remarkable circumstance that, instead of the owner of a frame using it until it is worn out, as is the case in almost all other manufactures, the stocking-frames are repeatedly changing hands. There are frequent public sales of second-hand frames at Nottingham and Leicester; and the prices which these frames realise vary quite as much according to the state of trade at the time, as according to the condition of the frames. In 1815 the average price realised for frames exposed to sale in this way was about £9; in 1826 it was not much above £6; in 1840 it was only £4; while in 1841, a period of severe depression in the manufacture, there was no price at all for such machines, as the number of frames far exceeded the working-demand for them at the time. Since that date, the auction-value has varied from time to time according to the fluctuations of the trade; but the point to be borne in mind is, that any person who has a little money to spare can, at all times, buy a second-hand stocking-frame.

This, then, being the case, we have next to remark,

that all the manufacturers are large owners of stocking-frames. One of the leading firms at Leicester is in possession of upwards of a thousand frames; other firms own 800, 600, 500, &c. Now the custom is, for the 'stocking-weaver,' or 'frame-work knitter,' or 'stockinger' (for by all these names is the actual workman known), when he receives an order to make so many dozen pairs of stockings, or any other description of hosiery, to *rent* from the firm the frame with which he is to do the work. It is, to a stranger who first observes the system, a most inexplicable thing that scarcely a single stockinger is the owner of the machine with which he works. The hand-loom weaver of Yorkshire, or of Spitalfields, however poor he may be, can claim a property in the machine he uses; but for some reason or other—or rather from a very complicated string of causes—the stockinger of Nottingham or Leicester, cannot do so. He pays a rent for his machine. And here again a system is observable which we should hardly have looked for: that the rent is reckoned per week and not per piece. The man is paid for his services at per piece, the price being higher or lower according to the varying briskness of trade; but he pays a weekly rent for the frame, whether he earns much or little by it. We are generally in the habit of thinking that those understand a system best who are engaged in it; else we would venture to propound a little wise expostulation on this matter: we might, perhaps, deem ourselves sagacious in asking, Why not let the frame-rent bear a certain fixed ratio to, or per centage on, the price paid for the work done; so that the one should fluctuate, *pari passu*, with the other? However, as the hosiery folks have undoubtedly the privilege of managing their own affairs in their own way, we must take matters as we find them. When Mr. Muggeridge, who also investigated, as a Government Commissioner, the whole system of the hosiery manufacture in 1845, came to make his Report, he spoke of the frame-rents in the following decisive terms:—"The evidence both of masters and men is perfectly conclusive and coincident in one point: *viz.*, that the amount of this deduction is regulated by no fixed rate or principle whatever; that it is not dependent upon the value of the frame, upon the amount of money earned in it, or on the extent of the work made; that it has differed in amount at different times, and now does so at different places; that the youthful learner or apprentice pays the same rent for his scanty earnings as the most expert and skilful workman in the trade for his, of fourfold the amount; and that the practice of this deduction or charge has existed for upwards of a century." Strange, that this manufacture should be almost the only one in England so circumstanced!

As we do not pretend to go very minutely into these manufacturing matters here, we shall not say much about prices, and rents, and charges; but we may state that the frame-rent seems to vary from 8*d.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per week: one shilling is said to be a very usual rent for the narrowest frames. The manufacturer lets out

his frames with his work; for it is one condition of his arrangements, that his own work shall, as far as possible, be done in his own frames: indeed, as the rent of almost all the frames yields a large per centage on their cost, this profit is sometimes regarded as a substitute for the absence of profit in the work done in bad times.

But now comes another feature in this hosiery system. As frame-rents are known to be profitable, why should not other persons embark in the enterprize? Why should not the butcher, or the baker, or the publican invest a portion of his savings in the purchase of stocking-frames, although he may know nothing of the manufacture himself? This is actually done; and all frames so owned are called *independent* frames:—pity it is that the poor weaver himself does not, or cannot, or will not, or must not (for it is doubtful which is the correct term) have an 'independent' for himself! Some of the frame-smiths and sinker-makers keep independent frames to let out on hire to such weavers as may require them; and retail tradesmen, as we have said, do so likewise. Many of these independent frames are rented by masters or manufacturers, who have not sufficient capital to furnish the weavers with frames; and these masters then put an additional rental on the frames, which, together with the original rent, has to be paid by the workmen. It is supposed that about one-seventh or one-eighth of the whole number of frames at work are of this 'independent' kind. Where a manufacturer is employing a number of workmen, some in his own frames, and the rest in independent frames hired from other parties, any depression of trade leads him to discharge first those engaged on the independent frames, in order that his own frame-rent may continue as long as the work continues.

So remarkably does this hosiery system present itself to our view at every step, that we are forcibly led to compare it with the factory system elsewhere. If stockings were made in large steam-worked factories, none of the arrangements here described would prevail; whether it would be better or worse for those concerned, is a large question which we shall not venture to discuss. The reader has a good deal more to learn than concerns the manufacturer, the workman, and the 'independent.' There is, for instance, the *master*, who also rejoices in the multifarious appellations of *master-man*, *bagman*, *middleman*, *middlemaster*, *putter-out*, and *undertaker*: why the Nottingham and Leicester people do not agree upon some one among these many names, they themselves perhaps could not say; but we will use the term *middleman*, because it exactly designates the position of the individual. A middleman is a sub-manufacturer, who stands between the manufacturer and the workman, receiving orders from the former, and giving them out to the latter. Where a manufacturer is the owner of a great number of frames, he does not trouble himself to deal separately with every one among (perhaps) a thousand workpeople, but transacts his business with one-tenth or one-twelfth of that number of middlemen, who themselves engage



with the workmen. This middleman-system is observable in nearly all handicraft employments, but does not prevail in the factory regulations, except to a very limited extent. The middlemen receive the yarns from the manufacturers' warehouses, give it out to the workmen, receive from them the hosiery made of the material, and carry that hosiery to the warehouse; they receive a definite price from the manufacturer, and pay a price to the workmen—both being matter of agreement at the time; and they derive their profit from the difference between these two prices. They sometimes possess frames of their own, or hire 'independent' frames from other parties; and they have then an interest in working these frames in preference to others: indeed they will, in such case, take work at a very low price, in order to employ their own frames and secure their frame-rents. We thus see that the frame-rent system stamps its peculiar features on all around; and that the workman is at the mercy (so far as this matter is concerned) of three distinct classes of persons—the manufacturer, the middleman, and the 'independent' owner—who all look out for frame-rents, as a good property even under all fluctuations of trade and prices: good, at least, in so far as the frames are actually employed; for, if unemployed, no profit is derived from them by any one.

There is a slight difference between the *middleman* and the *bagman*. The former receives the raw material for the manufacturer, and returns it to him in the form of hosiery; but the bagman is a small dealer on his own account: he buys his wool or cotton when and where and how he can, has it made up into hosiery (on his own frames, usually,) by the stockingers, and offers it for sale to the manufacturers, or large dealers. He is accustomed to take his bag full of finished goods to the warehouses on Saturdays: and hence he becomes a 'bagman.' The middleman resides mostly in the towns: the bagman has his scene of operations mostly in the villages—he is the link which connects Nottingham and Leicester with the villages. The bagman is often a shopkeeper; and if report speaks truly, he is prone to pay his stockingers in goods from his general store: which goods are neither the best nor the cheapest of their kind. The Leicester and Nottingham people have never yet been able to settle the question, whether the 'bagman' and 'middleman' system is more of a good than an evil: the stockingers generally dislike it: the manufacturers are divided in opinion.

The peculiar kind of mesh or twisting, which constitutes the distinguishing feature of hosiery-work, gives great elasticity or pliability to the manufactured web, and this has led to its employment in a larger variety of articles than most non-initiated readers would suppose. In a Nottingham newspaper, where comments were made on the state of trade in that district, we find mention made of the following varieties of work; we simply enumerate them, without dwelling on the comments to which they gave rise: 'twills,' 'elastics,' 'brocades,' 'knotted hose,' 'waistcoat-pieces,' 'cotton-ribs,' 'worsted knotted hose,' 'German ribs,' 'fleece

hosiery,' 'narrowed elock hose,' 'Vandykes,' 'plated hose, plated waistcoats,' 'long-arm gloves,' 'tickler and eyelet mitts,' 'spring and lace mitts,' 'Berlin web pantaloons,' and many others. The chief part of these were enumerated as branches of manufacture, which for various reasons had had their day of fashion, and had gone into oblivion.

Mr. Muggeridge gives many interesting details, illustrative of the rise and fall, the alternate prosperity and distress, often attendant on what may to us seem a very trivial article of manufacture. In 1819 an old fancy production, called the 'knotted hose,' was revived at Leicester. It took the taste of the wearers so thoroughly, that all the spare frames became speedily applied to it, numbers of workpeople crowded into this branch, and yet wages continued for some years higher than before; but the fashion died away gradually, and the high wages died with it. Several years earlier than this, a peculiar web, called '2 and 1 raised cord,' was introduced at Leicester; it required peculiar frames and skilful workmen; the product became fashionable, wages rose 50 per cent. higher than in other branches, and workmen speedily transferred themselves to this department; but this material had had a large sale among military clothiers, and the conclusion of the war brought a conclusion also to the bright days of the '2 and 1 raised cord.' This had been probably named from the '2 and 1 ribbed hose,' which Mr. Strutt had introduced at Derby towards the close of the last century, and which was for many years a source of great profit to him and of high wages to his workmen. Almost every variety in the hosiery manufacture has in like manner had its day of brightness, when manufacturers reaped good profits, and workmen earned good wages: fickle fashion then comes in, and either dooms the particular species of manufacture to a lingering death, or brings it down to the level of all others in respect to profit.

The reader is now in a position to form some judgment of the hosiery manufacture, and of its relation to Leicester and Leicestershire. Go to the mills: you will see worsted being spun into yarn for the purposes of hosiery. Go to the manufacturers' warehouses: you will see the bagman offering to sell finished hosiery at a price which even the manufacturer himself cannot undersell; or the middleman receiving yarn which he is to return as finished goods; or the stockinger doing the same thing (for some of the workmen deal directly with the principals, without the intervention of a middleman). Go to the middleman's abode, or to the bagman's shop: you will see how these parties contrive to scrape up three kinds of profit—on the hosiery which they undertake to get made, on the frames which they rent out to the stockingers, and on the countless chandlery wares which they sell in their shops. Go to the houses where the stockingers work: you will see that many of them frequently work together, and pay three-pence or sixpence a week rent for 'standing-room' for their frame. Lastly, go to the humble dwellings in the humble streets: here you will see the wives and

daughters of the stockingers earning a poor pittance at 'scaming' the hosiery which has been made.

#### NOTTINGHAM: ITS HILL, CAVES, AND CASTLE.

Let us now travel northward, and glance at the topographical and industrial features of other portions of the hosiery district. The whole district comprises about 240 parishes in the three counties, and forms a sort of oblong oval area; we may place its limits at about Chesterfield in the north, Market Harborough in the south, Newark in the east, and Ashby-de-la Zouch in the west—an area, in round numbers, of 70 miles long and 45 wide. The trade groups itself round a smaller number of centres in the northern than in the southern half of this oval; for our present purpose, we may confine ourselves pretty nearly to the towns and environs of Nottingham and Derby—each of which presents other objects of manufacturing interest, besides those relating to hosiery.

Nottingham is a less favoured centre of railway communication than Leicester promises to be; but still it is not without a fair share of those handmaids to commerce. The Midland Railway sends its branch through Nottingham to Newark and Lincoln, which places the town in connection with the north-east and south-west districts; while other lines will run to Grantham, Mansfield, and Ambergate.

Nottingham has a more commanding situation than Leicester; it stands on higher ground, and presents within the scope of the eye a wider range of country on the east, west, and south: towards the south-east the beautiful Vale of Belvoir comes into view; but the chief slope of the town is facing the south, where it gradually sinks to the northern bank of the river Trent. The town itself is watered by two little streams, the Leen and the Beck, which wind about among the lower streets, and then enter the Trent. A chain of wooded hills bounds Nottingham at some distance on the north, and separates it from Sherwood Forest, the famed *locale* of the Robin Hood of past days.

Whenever a town has a castle within or near it, one always looks to that castle as a link to connect the present age with the past history of the town. Nottingham has a castle, and every visitor to Nottingham goes to see it; but every visitor is disappointed in his expectation of seeing a fine old time-worn, ivy-grown, half-crumbled, embattled structure. The truth is, that the Nottingham Castle of our age is not the one made memorable to us in the days of the Edwards and Henrys. Nottingham, after having been a notable possession in the hands of the Romans, the Saxons, and the Danes, was strengthened by a castle, built near the south-west side by William the Conqueror, and conferred by him on his natural son, William Peverel. The town suffered much during the troubled reigns of Stephen and Henry II.; and in the struggles of Richard II.'s reign, the castle, which was of great strength, was an object of contest. But the event for which the castle is best known was the capture of Roger Mortimer,

the favourite of Queen Isabella, in 1330. During the civil war between Charles I. and his Parliament, the king set up his standard (there is a street in the town called *Standard Hill*, near the castle,) at Nottingham, in 1642; but the town came next year into the hands of the Parliamentarians, who garrisoned the castle. During the time of Oliver Cromwell, the old castle was dismantled; and at length, after the Restoration, it was destroyed altogether, to make way for a structure as unlike a castle as can well be conceived.

The hill on which the castle stands shares in the history of the castle itself; for there are caves or hollows within it, which played a part in the catastrophe of Mortimer. The hill, or rather rock, (for such it is) rises abruptly from the northern bank of the little river Leen, but on the other sides it slopes down gradually to the level of the town. Close to the river there are some spots almost perpendicular; and in these places many rooms and small dwellings have been built on the face of the rock, by excavating the escarpment: the castle being a couple of hundred feet above our heads. A little further on, winding round the base of the hill, is a group of small gardens, occupying a plot of ground which was once the moat or fosse of the castle, afterwards a fish-pond, but now producing an annual rental from the holders of the gardens. A little ascent from these gardens brings us to the road from Nottingham to the neighbouring town of Lenton, a part of which road is cut through the solid rock whereon the castle stands. Shortly after this we reach Standard Hill; and at the easiest part of the slope of the castle hill we arrive at the gates of the castle—the veritable gates, which have withstood all the storms of time and war. Not far from these gates are many small streets, whose names—'Edward,' 'Isabella,' 'Mortimer,' &c.—show what are the historical recollections connected with the spot.

The gates are locked, but the usual kind of silver key will draw the bolts. On gaining admission within, we find ourselves in a grass-plot, or court,—once, probably, the outer quadrangle of the castle. On the opposite side from the entrance, a flight of steps leads up to the terrace which surrounds the castle, and on whose level it stands. Here we see a plain white house, in the Italian style, forming the only 'castle' which Nottingham has had for nearly two centuries. And it has not even (as it at present stands) the merit of being a white house; for we find desolation and solitude, walls and windows bare and blackened, and heaps of stones filling the interior. This sad picture it has presented for eighteen years. When the Reform Bill was thrown out, in 1831, by the House of Lords, the rabble of Nottingham, thinking to make one of the peers suffer for the rest, raised a riot, and set fire to the castle,—then, and now, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle. The shell of the building withstood the fire, but the interior was utterly consumed. In the next year the duke obtained, at the Leicester Assizes, a verdict for £21,000 against the parish or hundred in which the castle is situated. The money was paid,



but the castle has never since been repaired or inhabited; and there it remains—a memento of ungoverned mob-excitement; a source of expense to the rate-payers, who had to provide the costs and damages of the trial; and a mortification to the inhabitants of Nottingham, whenever a stranger makes inquiries on the matter. Like the blocked-up windows of Apsley House, the smoked and desolate walls of Nottingham Castle carry with them rather a severe reproof.

We have said that there are caves or hollows within the Castle Hill. Some etymologists trace the name of Nottingham to two Saxon words, which express the “place of caverns,” supposed to refer to this matter; but be this as it may, the hollows are certainly of a curious kind. When standing on the castle terrace, we find a small and almost hidden flight of steps, leading down to subterraneous passages in the sandstone rock: the sides and floor of these passages have decayed and crumbled in a considerable degree, so that what once constituted a flight of steps is now merely an inclined plane. The passages are very tortuous, and have light thrown in upon them through loopholes cut in the face of the rock. Along the sides of the passages are several hemispherical cavities; and, as local guides have a theory for everything, these cavities are said to have been formed as a depository for cannon-balls, —a reserve store of ammunition for the defence of the castle in times of danger. Some of the passages have been designedly blocked up; others have become choked by falling fragments: but there is little doubt that they led originally to the level of the river, and that they were formed as defensive contrivances in turbulent times.

A general name for this series of caverns or passages is ‘Mortimer’s Hole.’ Those who are familiar with English history in the time of Edward II. will remember that that monarch was murdered, chiefly through the machinations of his queen, Isabella, and her favourite, Mortimer, at Berkeley Castle; that his youthful successor, Edward III., with a body of adherents, had to maintain a hard struggle against the guilty pair; and that those adherents resolved to seize Mortimer, while with the queen and the young king in Nottingham Castle. The confederates forced an entry by night into a room adjoining to Isabella’s apartment, where Mortimer was engaged in consultation with the Bishop of Lincoln and his principal advisers. The door was instantly forced, and two knights, who endeavoured to defend the entrance, were slain. The queen, alarmed by the noise, and conjecturing its cause, exclaimed, “Sweet son, fair son, spare my gentle Mortimer!” But her fears would not permit her to remain in bed. She burst into the room, crying out that he was a “worthy knight, her dearest friend, her well-beloved cousin.” The catastrophe, however, was at hand: Mortimer was captured, tried for high treason, and executed.

One of the most interesting periods connected with the history of Nottingham Castle is the period when it was besieged by the Royalists, and defended by the

Parliamentarians under Colonel Hutchinson, in 1643: an incident not so much interesting on its own account, as for the narrative given by Lucy Hutchinson, the widow of the governor, in her ‘Memoirs’ of her husband. The colonel was made governor at a critical time; and Mrs. Hutchinson describes the castle and its defensive arrangements. “The castle,” she says, “was built upon a rock, and Nature had made it capable of very strong fortification; but the buildings were very ruinous and uninhabitable, neither affording room to lodge soldiers nor provisions. The castle stands at one end of the town, upon such an eminence as commands the chief streets of the town.” We need not follow the details of the siege; but while standing on the castle terrace, one may easily see that the castle could easily have “commanded the chief streets of the town.” The view is very comprehensive towards the south-west, embracing a considerable part of the town, many factories, the railway, the small Leen, and the larger Trent, the manufacturing villages, Radford and Lenton, the gardens around the base of the hill, and the dim outlines of the Derbyshire hills in the distance. The steel-plate shows the castle and town from the south.

Of the history of the modern castle, scarcely a line is needed. The old castle was given to the Duke of Buckingham after the Restoration, and then passed into the hands of the Duke of Newcastle, who pulled it down, and built another, in which feudal strength was exchanged for drawing-room luxury. It was in this new building that the Earl of Devonshire and other noblemen met, in 1688, to concert measures for the support of William of Orange. The catastrophe of 1831 is the last page in the history of the castle.

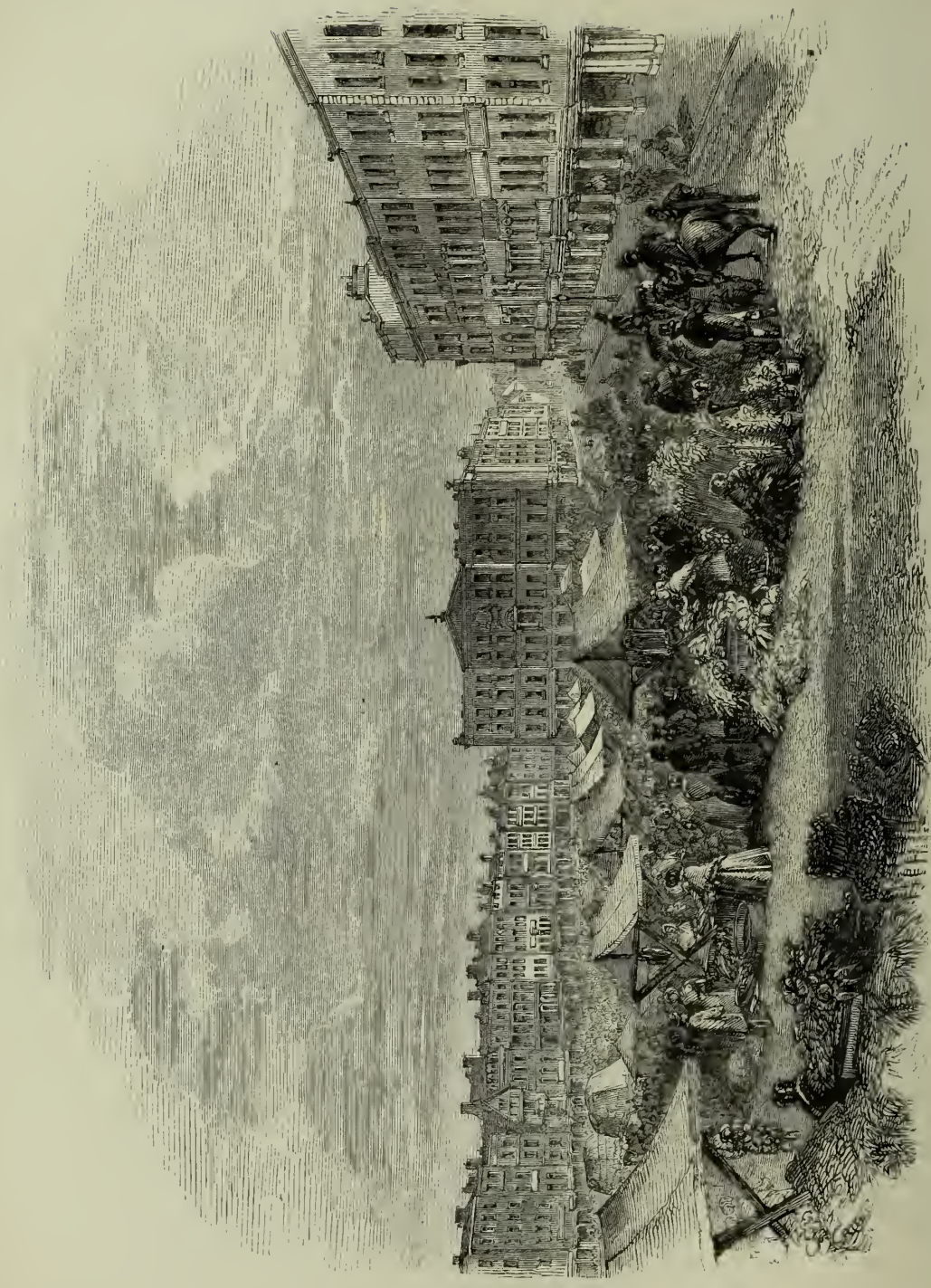
#### NOTTINGHAM: THE TOWN AND ITS BUILDINGS.

When we descend from the Castle Hill to the town, we come to as dense a mass of streets, perhaps, as is to be found in England: narrow courts, and houses built back to back, everywhere abound. There are a few good streets and open thoroughfares, but the number is too small. It is rather a perplexing town for a stranger to walk through the first time; there is no straightforward thoroughgoing artery from east to west, or from north to south. The market-place is rather westward of the middle of the town; and a fine market-place it is; but in no direction is there a good straight street from thence to the margin of the town: we have to wind around many crooked and steep streets to reach the commercial centre of the place. A new street, called Albert Street, will shortly improve the central parts of the town.

This market-place is one of the largest in the kingdom. (Cut, No. 5.) It is a triangular open area, bounded by lofty houses and arcaded shops. Saturday evening is especially a time to visit this spot: the large area is crowded with all imaginable nicknacks, which the wages of a working population can purchase. The goods are arranged in long rows on the ground, or

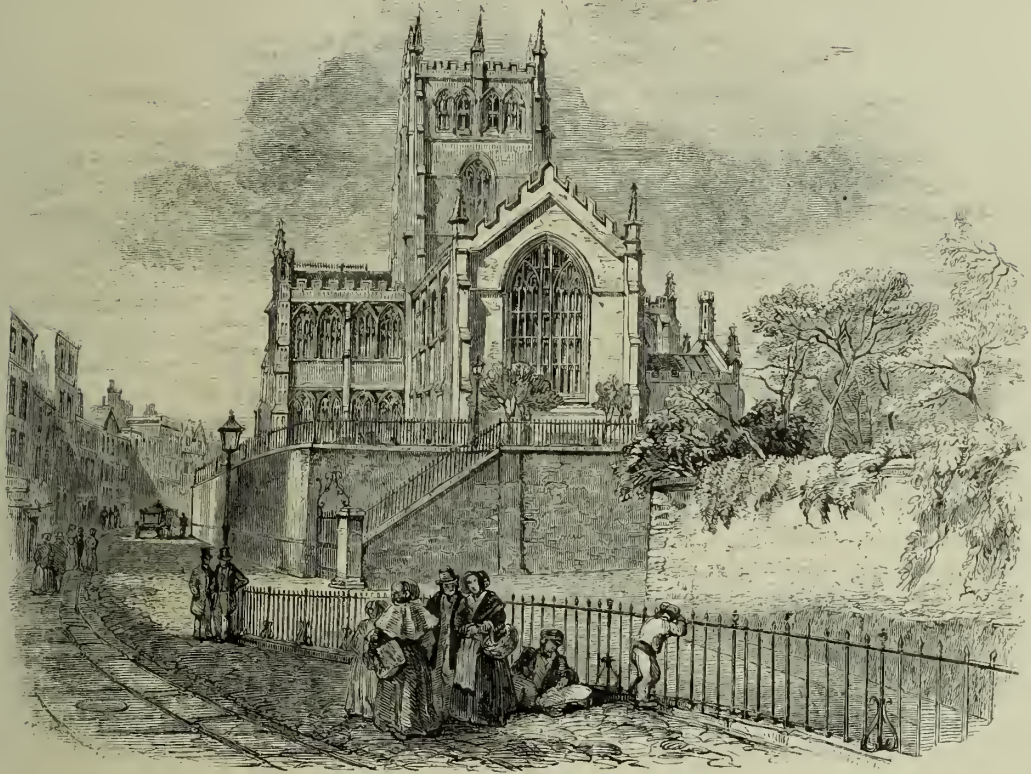






5.—MARKET-PLACE AND EXCHANGE, NOTTINGHAM.





6.—ST. MARY'S CHURCH, NOTTINGHAM.

under sheds ; leaving room for the purchasers to pass between. Here is the butchers' row of stalls ; near it the greengrocery ; in another place dairy-produce, such as cheese and butter, together with poultry and eggs. At one stall we find pennyworths of nameless somethings, which are served up, all hot, to the boy-purchasers. An open-air linendraper has his stall of cheap prints and gingham. Boots and shoes, straw and chip bonnets, hosiery and coarse woollen goods, women's caps and collars—all are to be met with. Then there are numberless articles of household use, such as crockery and brown ware, tin saucepans and gridirons, pails and tubs. The itinerant doctor, too, finds his place ; where all the 'ills that flesh is heir to' are invited to try the merits of the incomparable pills, drops, lotions, ointments, and elixirs which are spread out upon the stall. Nor is the itinerant auctioneer—the 'cheap John' of market-places—difficult to be met with. His covered cart, crammed with all sorts of low-priced goods, stands on one side ; while he, mounted on a kind of stage at the cart's-tail, invites his auditors to compete for the wonderful bargains which are held out to them. If he 'puts up' a clasp knife at a shilling, which is worth threepence, he has an abundant margin for apparent liberality, which he well knows how to manage. In the market, and in the narrow but busy trading streets adjacent to it, it is observable that a penny is divisible into four parts more frequently than in London. The tickets in the

shop-windows display the odd farthings to a remarkable degree. Every thing indicates that the purchasers are a working population, whose money-wages are extremely low—far below the average of Birmingham and many other of our busy towns. Whether out of this little more goes for drink than for necessities, and whether the poor wife and mother have consequently to make farthings serve the place of pennies, we will not here inquire ; but if even every shilling of weekly wages be prudently managed, it is still a hard struggle for the Nottingham operatives to maintain a decent social position.

The various public buildings of Nottingham are distributed pretty fairly about the town. Beginning with the churches, we find that the chief is St. Mary's, situated nearly in the centre of the town. (Cut, No. 6.) It is a large cruciform church, with a fine tower at the intersection of the transepts, rising two stages above the roof of the church, crowned with a battlement and eight crocketed pinnacles. The western end of the church has been restored, but not in good harmony with the rest. The general style of the architecture is the perpendicular ; and it is said to contain a greater relative portion of window-light than almost any church in England. The church was built in the reign of Henry VII., and, by modern enlargements, has been rendered capable of accommodating 2,000 persons : being situated on an eminence, it forms a very conspicuous object in the town. St. Peter's Church is situated near the market-



place; it is a large building, originally in the perpendicular style, but a good deal altered in modern times: it has a tower at the west-end, with a lofty tower, crocketed at the angles of the octagon. St. Nicholas', near the castle, is a plain brick building, constructed in the latter end of the seventeenth century, in place of a much older structure. None of the other churches or chapels are of much mark as architectural structures; except, perhaps, the large Roman Catholic church of St. Barnabas, erected in 1841. It is a stone structure, in the early English style; there is a tower with a lofty spire; and the interior, especially the pulpit, is very richly adorned; the windows contain much stained glass, some of which was presented by the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Nottingham contains the usual diversity of institutions and buildings partaking of a public character; but there are not many of them having any architectural pretensions. The Free Grammar School was founded as long back as 1513, and is under the control of the corporation: the building has recently been enlarged, and ornamented with a stone front. The Blue-coat School is partly supported by endowment and partly by subscription: the school-house, a plain building, is somewhat above a century old. The General Hospital and Infirmary, the Lunatic Asylum, and numerous other hospitals and almshouses, are among the charitable institutions of the town.

The Exchange, which occupies the eastern angle of the market-place, is a brick building of the last century, stuccoed and modernized in the present; the upper stories contain offices for the transaction of public business; the lower story is occupied by shops; the Police-office occupies the northern wing; and behind the whole are the shambles. The County-hall and jail, erected about eighty years ago, occupy an elevated position near the castle. The Town-hall is a very plain and uninteresting building. The House of Correction occupies the site of an ancient convent of the Hospitalers of St. John of Jerusalem. A new Post-office has recently been built near St. Peter's Church. On the outskirts of the town are the Yeomanry Riding-house, near the castle; the Cavalry Barracks, an extensive range of building at the upper extremity of the Castle Park; a racecourse, at the north-east margin of the town, considered to be one of the largest and finest in the kingdom; and a Cemetery, situated on what is termed the 'Forest,' in the Derby Road, and occupying about twelve acres, laid out in the customary way.

The Trent being a tolerably wide river by the time it reaches Nottingham, the bridge is one of rather unusual length, and of considerable antiquity, exhibiting great architectural variety. It has nineteen arches, and is connected at the end with a causeway over the meadows, and an embankment to protect the lower part of the town in the time of flood. The railways cross the Trent by bridges; and there is a noble road-bridge over the railway and some of the low meadow-ground.

The reader will expect, from the hints before given,

that Nottingham contains a large supply of factories and workshops employed in various departments of the hosiery and bobbin-net trades. Such is indeed the case. Everything throughout the town indicates that the places of handicraft employment are very numerous. Yet, from circumstances already explained in connection with Leicester, large factories are not very numerous: small *workshops* and large *warehouses* are the characteristic features: indeed, the poor rooms of poor dwellings are among the most numerous of the workshops. Among the traders and manufacturers of the town are 'lace-manufacturers,' 'lace-agents,' 'lace-makers,' 'bobbin-net makers,' 'lace-edging manufacturers,' 'lace-merchants,' 'lace cap-makers,' 'lace thread-manufacturers,'—all in connection with the lace and bobbin-net departments; while the hosiery department has its own distinct series of branches; and further, the making of the numerous machines employed gives occupation to 'frame-smiths,' 'machine needle-makers,' 'bobbin and carriage-makers,' 'frame needle-makers,' 'sinker-makers,' and many others. For the furtherance of the artistic features of these manufactures a School of Design was opened at Nottingham, in 1843; and this has been, from its commencement, one of the most successful among such local schools. The lace-designers (an important occupation to the artistic reputation of the town) are required to be both fertile and tasteful in the invention of new patterns or designs; and it is understood that such persons have availed themselves very extensively of the facilities offered by this School of Design. The buildings for the School have recently been enlarged; and the attendance of pupils is considerable.

#### NOTTINGHAM: THE PARK, THE ENVIRONS, AND WOLLATON HALL.

If we ask whether there are any open spots, any pleasant green fields, and play-grounds, and healthy walks, near Nottingham, the answer is one that pleases and vexes at a breath. There *are* such spots—more than generally fall to the lot of such a town; but this very boon has caused the townsmen to be cooped up in most unpleasant fashion: they are bees in a hive, in more ways than one. Nottingham *can't* grow, like other towns. When it is packed too full, it sends out a colony, which locates in the neighbouring parishes of Radford, Steinton, or Lenton; but these outlying portions are more distinctly separated from the town itself than is customary in other parts of England. The truth is, that Nottingham is nearly surrounded by open ground, over which the townsmen have the right of common; and the obstacles to building on any portion of this ground have been such, that the owners of land within Nottingham have built and built, until the streets and courts have attained a density quite terrible in the eyes of a sanitarian; and when the population increased to such a number as to make even this closeness of packing insufficient, then arose a necessity for building beyond the common lands. Nottingham thus

presents us with a nucleus, containing perhaps 60,000 inhabitants, living closer together than in almost any other town in England; then a belt of green fields, pleasant to look at, and still pleasanter to ramble about in; and an exterior belt of colonies, looking up to and sustained by Nottingham, and containing from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants.

In most of the busy towns of England, the streets radiate, by degrees, farther and farther from the central nucleus as the population increases; but from the peculiar circumstances above alluded to, Nottingham has become a densely-packed mass of houses, which has been made to do double duty before the outlying suburbs were resorted to. It was found that, about four or five years ago, there were 8,000 houses in Nottingham, at less than £10 a piece yearly rental: an indication of the closeness with which the working population are congregated. It is difficult to imagine such a finely-strung mind as that of Kirke White being cooped up in such a place: but so it was. He was a native of Nottingham; and, moreover, he plied wearily, for a time, at that occupation which has for so many generations formed the staple of Nottingham industry. Southey tells us that Kirke White was the son of a butcher, at Nottingham; that Henry, at his father's wish, but against the desire of his mother (who had early detected the delicate and poetical element in his mind), was employed between schoolhours in carrying out the butcher's basket; and that, at a later age, he tried his hand as a framework knitter: it was now determined to breed him up to the hosiery trade, the staple manufacture of his native place; and at the age of fourteen he was placed at a stocking-loom, with the view, at some future period, of getting a situation in a hosier's warehouse. During the time that he was thus employed, he might be said to be truly unhappy; he went to his work with evident reluctance, and could not refrain from sometimes hinting his extreme aversion to it; but the circumstances of his family obliged them to turn a deaf ear. His mother, however, secretly felt that he was worthy of better things: to her he spoke more openly; he could not bear, he said, "the thought of spending seven years of his life in making and folding up stockings." It was at this period that he wrote his 'Address to Contemplation,' which sufficiently indicates the state of his mind. But to return to our subject.

Every picture has its bright side. It is not pleasant to read of, and still less pleasant to see, a mass of dusky brick buildings wedged together so closely that the clear sunshine and the fresh air can hardly reach them; but it is pleasant to know that there is green grass around Nottingham, close to the verge of the town. When we leave the town on the west, we come at once on the estate of the Duke of Newcastle, which forms an extra-parochial park, called Nottingham Park. This is let out on building leases, in small patches here and there, solely for the private residences of gentlemen, professional men, and the higher class of manufacturers; so that that which is not actual healthy

open ground, is occupied by houses which are an ornament rather than a disparagement. Then, directing our attention towards the north, we see the *Sand Field*,—an open common of about 200 acres, which is 'commonable' to the townsmen, from Old Lammass day to Old Martinmas day; and which forms a green margin to the north-west part of the town. Still further in this direction, at a distance of about a mile from the market-place, is *Nottingham Forest*,—an open common, owned by the corporation, as lords of the manor, and available through the whole year, and to all classes, as a cricket-ground, a race-ground, and a military exercise-ground. Situated somewhat further in this same direction, or rather more northward of the town, is *Mapperley Plain*,—an open common, held by the same tenure as Nottingham Forest: the two comprising together nearly 200 acres. Between Mapperley Plain and the town is a very large open spot, called the *Clay Field*, containing more than 400 acres: this is 'commonable' on the same conditions, and for the same portion of the year (three autumnal months) as the Sand Field. The margin of this clay field brings us round to the estate of Earl Manvers, which bounds the town on the east, and which—unlike the Newcastle estate—is nearly all occupied by houses built as closely together as within the town itself. Next, bounding the town on the south-east, lies the *East Croft*, belonging to the corporation: it contains about 50 acres, and is open to the freemen, as meadow-land, during a portion of the year, on certain prescribed conditions. Adjoining this, on the west, lying south of the greater portion of the town, and crossed by the Midland Railway, are the *Meadows*,—a plot of about 250 acres, almost wholly unbuilt upon, and 'commonable' to the townsmen about five months in the year.

We thus find that Nottingham is rather singularly belted by above 1,200 acres of open ground, which affords a certain amount of commonable right to the townsmen, and a still larger amount of that personal, pedestrian, health-giving exercise, which results from field-rambles. Under recent Enclosure Acts, however, some of this open ground will shortly be built upon.

The northern road from Nottingham, passing by the racecourse, is dotted by the private residences of some of the wealthier inhabitants, and leads onward to Newstead Abbey: this abbey and park, situated about ten or twelve miles from Nottingham, is, as all the world knows, associated with the name of Lord Byron, and might be made the text for a string of descriptions and reflections, which would make us forget the immediate object of the present paper. Still more tempting, and still more worthy of a separate sheet for its consideration, is Sherwood Forest, the home of the redoubtable Robin Hood of past days: this lies a few miles beyond Newstead, eastward of Mansfield; which old town is itself the scene of more than one adventure in our early writers. The north-eastern road from Nottingham leads us to Southwell, whose Minster is such a glorious monument of pointed architecture; and to Newark-upon-Trent, whose corn trade is one of the



largest in England, and whose fifty inns gave indication, in stage-coach days, of the advantages derived from lying on the great north road from London. Eastward, lies the road to Grantham,—not distinguished by any particular features; but on bending round more to the south-east and south, the Vale of Belvoir, and the diversified country around it, give to the southern margin of Nottinghamshire many scenes of great beauty. South-westward, we come to the Trent, which winds its way from Derbyshire into this county; and a network of railways. Lastly, coming to the westward of Nottingham, we end our circuit at Wollaton House.

In this circuit of towns and villages, as may be expected, we meet with the clack of the stocking-loom on all sides. Nottingham is the metropolis—the grand place—for a multitude of humble localities. Radford parish, with its 12,000 inhabitants, forms a busy lace-making and stocking-making satellite to Nottingham, a little north-westward of the town. Its next neighbour, Barford parish, with its 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants, presents us, in like manner, with lace and hosiery in abundance; and the whole district around Nottingham, to some distance on the north and north-east, is similarly occupied. Sneinton, Bridgford, Wilford, Beeston, and Lenton, lying more to the south of the town, may almost be regarded as suburbs to Nottingham, both in a manufacturing and topographical point of view.

Wollaton House, named above, lies about a couple of miles from Nottingham. We must detain the reader here for a while. Wollaton is one of the most beautiful mansions of 'England in the Olden Time.' It is impossible to approach it on either side without being struck with the majesty of its proportions and the richness of its details. The perfect state in which it is kept up, too, speaks of a long line of owners who knew how to value such a possession. On approaching it from Nottingham, the well-kept park, and the

————— "tall ancestral trees,"

speak of some noble mansion embosomed within; and when, after traversing a considerable length of winding gravel path, we arrive in front of the building, the beauty of the exterior is at once revealed to the view. It is the main front of the building which is lithographed in the third series of Nash's 'Mansions of England;' and the artist has cleverly contrived to carry us back in imagination to the times when such buildings were the customary residences of the old English nobility: the garden, terrace, and steps are enlivened with personages dressed in costume which dates a century and a half ago; while in another plate, representing the interior of the Great Hall, the preparations for an old-fashioned English dinner in an old-fashioned English mansion are well depicted.

There is a difference of opinion concerning the architect of Wollaton. One authority states that Sir Francis Willoughby built the house according to a plan of his own, and that the works were superintended by John Thorpe, a very eminent architect of the sixteenth century; while another account gives the honour to

Robert Smithson, supposed to have been one of Thorpe's pupils. The date of erection is known to have been somewhere about 1580, and the mansion is as truly an Elizabethan one, in its style, as any in England. The building forms a square mass, with a square tower at each corner rising far above the general roof of the building; but the most distinguishing feature is a large and central tower, rising still higher than those at the corners, and turretted at the angles. Every front of the main building, and every side of every tower, is richly decorated, so as to present a very superb whole.

The prominent feature of the interior is also that of the exterior, viz., the central tower; for this contains the Great Hall. "The building" says Mr. Nash, "forms a square, in the centre of which is the hall, occupying the whole ground-space of the central tower—a very remarkable feature of the edifice, and to which all the rest of the building is subordinate. In this, as in almost all other of the Elizabethan mansions, the masonry and workmanship are so excellent, that they have more freshness and execution in their details, as well as solidity in their construction, than many buildings of recent date." On entering the hall, the interior will "strike every observer by its stupendous height and singular proportion, the screen itself being loftier than many of the halls of that period. Its dimensions may be described as those of a double cube, being as high again as its length. Notwithstanding its immense height, this apartment is perfectly comfortable, and is used at the present day. The roof is very bold in construction, and has a very elegant effect; and the screen is of stone, richly decorated in the Italian style."

The reader may imagine how far this noble hall eclipses most of those which are met with in our old mansions, when he is told that the height is no less than *seventy* feet. Sir Jeffrey Wyattville was employed some years ago in restoring and re-adorning the hall, maintaining intact all the characteristic features of the place. At one end of the hall is a music-gallery, containing an organ; and the walls are decked with family pictures, elks' horns, &c. The other apartments of the mansion, comprising the entrance-hall, the saloon, the grand staircase, the dining-room, the drawing-room, the billiard-room, the library, &c., are worthy of an old English manor-house, but do not call for especial remark: the exterior of the building and the hall are the noticeable features; and there is certainly nothing else in Nottinghamshire to equal them, in their own particular way.

#### A GLANCE AT THE LACE-WORKERS.

The reader must accept the rapid survey which we gave of the Leicester hosiery-system, as a representative of that of Nottingham also. The one county devotes its attention mainly to worsted hosiery; the other to cotton: but the stocking-frame is almost identical for both; and the industrial arrangements are also similar

—the manufacturer, the middleman, the bagman, the stockinger, the seamer, all are to be found in both counties. Leicestershire, as a whole, slightly takes precedence of Nottinghamshire, in respect to the total number of stocking-frames employed; but the two are not far from a level.

Nottingham, however, eclipses not only Leicester, but every other part of England, in one remarkable and interesting department of industry—*lace* or *bobbin-net*. This simple and cheap commodity, bobbin-net, is a great thing for Nottingham. It is a more important element in the prosperity of the town and neighbourhood than most of our readers would imagine. Just conceive for a moment, that even at the marvellously low prices which modern times have witnessed, the production reaches two millions sterling annually (for such, Mr. Felkin states, has often been the case in recent years); just conceive that a bobbin-net machine, in its largest and most perfect form, sometimes costs so much as £800: these facts, and the large number of persons employed in the work, show that this department of industry is one of notable importance.

It would not be necessary to point out to our lady-readers the difference between hand-made lace and machine-made net: but the other sex is less learned in these matters, and must consent to a little enlightenment. Lace, then, is made on a kind of pillow or cushion, which is placed on the lap of the lace-worker. The pattern is sketched upon a piece of paper or parchment, and laid upon the pillow; pins are stuck through the parchment into the pillow, in places marked out by the pattern; bobbins are laden with fine flax thread to form the meshes of the net, and with coarser thread to form the device or ornament; and the lace is formed by twisting these threads round the pins and round each other, so as to form not only the network itself, but the ornament which is to adorn this network. The bobbins serve the office of handles, as well as stores of material. In this slow, thread-by-thread, mesh-by-mesh manner, the lace is built up; and we need not marvel that a material so prepared should be rather costly, if estimated per yard.

This, then, is the lace manufacture, properly so called; a manufacture which has given notoriety to Mechlin, to Valenciennes, to Brussels, to Honiton, according to the particular kinds made in each town. But it is in the south-midland counties of England that we find this employment rising to the importance of a manufacture. Go into the villages of Bedford, Buckingham, and Northampton counties, and you will, perhaps, scarcely find one where lace-making is not carried on by the cottager. It is stated that, twenty years ago, there were more than 100,000 females thus employed in England; but the number has since greatly diminished; for Nottingham net is year-by-year driving pillow-lace out of the market.

The rise of this trade at Nottingham was marked by very extraordinary circumstances. It was about seventy years ago, that a stocking-weaver tried whether he could apply his frame or loom to make something

which should imitate lace; and by slow degrees, such imitations became introduced. It was not, however, till thirty years afterwards, that Mr. Heathcoat, in 1809, obtained a patent for a new and highly ingenious lace-making machine, which, from certain arrangements of its mechanism, obtained the name of a 'bobbin-frame;' and hence the name 'bobbin-net.' Of the envy and strife which drove Mr. Heathcoat away from Nottingham, and led him to settle in Devonshire, we will say nothing: it is not a creditable feature; but we cannot pass in silence over the year 1823, when, Mr. Heathcoat's patent having expired, all Nottingham went mad. Everybody wished to make bobbin-net. Listen to what Mr. McCulloch says on this point: "Numerous individuals—clergymen, lawyers, doctors, and others—readily embarked capital in so tempting a speculation. Prices fell in proportion as production increased; but the demand was immense; and the Nottingham lace-frame became the organ of general supply, rivalling and supplanting, in plain nets, the most finished productions of France and the Netherlands." Hear, too, Dr. Ure, on the same point: "It was no uncommon thing for an artisan to leave his usual calling, and, betaking himself to a lace-frame, of which he was part proprietor, realize, by working upon it, 20s., 30s.,—nay, even 40s. per day. In consequence of such wonderful gains, Nottingham, the birthplace of this new art, with Loughborough, and the adjoining villages, became the scene of an epidemic mania. Many, though nearly devoid of mechanical genius or the constructive talent, tormented themselves night and day with projects of bobbins, pushers, lockers, point-bars, and needles of every various form, till their minds got permanently bewildered. Several lost their senses altogether; and some, after cherishing visions of wealth, as in the old time of alchemy, finding their schemes abortive, sank into despair, and committed suicide."

If the Nottingham lace-makers were *now* to go mad, it would not be at the golden dreams before them. Competition has had its usual levelling effect; and no more fortunes can be rapidly made in the lace trade. The consumption is immense, but the workers are numerous; and prices, wages, and profits, have all alike become low. Inventions and improvements have been many and varied; and some of the machines employed are among the most beautiful combinations of mechanism anywhere to be seen; but as nearly all the processes are easy to learn and to pursue, the earnings of the workpeople are small—too small, we fear, for their own comfortable subsistence.

The bobbin-net trade presents many more factory usages than that of hosiery. The machines are mostly worked by steam; and this alone necessitates something of the factory-system. Some of the hand-worked machines have cost £200 or £300 each; and a workman is in many cases the owner of the machine on which he works; but where steam-worked machines are used, they are mostly congregated in factories. In some of the factories plain net alone is made; at others, figured net and quillings; at others, silk edgings. A



few years ago, the hand-machines were more numerous than the power-machines; but the latter are gradually overtaking the former. Very frequently there is only one hand-machine in a house, worked by the owner; but in other cases there are two or three machines in one house,—one worked by the owner, and the others let by him to other parties. Some of the hand-machines are worked by treddles by the man himself; while others are worked by a wheel, turned by a boy. Before the workman can begin his labours, the numerous cotton-threads have to be adjusted to the machine and to the bobbins placed in it; and this is done by 'winders' and 'threaders,' who are always young people, and who work a large number of hours for very small remuneration.

The processes in the manufacture are numerous: such as making, gassing, bleaching, mending, embroidering, drawing, pearling, hemming, dressing, and finishing. Some of these are machine processes, and others mere work for the fingers. The 'making' is the actual formation of the net: it is a process which, even in a technical work, almost baffles description. Some of the machines will make net five yards in width; and they have as many as three or four thousand delicate little pieces of apparatus, called bobbins and carriages. Some of the machines are fitted to make plain net only; while others impress upon their net a definite pattern with thicker threads, while in the very process of formation. When the net leaves the machines, the threads are covered with little hairy filaments, which it is desirable to remove; and this is done by 'gassing,' in which the net is passed, in an extraordinary way, over a series of gas flames, so as to singe off the filaments, without injuring the net. It will serve to show the extent of the manufacture at Nottingham, that many firms devote their labours wholly to this process. Then, again, a wholly distinct process is the 'bleaching,' by which the brownish colour of the net is exchanged for a snowy whiteness: this is effected at bleach-works, of which there are some on rather an extensive scale in the outskirts of Nottingham; and the process is pretty much the same as that followed in the great bleach-works of Lancashire.

The reader will know only half the secrets of the Nottingham lace-trade, if we stop at this point. A piece of plain net, or a piece of net in which a pattern is worked by the same machine which makes the net itself, passes through but few hands after it is gassed and bleached. A very large quantity of Nottingham lace, however, has the pattern wholly or partly put in by hand, by females working with needles or other small implements; and to see this process, we have to follow the workers to their own humble abodes. Thus we come to the fourth stage in a sort of quadripartite arrangement of Nottingham industry. The husbands, fathers, and brothers are in two great groups—the one working in the stocking-frames, and the other in the net-machines: the wives, daughters, and sisters are in two other groups—the one 'seaming' and finishing the hosiery, and the other 'embroidering' or otherwise

finishing the net. The men do not earn any too much: the women earn far too little. The men have much hard work to do: the women have work to do whose hardness consists in its wearisome and long-continued monotony. The boys follow closely at the heels of the men: the girls at the heels of the women; and adult wages have thus a constant tendency to settle down to the level of children's wages. The men work partly in factories, but mostly in small houses; the women work almost wholly in their own poor dwellings.

A sort of 'middleman' system is observable in the lace-trade as well as in the hosiery trade. There are in this occupation persons called 'mistresses,' who have in their employ from six to twenty young women and girls; and these are employed in 'drawing,' 'mending,' 'running,' 'pearling,' or 'joining' lace. The points of distinction between these several processes we need not stop to inquire; suffice it to say, that they all refer to hand-finishing of machine-made lace. The mistresses go to the lace-warehouses, and receive a certain quantity of lace or net, which is to receive a certain amount of hand-work upon it before it will be ready for the market. A price is agreed on, and the mistress distributes the work among the women and girls assembled at her house. They are of various ages (none so young, perhaps, as before the passing of the Factory Acts), and they work long hours. When we are told that the lace-runners, in bad times, often work sixteen hours a day for a mere sixpence, we can scarcely realize the fact: it seems hardly conceivable. Were it not that recent investigations have shown how wretchedly needlework is too often paid for in the metropolis, the state of the Nottingham lace-workers would scarcely be believed: but it is a stern truth, which *must* be believed, whether it can be remedied or not. It is also a truth, however, (and herein lies the pith of the whole matter) that these employments upon lace are easy to learn; so that a child of six or seven years of age can commence upon that which, after a short time, will enable her to compete with her own mother. In 'lace-running' (which seems to be another term for embroidery), the lace is stretched across a frame, and the workwoman works a pattern upon the lace with a needle and thread; in 'tambouring,' the pattern is wrought with a small hook instead of with a needle; in 'lace-mending,' every defective mesh, whether so produced in the machine, or by subsequent accident, is mended by needle and thread; in 'lace-pearling,' a lace-edging is sown on to finished articles of net; in 'lace-drawing,' a thread is drawn out which connects the individual breadths in one broad piece of net for the machine, so as to separate the net into the breadths required for use or sale: and as all these employments are attended with slightly varying degrees of difficulty: the tenderest age, the weakest health, the dullest intelligence, has *something* whereon to exercise itself; so that this lace-trade is always more than adequately supplied with young females, ready to do whatever may have to be done. The result speaks for itself.

In summing up, therefore, our written picture of Nottingham in its industrial relations, we have to superadd to all those features presented by Leicester, the additional ones arising out of the bobbin-net trade. The population is larger, the kind of work more varied, the amount of work done more extensive, the inventive powers more active, the national influence more important; but Nottingham, in the relations which the various classes of its population bear to each other, does not differ greatly from Leicester.

#### DERBY AND ITS ARBORETUM.

Let us now imagine that the railway rattles us along to Derby—a journey of some thirty or forty minutes. In bygone days it was a coach-ride of about fifteen miles, through Lenton, Bramcote, Stapleford, and Risley; but now the railway takes a south-western direction from Nottingham to Long-Eaton, where four lines of railway meet, one of which takes us to Derby.

Derby is the meeting-point of those three railways—the North Midland, the Midland Counties, and the Birmingham and Derby—which, by amalgamation, form the huge and wide-spreading Midland Railway. The station is a large one, and (as matters stand at the present day) is the first object to which a tourist's attention is necessarily drawn. Were it not for the enormous extension recently made at the Euston Station, the Derby Station might well high claim to be ranked as the largest in the kingdom. The length of buildings and covered platform considerably exceeds a thousand feet; while the engine-establishment, the carriage and store-departments, the booking-offices and refreshment-rooms, are all on a scale of great magnitude.

It is not quite correct, however, to claim the first attention of the railway-traveller to the station, for the steeples of Derby appeal to his eye long before he reaches the town. The approach from Nottingham is a pleasant one. The pretty river Derwent flows through a portion of the town from north-west to south-east, on its way from the Derbyshire hills, above Matlock, to its termination in the Trent; and this river separates the railway from the main portion of the town, the churches of which stand out in bold relief as seen from the east. There is another and smaller stream which enters the Derwent at Derby. There are several bridges over this stream,—the Markeaton Brook; and there is a larger and finer stone bridge over the Derwent itself.

Derby is much more simple in its construction than Nottingham or Leicester. It consists mainly of one high street, running through the whole town from north to south; all the others being much subordinate to it. In this high street, or rather in an open area contiguous to it, on the east, is the market-place, containing a covered market and a spacious assembly-room. The town-hall and the county-hall, the grammar-school and the other schools, the hospitals and almshouses, the infirmary, the union-house, the lunatic asylum, the gaols—all bespeak the same kind of arrangements, and present the same general features as similar buildings

in other towns. There is a new town-hall and a new asylum.

The churches, however, are somewhat remarkable. The chief architectural ornament of Derby is All Saints' Church (Cut, No. 7), in the High Street. Prior to the dissolution of the monasteries, it was a collegiate church. The tower is now the chief ornament, as it is a particularly rich specimen of the latest period of the perpendicular style; it consists of three stages, the lowest of which has a western doorway, and a niche on the east side; while the others have ornamented windows, and the whole is crowned with battlements and crocketed pinnacles. The tower has been lately restored; it contains a peal of ten bells, and there is a tradition in Derby, said to be borne out by the vestiges of an inscription, that it was erected at the expense of "young men and young maids." It is, however, only the steeple which thus claims notice as a monument of middle-age architecture; the body of the church is a Roman Doric edifice by Gibbs, built in 1725; but the interior is very light and elegant; there are rich monuments to the memory of one of the Earls of Devonshire, and the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury; and there is a beautiful screen of open iron-work which is said to have cost £500. This church was formerly (and is still popularly) called Allhallows; at the time when it was collegiate, it had a master and seven prebendaries, and there is a house adjoining the church called the college, which was probably the residence of the collegians. St. Werburgh's Church is an old structure, situated near the Markeaton brook; it consists of a nave, chancel, and aisles in the Tuscan style, with a Gothic tower. St. Peter's is an ancient Gothic church, with a nave, chancel, aisles, and square embattled and pinnacled tower. St. Michael's is also an old Gothic structure, with similar general features to those of St. Peter's. St. Alkmund's Church was rebuilt in 1846; it is a fine structure, in the decorated style, with a beautiful spire rising to a height of 200 feet. St. John's Church, Trinity Church, and Christ Church, are modern structures. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Marie, erected about ten years ago, is one of the largest and finest places of worship in Derby. Besides the above, there are several Episcopal and Dissenting Chapels; and in the Nottingham-road there has recently been erected a Convent for the Sisters of Charity, with schools attached. St. Alkmund's, St. Marie's, and the remains of St. Mary's Chapel, appear in Cut, No. 8.

Derby, though not such a scene of intense and continued work as Nottingham, is yet a busy town, and its branches of employment are more numerous and more varied. The Trent is too far from Nottingham to be immediately available as a source of water-power for machinery; but the Derwent runs so conveniently through Derby, that it is an object of much commercial value to the townsmen, though not well fitted for navigation. The relation which Derby bears to the silk trade will merit a little attention presently, in which we shall see how much the Derwent had to do with the working of the first silk-mill erected in England.





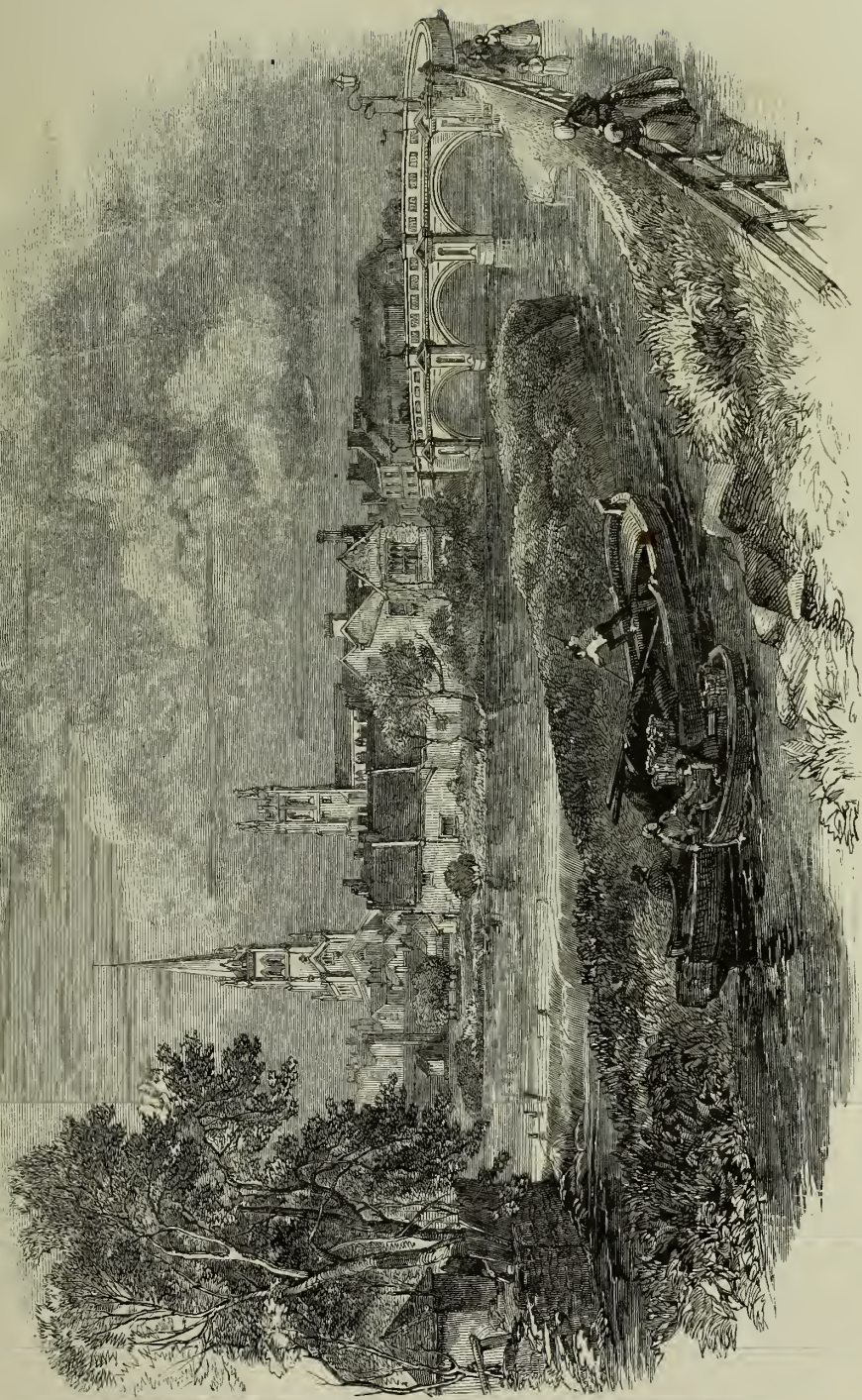
7.—ALL SAINTS, DERBY.

Derby is also, as we have before remarked, one of the three centres of the hosiery and bobbin-net trade, distinguished from Nottingham by having more silk among its staple material, and from Leicester by having very little of the worsted trade. The porcelain manufacture, too, has chosen Derby as one of its seats; and this town, as well as Worcester, has for nearly half a century striven hard, with increasing success, to produce specimens which shall vie with those of Dresden and Sévres. The Staffordshire Potteries, now the great scene of operation for fine porcelain, as well as coarse earthenware, produced nothing in the former department till the time of the celebrated Wedgwood. Another very pretty manufacture of Derby is alabaster and fluor-spar ornaments. There is among the rugged districts of North Derbyshire a mountain, near Castleton, between Mam Tor and Long Cliff, which produces the beautiful mineral fluor-spar, there known as 'blue John.' It varies in colour from a deep violet to a rich yellow, or a pale rose-colour, and is traversed with veins. Pieces are procured from three or four inches to a foot in thickness, and these pieces are wrought up into statuettes, vases, cups, necklaces, ear-drops, &c. There are iron-works and lead-works at Derby, both materials being procured within the county itself. Some of the iron castings produced are among the most ponderous and the most beautiful of such kinds of manufacture. Various other branches of manufacture tend to give importance to this town.

In relation to Leicester, we were able to say that the town is built rather widely, so as to allow garden-room to an unusual extent; in relation to Nottingham, there is the singular belt of commonable ground between the town and its suburbs, which, while it compresses the town itself as with a close-fitting and inexpendable envelope, is yet a green and air-breathing spot. But when we come to Derby we find a large and beautiful park, laid out purposely for the people, by one who was born and had lived among them. If there be one town in England more than another connected with the name of a particular family, it is Derby, in its connection with the family of the Strutts. Ever since Jedediah Strutt entered into partnership with Arkwright for the manufacture of 'Derby rib' stockings by machinery, some eighty or ninety years ago, the Strutts have constantly had their main centre of operations at Derby, chiefly in the cotton manufacture, and a vast number of operatives have always been in their employ. It is to one of the members of this family—a family distinguished alike for manufacturing skill, and liberality of feeling,—that Derby owes its beautiful Park or 'Arboretum.'

From a pamphlet published by the late Mr. Loudon concerning this Arboretum (which was planned by him), it appears that Mr. Joseph Strutt purchased a piece of ground, which he placed in the hands of Loudon, for the purpose of having it laid out into a park and arboretum; and that on the 16th of September, 1840,





8.—DERBY, FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.



LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

it was opened to the public, and presented in great form to the corporation of the town, as trustees on the part of the inhabitants. The record of the proceedings of the day is very interesting. It was a general holiday in the town, and the corporate officers met in council. Mr. Strutt addressed the council at some length; and spoke of the increase in the trade and population of the town—its position as a central railway town—the spread of information and intelligence among the people—and the deficiency of healthy play-grounds and walks around the town; he stated that he had purchased eleven acres of land on the south side of the town, which he had caused to be laid out with paths and walks, and planted with trees and shrubs, for the use of the inhabitants; he explained the manner in which he proposed the corporation should manage the Arboretum, in respect to hours of admission, guardianship, &c.; and detailed the nature of his arrangements for supplying and stocking the grounds. He then made the following graceful and well-timed observations:—“It has often been made a reproach to our country, that, in England, collections of works of art, and exhibitions for instruction and amusement, cannot, without danger of injury, be thrown open to the public. If any ground for such a reproach still remains, I am convinced that it can be removed only by greater liberality in admitting the people to such establishments; by thus teaching them that they are themselves the parties most deeply interested in their preservation, and that it must be the interest of the public to protect that which is intended for the public advantage. If we wish to obtain the affection of others, we must manifest kindness and regard towards them; if we seek to wean them from debasing pursuits and brutalizing pleasures, we can only hope to do so by opening to them new sources of rational enjoyment. It is under this conviction that I dedicate these gardens to the public; and I will only add, that as the sun has shone brightly on me through life, it would be ungrateful in me not to employ a portion of the fortune which I possess in promoting the welfare of those among whom I live, and by whose industry I have been aided in its acquisition.”

The indoor ceremonies of the day terminated by the presentation by Mr. Strutt to the corporation of the deeds of settlement and other documents relating to the Arboretum. Then commenced the outdoor holiday: the whole assemblage, official and non-official, rich and poor, proceeded to the Arboretum,—some as component parts of a procession, and the rest as joyous spectators. The procession walked through the grounds—volleys of such kind of salutes as gunpowder can give were heard in plenty—cheers, and so forth, formed a much better kind of volley—and the official personages retired. Then began a merry afternoon for the non-officials. Tents were erected in the grounds, under which dancing-parties assembled; then tea-drinking succeeded; then a printing-press within the grounds was employed in printing off copies of Mr. Strutt's Presentation Address; and, lastly, the retiring multi-

tude sang the ‘Fine Old English Gentleman’ before the house of the generous donor. On the next day the artisans generally, to the number of six or eight thousand, celebrated the gift; while the third day was a ‘juvenile’ day, when all the little folks of the town were permitted to have their share in the pleasant doings. Pleasant doings, indeed, they must have been—the offspring of right hearty feeling, rightly applied.

The Arboretum thus presented to the townsmen of Derby cost Mr. Strutt upwards of £10,000. The trustees have lately purchased several more acres of land, and added to its size. It lies on the Osmaston road, southward of the town. At the entrance is a neat lodge, with gates, and in the lodge is a room for the temporary reception of visitors, where a ‘suggestion-book,’ or visitors’ ‘remark-book,’ is kept: the idea is a liberal one; but a glance through the book shows that the visitors’ ‘suggestions,’ or ‘remarks,’ are very seldom of much value. Immediately within the gates is a fine broad straight gravelled path, five or six hundred feet in length; and from this smaller winding paths branch out to the right and left. Mr. Loudon, having an eye to the picturesque diversity of landscape-gardening, did not allow the ground to maintain its former level untouched, but formed pleasant hillocks or mounds, around which the smaller paths bend. Grassy plots occupy for the most part the spaces between the paths; but there are numerous circular and oval beds, planted with shrubs. The gravelled walks exceed, in the whole, a mile in length; and at intervals, where favourable spots occur, seats or benches, and little arbours or summer-houses, are placed. In order that the arrangement of the grounds may be at once instructive and pleasurable, Mr. Loudon caused small tablets to be prepared and fixed near each tree or botanical specimen; each tablet consists of a brick support, in which is imbedded a small porcelain slab, containing an inscription; this inscription, in most cases, gives the number of the tree (as referred to in a catalogue), the Latin or scientific name, the English name, the country in which it principally grows, the date of its introduction into England, the height when full-grown, and other particulars. At various parts of the grounds boards are placed, on which are inscriptions indicative of the same kindly spirit and good taste observable in all the other arrangements of the grounds: “This Arboretum has been given to the public for their advantage and enjoyment, and is placed under their special care and protection. It is hoped, therefore, that the public will assist in protecting the trees and shrubs and seats from injury, and in preserving the property which is devoted to their use.”

Long may the donors of such boons live to receive the thanks of those benefited thereby! These traits of kindness and consideration, between the favourites of fortune and those who occupy a less favoured position, are of infinite social service. They rub off the asperities of class and party and *coterie*, and bring man and man together in heartiness and friendliness.



## THE MANUFACTURING ENVIRONS OF DERBY.

Derbyshire is a county rich in pictorial and historical interest. The hills and the caves, the beautiful valleys and rivers, the noble mansions of the Devonshires and the Rutlands, the 'Peak,' and the imaginary 'Peverel,' with which Scott has associated it in our minds,—are all noticed in another part of this volume. In the same way as in relation to the two former counties, therefore, we shall simply touch upon those few features observable in the environs of Derby, bearing upon industrial development.

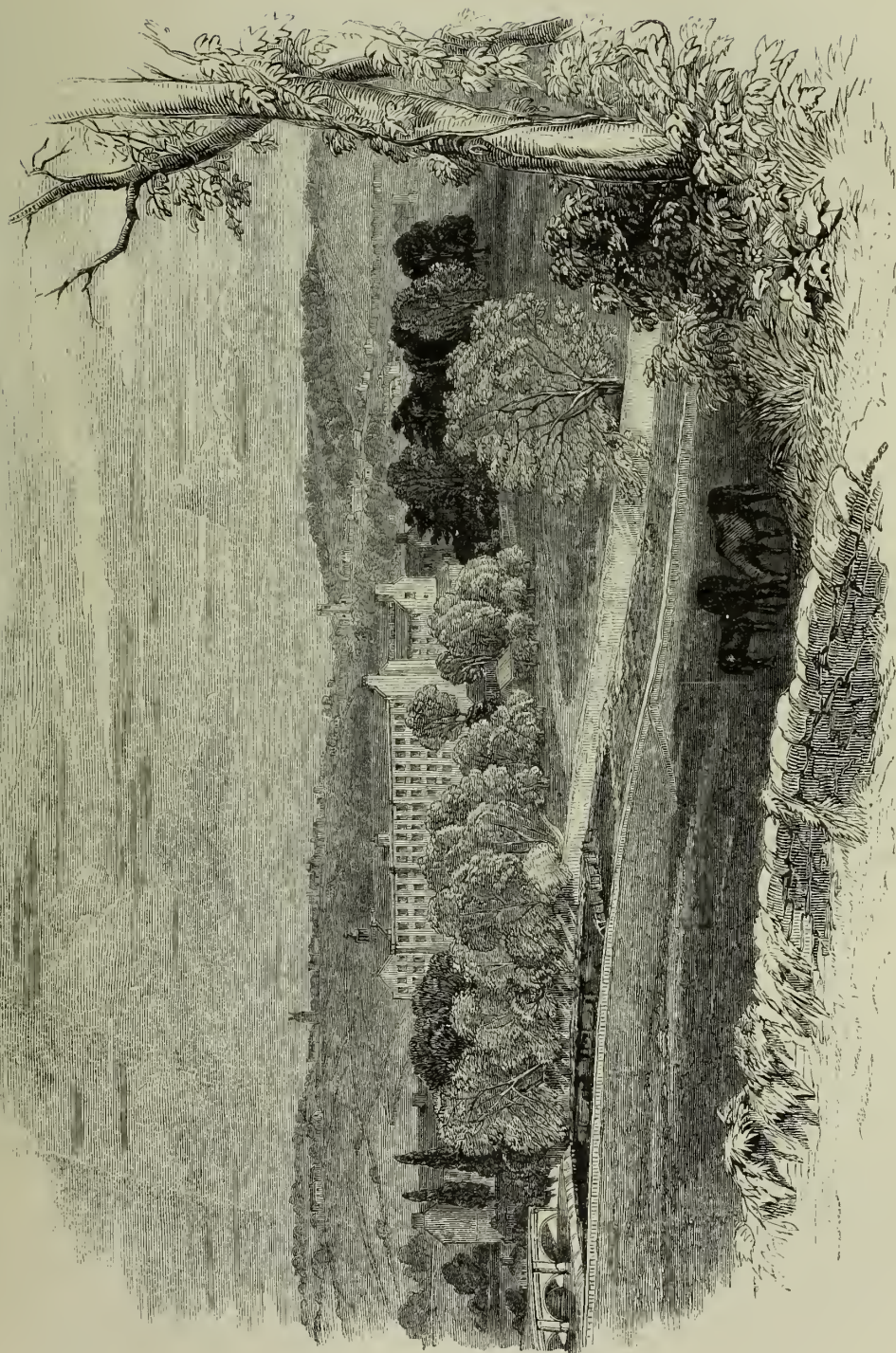
In the first place, with respect to hosiery, silk, and cotton manufactures, we find the river Derwent by no means an unimportant one: it is an Irwell on a small scale. After passing beyond the town of Derby itself, we find, at a distance of a couple of miles, the village of Darley, where is situated a cotton-mill employing 700 or 800 persons. Two or three miles further on is Milford, one of those villages which owe almost all they possess to the operations of one establishment. The Messrs. Strutt have a vast factory for the spinning and manufacture of cotton, the bleaching and dyeing of the woven goods, a foundry for the manufacture of the machinery used in their business, and gas-works for supplying all their buildings: these varied operations give employment to more than 1,000 persons; and the stream of the river Derwent supplies the motive-power for the whole of the machinery. After another distance of about three miles we arrive at Belper, still more associated with manufactures than Milford. The Messrs. Strutt have here another vast establishment principally for spinning and weaving cotton, but combining most of the varied features observable at Milford. This mill, and the surrounding scenery, are sketched in Cut, No. 9. There are two other firms which have extensive factories of cotton and silk hosiery and gloves; and the three establishments together give employment to most of the inhabitants of Belper, the rest being employed in nail-making—an employment which generally locates itself not far from iron-mines. The Church of St. John the Baptist, erected in 1824, is rather an elegant specimen of the decorated style. Again advancing northward along the Derwent, to a spot about as far distant from Belper as Belper is from Derby, we come to Cromford—one of the most notable spots in connection with the history of the cotton manufacture. Cromford was a place of small importance till the time of Sir Richard Arkwright. He purchased the manor of Cromford, and erected there, in 1771, the first cotton-factory—the first factory whose arrangements embodied the completeness which distinguishes machine labour from hand labour. The Derwent was then the moving power, and after an interval of seventy-eight years, it still continues to be so. Improvements have been introduced and enlargements made; but the spot whence Arkwright first astonished the world by his cotton-spinning machinery still remains as a memento of that remarkable man. The Derwent was to Arkwright what it was

to Jedediah Strutt, a prime-mover to fortune; and the descendants of the two hard-working laborious inventors, are now, perhaps, the wealthiest families in the county, excepting it may be the patrician owners of Chatsworth and Haddon. Darwin, in his 'Botanic Garden,' personifies the Derwent, in lines which were quoted in page 167 of our first volume, in connection with the cotton-factories of Manchester.

There are three cotton-factories belonging to the present descendant of Sir Richard Arkwright in and near Cromford, all of which are worked by the stream of the Derwent. Above this point the river leads us into the beautiful Matlock and Buxton regions, where picturesque scenery takes the place of productive industry.

Lying a little way east of Cromford is another busy district, in which coal, iron, stone, and lime, take the place of cotton and hosiery. This spot lies between the Derwent and the Erewash rivers, and comprises the rich mineral district around the Butterley Iron-works. Here lies, or rather underlies, the Derbyshire coal-field, interspersed with beds of iron ore; while at Crich, and other places in the vicinity, there are abundant supplies of limestone to smelt the ore; so that the means are at hand of making iron with great facility. The Butterley Works are conducted on a very large scale; since they are among the very few establishments in which the whole train of operations are centred under one proprietorship. Not only are the iron ore, the coal, and the lime found and worked on the Company's ground; not only is the iron melted and formed into pigs, bars, and sheets; but manufactures in iron are wrought there to a large extent. At Codnor and at Riddings, near at hand, are other large iron-works; and there are canals and railways not far distant, to afford an outlet for the valuable goods thus prepared. At Ripley, on the road from Ambergate to Butterley, we soon see that we are in the vicinity of extensive works; for the inhabitants of that town or village are mainly dependent on the works; and the fiery furnaces are not far distant from the town itself. These furnaces are elevated some forty or fifty feet from the ground; and at a level nearly equal with their tops commences an embankment, with a railway along it. This embankment extends to the coal and iron-mines of the Company, so that the ore and coal can be thrown into the furnaces at once from the pits. Vast ranges of coke ovens occupy portions of the space: the coke being in part for the Company's own use, in part for sale to railway companies and others. The two establishments at Butterley and Codnor—nearly three miles apart—belong to the same Company; a railway extends along the Company's ground from one to the other; and iron mines and coal mines are dotted over this large space. At the Butterley Works were made the castings for Vauxhall Bridge, and for many other structures of similar importance; so that these works are among the most interesting of the kind in England. The Company, too, have made admirable arrangements





9.—STRUTT'S MILL AT BEIPER.





for the welfare of their workpeople, in respect to dwellings, schools, savings banks, &c.—one among many honourable examples of the kind.

In a coal-pit near Alfreton, belonging to Mr. Oakes, of Riddings, a valuable spring of a mineral oil, like naphtha, has recently made its appearance. The quantity varies, according to the fall of the roof of coal, from 150 to 30 gallons daily.

It is principally to the north, north-west, and north-east of Derby, and within ten or a dozen miles, that we are to look for towns and villages which partake of a manufacturing character. More southward, approaching the confines of Leicestershire, the villages partake partly of agricultural and partly of hosiery industry. They are interspersed among gentlemen's seats; Castle Embaston, the seat of the Earl of Harrington, near Derby, notable, among other things, for having a pair of entrance-gates which originally belonged to the emperor Napoleon; Donnington Park, the palatial residence of the Marquis of Hastings; Calke Abbey, and Melbourne Hall, lying a little south-west of Donnington; Bretby Park, the seat of the Earl of Chesterfield; Ingleby Hall,—these are a few of the mansions which lie within the semicircle bounding Derby on the south.

#### A GLANCE AT THE SILK-WORKERS.

Let us not forget—Derby would deem herself insulted by such forgetfulness—that Derby is the parent of the silk manufacture of England. Whatever may be the long existing claims of Spitalfields upon our attention; whatever Macclesfield, Leek, and Congleton may present to us, as the centre of a district where the silk manufacture prevails; whatever Manchester, with her mighty engines and factories, can exhibit in illustration of the modern mode of conducting this branch of industry, Derby is the place where the responsibility, the anxiety, the risk of originally establishing the manufacture, was felt. If the reader feels any pleasure in tracing the memorials of such subjects as this, and if a railway journey leaves him an hour to spare at Derby, let him walk to the bridge which crosses the Derwent, near the northern extremity of the town. Here, on looking down the river, he will see on the western bank a large, roomy, dusky, many-windowed, and chimney-topped factory, whose front overhangs the very water itself. This, whether he hear it called 'Lombe's Mill,' or 'Taylor's Mill,' or the 'Old Mill,' is the veritable spot in which the silk manufacture first planted its foot in this country,—not merely the plot of ground, but the identical building. Curious it is, and interesting as curious, that Cromford should still possess the original English cotton mill, and Derby the original English silk mill, and that both lie on the Derwent.

There is quite a little romance connected with the history of the Derby silk-mill. William Hutton, of Birmingham, worked at this mill when a boy; and his 'Autobiography' would render this mill interesting, even if it had nought else to interest us. We may as well

here state, in illustration of the purposes of a silk-mill, that *raw silk*, as brought to England from India, Bengal, China, and other countries, consists of a continuous thread, formed from about twenty of the delicate filaments wrought by the silkworm; while *thrown silk* is this continuous thread spun and twisted into a state of sufficient hardness for the purposes of the weaver. The winding or reeling of silk, by which twenty or more filaments are combined into one thread, is simply a cottage occupation, carried on by the peasantry; but the *throwing*, or spinning into yarn, requires more complex apparatus, and partakes more of a factory character. This being understood, the narrative is as follows:

At the beginning of the last century, all the silk woven in England was imported in the state of *thrown* or spun silk. A Mr. Crotchett, of Derby, conceived the idea, that if England could import it as *raw silk*, and work it up in this country, a great national benefit might accrue. He established a small mill in 1702, but speedily failed, and became insolvent. To use Hutton's words, "three engines were found necessary for the whole process; he had but one. An untoward trade is a dreadful sink for money; and an imprudent tradesman is one more dreadful." The project failed, but the memory of it lived. John Lombe, who seems to have been a Derby mechanic and a good draughtsman, went out to Italy to study the silk-throwing machinery, with a view to the adoption of similar apparatus in England. His venture was a perilous one: he knew that he could not obtain his object by open means, so he worked by stealth: he contrived to obtain admission to one or more establishments, where he saw sufficient to sketch his ideas upon paper; but as his object was soon discovered, he had to flee for his life. John Lombe, was your proceeding *quite* honest? Had you a right to steal the fruits of another man's brains in this way? What would an English manufacturer think under parallel circumstances?

Lombe returned to Derby with his observations and his diagrams. He agreed with the corporation of the town to rent a sort of small island, or swamp, in the Derwent, at a rent of £8 per annum; the plot of ground was 500 feet long by 50 wide. Here he built a mill; and here the mill stands to the present day,—a hundred and thirty years afterwards: it is really on an island, for we cannot reach it without crossing a small bridge. As the ground was a swamp, the mill was built wholly upon piles, driven to a great depth into the ground, and covered with a flooring of masonry to support the structure. Lombe was a man of very little capital; but he contrived to accumulate money by making silk on a small scale, in rooms which he hired at Derby: the silk he sold at a good profit. It seems questionable, however, whether he could have thus realized enough to pay for the whole building, which is said to have cost no less a sum than £30,000. It was in 1717 that he began to build the mill; and in 1718 he obtained a patent for fourteen years, by which he secured the advantage of his enterprize to himself.



Then comes a tale of Italian poisoning, which claims a place in novels, if not in history. The Italians undoubtedly felt that much of their trade was gone from them; and they could not but feel somewhat sore at the manner in which this result had been brought about. The King of Sardinia adopted such steps as he could to prevent the shipment of raw silk from Italy to England; because it was to the interest of the Italians that the throwing, or spinning, should be done in their own country rather than in England. But William Hutton gives us a more serious account of the matter: "Alas! he (Lombe) had not pursued this lucrative commerce more than three or four years, when the Italians, who felt the effects from their want of trade, determined his destruction, and hoped that of his works would follow. An artful woman came over in the character of a friend, associated with the parties, (Lombe had two Italian throwsters in his employ), and assisted in the business. She attempted to gain both the Italians, and succeeded with one. By these two slow poison was supposed, and perhaps justly, to have been administered to John Lombe, who lingered two or three years in agony, and departed. The Italian ran away to his own country; and Madam was interrogated, but nothing transpired, except what strengthened suspicion."

Whether John Lombe was really poisoned in this mysterious way has often been doubted; but after his death, it is known that his brother William carried on the affairs of the mill; and that after him a cousin, Thomas, who lived to be Sir Thomas Lombe, became the possessor. In 1732, Sir Thomas petitioned Parliament for a renewal of the patent; this was refused: but a reward of £14,000 was given to him, as an acknowledgment of the national importance of the invention. One condition of the grant was, that he should make an exact model of his machinery, to be deposited in the Tower of London, where it might be open to the inspection of all who wished to embark in that department of enterprize. This occurred a hundred and seventeen years ago; and throughout this long period, we believe, the old mill at Derby has been uninterruptedly at work; not as a monopoly, but taking its fair place among the establishments which have sprung up from time to time—some of which are much larger and more complete than the original. It has changed hands more than once, but it has never changed its main features; and it is only a few years ago that it changed its waterwheel, the original wheel put up by John Lombe. If the five hundred windows (for they

nearly reach this number) all belonged to the original building, it must indeed have been a wonder for the days of George I.

The old mill has its long ranges of rooms and galleries, and these ranges are filled with apparatus requisite for spinning, and otherwise working silk. Boys and girls are more numerous than men and women in most silk-mills, as the tending of the machines is for the most part easy work. It is curious to look back through a period of such lengthened activity and invention, and to think that William Hutton worked in this very mill nearly a hundred and twenty years ago. He tells us in his autobiography, that when, in 1730, his parents thought he ought to begin to work for himself, "the silk-mill was proposed. One of the clerks remarked to the person that took me there that the offer was needless, I was too young. However, the offer was made; and as hands were wanted in the infant state of this art, I was accepted. It was found, upon trial, that nature had not given me length sufficient to reach the engine; for out of three hundred persons employed at the mill, I was by far the least and the youngest. It is happy for man that his invention supplies the place of want. The superintendent wisely thought if they lengthened one end it would effect both. A pair of high pattens were therefore fabricated and tied fast about my feet, to make them steady companions. They were clumsy companions, which I dragged about one year, and with pleasure delivered up."

The silk, at such mills as this, is spun into a state fitted for the purposes of the silk weaver; and it is also wrought up into countless little articles of an ornamental kind: such as braid, laces, cording, gymp, &c. Ribbons, for some reason or other, have run away from Derby and Manchester and Spitalfields, and located themselves at Coventry. But there is one particular application of silk which belongs almost wholly to Derbyshire; viz., *silk hosiery*. The days of silk stockings are, in some measure, passed away; and silk gloves are by no means a prevalent article of wear; but still there is enough of this kind of work done to employ a few thousand frames, and these frames are almost wholly in and around Derby. It is a superior kind of work, both in skill and in rate of payment, to worsted and cotton hosiery.

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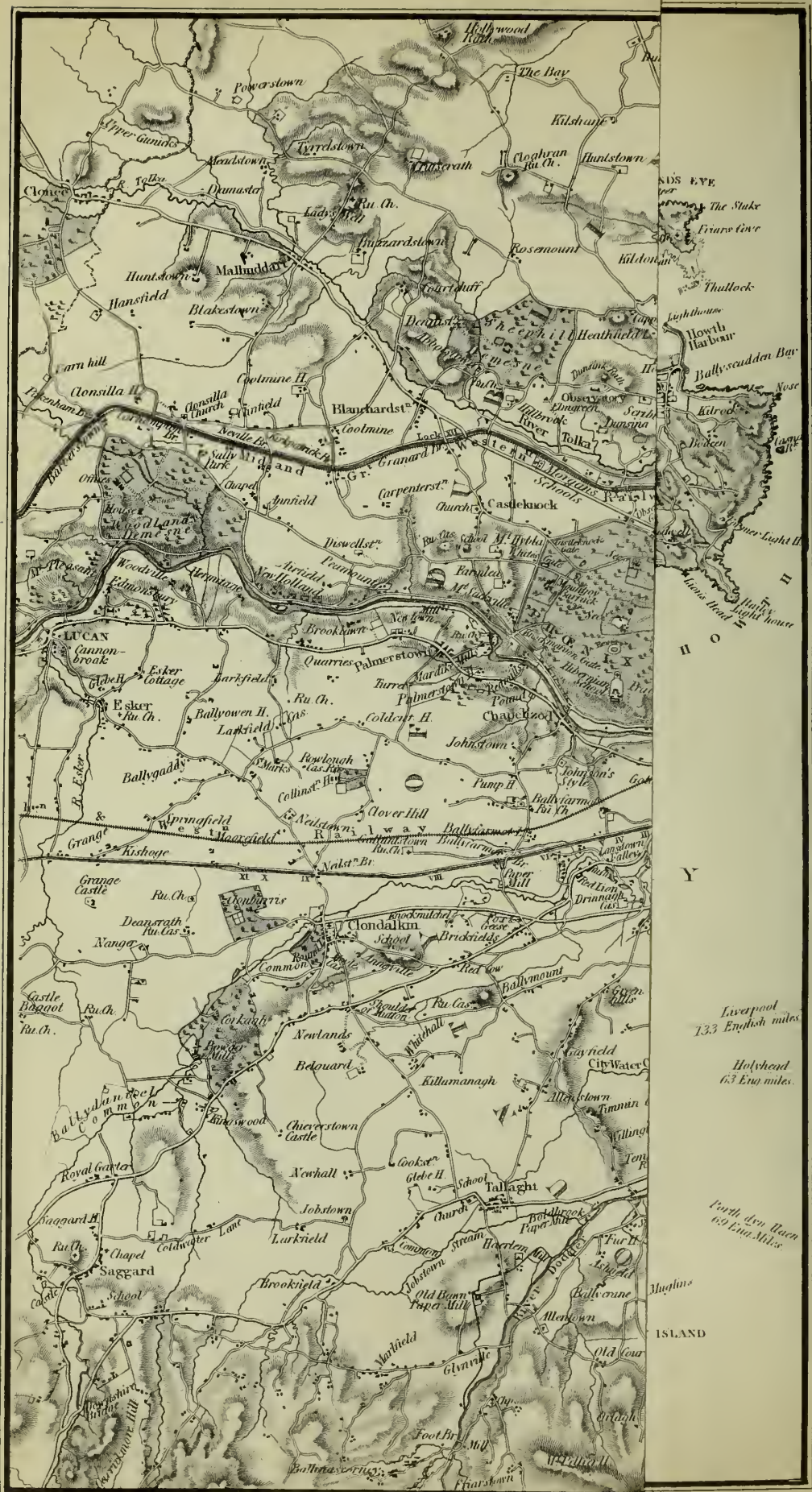
Here we finish our tour in the hosiery district: a district (as the reader will admit) not wholly without remarkable features.



# THE ENVIRONS OF DUBLIN.







Liverpool  
133 English miles  
Holshead  
63 Eng. miles.

Fourth Ave. Road  
6.9 Eng. Miles

Muglin's  
ISLAND



## DUBLIN AND ITS ENVIRONS.

THERE are just now many circumstances combining to direct the English tourist to Ireland rather than to those localities whither he has heretofore more commonly turned. The continent is no longer the pleasant land it lately was: Rome, Venice, Baden, and like places—almost the second homes of English fashionables—are closed against them; and everywhere, nearly, is heard the harsh voice of war or tumult warning away elegance and gaiety. Touring, it may be expected, will be for a brief while on native soil; and Ireland will have its full share of popularity. The tourists who are lovers of natural scenery will probably be tempted by the splendid mountains and lakes of Wicklow and Killarney, by Glengariff and the Giants' Causeway; but many besides the ordinary tourists will wend thitherward also. The visit of her Majesty, and the unusual facilities offered by the Railway Companies, will doubtless attract numerous strangers to Ireland; while the hopeful calm which has succeeded the long dreary tempestuous season there, will induce not a few to acquaint themselves, by personal observation, with the scenes and circumstances which have engaged so long and so anxiously the public attention. Well will it be if it happen so. Assuredly the most serviceable and instructive, if not altogether the most pleasant, tour that English men and women can make just now, is the tour of Ireland. It is, indeed, almost a duty, for those who have any weight or influence in the country, to go there: and it is most desirable that every one who can go should do so. Notwithstanding all that he may have read and heard about Ireland, it is only when he has seen it for himself that an Englishman comes to comprehend distinctly its condition and its character. A short tour may not teach him much, but it will teach him something—and something of value, too, if he guard against hasty impressions and mere impulses. Ireland offers to one who visits it for the first time a field of observation as new and curious as almost any European country, and infinitely more interesting and suggestive. He must indeed travel to small purpose who gains nought by a journey there.

And there are no lions in the path. Often, even now, do you hear a journey in Ireland spoken of as a hazardous thing: it is certainly otherwise. Travelling, there, is as easy and safe, and almost as pleasant, as in England or Scotland—while it is very much cheaper. We say almost as pleasant, because there is the drawback of beholding the poverty, the wretchedness, and the mendicancy of the peasantry—the signs, in short, of general social disorganization: but the very visiting may do something, and ought to do much, towards alleviating this state of things. Kindlier feelings must grow with increasing intercourse; and with mutual knowledge something will be done towards removing

or softening the suspicion and distrust with which the inhabitants of the two countries unhappily regard each other. Only good can arise from more familiar acquaintance. Happy shall we be if we are able in some measure to promote so desirable an end—if we can induce more of our summer and autumn rambles to visit the sister island, or, still better, if we can lead some thither who travel with other and nobler purposes than the mere gratification of curiosity, or the search after change of scene and personal enjoyment.

Our intention in the present part of the 'LAND WE LIVE IN' is, to notice briefly the Irish metropolis, and then to guide the reader to the more picturesque or celebrated parts of Wicklow: in a following part we shall continue the tour to Killarney and the south. We shall, of course,—as we have always done—carefully abstain from political and religious, or, at least, from party and sectarian, allusions; but before concluding we shall glance freely at the condition of the people and of the country: a sketch made at the present moment of any part of Ireland would be imperfect indeed in which that were omitted. The reader must not expect from us specimens of Irish wit or Irish brogue. Of the wit, we met with but very little: it seems, in truth, if a stranger may venture to say so, pretty well exhausted—starved out, it may be, as some native apologists affirm; or smothered by political passions, as others suggest. As for the brogue, that, though well enough to listen to from Patrick himself—especially when expressing some of those quaintnesses which only Patrick can utter—is hard to endure in print even from an Irish writer, and is utterly unbearable from an English or Scotch one. We therefore shall not make any assaults in this way on the reader's patience, and we shall leave Irish legends to Irish pens. In a word, not to bestow too much of our tediousness at the outset, all we propose is, to endeavour, in a few rough sketches, to convey the general impression derived from visits, unhappily far too hurried, to the spots we are to illustrate.

### DUBLIN.

The first glimpse of the Green Island is well calculated to put the visitor into good humour with it. He will sail from the fine harbour of Holyhead in one of the admirable packet steamers. At first, the rugged South Stack rock and lighthouse, with the amazing flocks of gulls and divers that are in constant motion about them, engage his attention. Then the noble range of the Snowdon mountains comes into view. These presently disappear; but long before the eye becomes tired of the unbroken expanse of ocean, the mountains of Wicklow rise on the westward horizon.



More and more grandly they continue to rise as the steamer cleaves its swift way through the waters, until the heights of Howth and Killiney, which form the opposite boundaries of Dublin Bay, are plainly distinguished: when the distant mountain summits are hardly noticed, even as a part of the general view. Dublin Bay never fails to impress the stranger with unexpected delight. It is one of the most beautiful, if not the most beautiful, bay in the kingdom. The points of the semicircle, nearly seven miles apart, form bold headlands, enclosing a splendid bay, six or seven miles deep, which is pretty thickly besprinkled with ships of various sizes, with yachts, and steamers, and fishing-boats; the fine sweep of coast being bordered with neat villages, terraces of handsome houses, and scattered villas; in the centre the estuary of the Liffey guides the eye towards the city; while beyond are the pointed summits of graceful mountains. It is a scene which every Irishman is, as he well may be, heartily proud of, and of which every one who has beheld it cherishes the memory.

Kingstown, where the steamer disembarks its passengers, is nearly seven miles from Dublin. Here the stranger, as he makes his way to the railway-station, catches his earliest bit of Irish experience from the clamorous crowd which beset him, all proffering service, or exposing their wants, abusing each other and bothering him, in a quite new dialect. By the help of a few stray coppers (and of the policemen, who seem in a perfect fever of anxiety to keep a clear road,) he soon gains the railway that as quickly forwards him to the city, and an outside-car speedily deposits him at his hotel.

These outside-cars, by the way, are excellent things; and we must give them a passing word of commendation. A stranger cannot desire a better means of making a rapid general survey of the city before he proceeds to examine it in detail, than that of driving on one of these conveyances through the principal streets. Some travellers recommend ascending to an elevated spot which commands a good view of a town, as the best means of getting the *coup-d'œil*; and, doubtless, it is a plan which has its advantages. You come to understand readily the topography of a place which is thus spread, as it were, in ground-plan, at your feet: but you get an unfair and unfavourable notion of it: the buildings appear distorted, the nearer parts assume an undue prominence. In driving at a moderate pace through the main streets of a city, the relative importance of its parts is tolerably well understood, and the chief objects are fixed in the memory as landmarks which effectually direct you in future explorations. For such a ride a solitary stranger will find the Irish car a capital contrivance, and the carman, who sits with him so comfortably *dos-à-dos*, a very useful and amusing commentator and guide, if he only be treated with a little sociality. Of course some care must be exercised in crediting what he says. Carmen and guides all over Ireland are, as they say of each other, "rare boys for romancing;" and the Dublin

boys beat all the rest. The traveller does not need to be reminded that he must exercise, too, some discretion about admitting the fares which carmen charge: he has, no doubt, had sufficient experience already on that subject. London cabmen contrive now and then to make mistakes about distance: Liverpool cabmen have the reputation of being (as they doubtless are) the greatest cheats of the fraternity in England: but both these are mere novices and bunglers compared with their Dublin brethren. Pat does it with such a grace—so coolly and civilly, as well as broadly! It is hard if he does not, either by barefaced assertion or blarney, get something more than his due. One we hired the other day from one of the railway-stations, may serve as an example. After our ride, we put into his hand the exact fare. "Sure now," said he, looking from the coin to the giver with a comic stare, as if unable to contain his astonishment, "sure now, your honour'd never be for offering *this* to a poor man?—look at the long ride yez been having now: by dad! it's above four hours and a half you have been driving about!" Thinking we had him tight enough for once, we said, with all the mildness we could muster, "Haven't you made some mistake in reckoning the time?—the train came in at eleven, and see, it is not quite twelve yet!" But Mike, without the least discomposure, answered, "Why then, it's some sort of mistake I must be making; but this is a rare nate horse for going,—and, anyhow, it's a mighty long way yez have bin:' and then he proceeded to enumerate the distances, which, according to his reckoning, came to almost his four hours' work; winding up, as he put on his most persuasive face, with—"Yer honour's a better scholar than I am: just put them together, and—give me whatever you plaze; for bad luck to me for ever if it shall be said Mike Casey took a dirty advantage of sich a free-spoken honourable gentleman, anyhow—poor as he is!"

The result of an Englishman's rapid examination of Dublin will probably be that it is larger, grander, more modern, and less English in appearance, than he anticipated. At least, that was our impression of it. Dublin has, in form, a decided "tendency to circularity." The diameter is about three miles; the 'Circular Road' by which it is nearly surrounded is somewhat under eight miles in extent. The population of the city is above a quarter of a million. The river Liffey runs due east and west through the city, dividing it into two nearly equal portions. Old Dublin, which contains the castle and the two cathedrals (and which Mitchell described as the stronghold of Young Ireland), occupies the western portion of the southern half: the remainder of the city is comparatively modern. In the old part the streets are narrow, the houses mean; but in the modern part—that is, in the chief part—the streets are broad and straight, the houses of fair size and well built, and the public buildings, which are numerous, generally of commanding appearance, both from their extent and architectural character. All the streets are thronged with passengers; and if there is

a smaller number of coaches and of carts than in London, there appears to be a much larger proportion of cars; which are indeed so numerous, and in such general request among all classes, that one is led to believe that in Dublin everybody makes a point of riding who has sixpence in his pocket to pay for a 'set-down.'\*

Besides the broad, well-built, and thronged streets, there are several very large squares, surrounded by handsome mansions. The river, in its passage through the city, is confined within thick granite walls, and is crossed by nine bridges, below the first of which it is crowded with ships and steamers, moored along the quays. The whole conveys the impression of a noble, a wealthy, and a busy city. So long as he keeps to the main thoroughfares, the visitor is full of admiration of Dublin; but as he extends his peregrinations, he soon becomes aware that it is encircled with an undue proportion of wretched, poverty-stricken, and unwholesome streets and alleys, which do, indeed, not merely surround the city, but, at every turn, force their way up into the very heart of it.

We cannot give even a cursory view of the history of Dublin, as we have done in noticing other cities and towns. The history of Dublin is too intimately blended with the history of Ireland to allow of its being told without running to greater length than our space permits, and trenching on matters we wish to avoid. Its epochs, its changes, and its fortunes, are involved with all the great and small events of the national story. Yet the history of Dublin would be an interesting theme in the hands of one who, while master of his subject and able to treat it without party spirit, could also reanimate the past, and restore to present times the Dublin of old. Strange have been its changes, and curious would be its domestic history. The Town of the Ford of Hurdles (for so native historians translate its Celtic name of Bally-ath-eliath); the Eblana of Ptolemy; the Dubh-lynn, or Black-pool of somewhat later times, must remain hidden in the dim mist that envelopes all the early history of the land of Erin; and even the Four Masters, were they to return to earth, would hardly be able to dissipate the obscurity. What was its condition in the glorious days of Brian Boromhe, or of Malachi of the Collar of Gold; or in the gloomier days of Strongbow, and later Saxon conquerors, we can scarcely expect or desire to learn; but as we descend the stream of time clearer pictures become visible. Till recently, the very houses spoke of the influence of the English spirit which prevailed in the reign of queen Elizabeth.† Hints as to its state in the succeeding century are not wanting. Then come abundant notices of the Dublin in which Swift lived and ruled. How remarkable was the state of society

\* A drive direct from any part of the city to any other part, without alighting on the way, is called a 'set-down;' and the legal fare for it is only sixpence—which, as the car carries four passengers, is enough to tempt those who do not like walking.

† See Whitclaw's 'History of Dublin.' -

there half a century later, may be seen in the 'Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years ago:' and what it was before and after the Union is told in many a grave volume and scattered memoir. That well-abused event unquestionably wrought a vast alteration in the Irish metropolis. When Parliament no longer assembled there, the 'notables' ceased to make it their residence; and the tone of manners gradually changed: yet the city itself suffered no decay, but has rather gone on steadily increasing in size and population, and improving in appearance: may it continue to increase also in prosperity.

We will now, if you please, look a little more closely at the city. The main streets, we have said, are of striking appearance. The two grand thoroughfares are the Quays, as the roadway by the Liffey is called, which, as was mentioned, runs east and west, through the centre of the city; and Sackville and Grafton Streets, which run at right angles to the quays, or north and south. There are several other streets hardly inferior in importance to these, and many more that are in nowise remarkable: altogether the city is said to contain 800 streets,—but we should think the number overrated.

Sackville Street deserves all the admiration which the citizens bestow upon it. It is one of the noblest streets in the kingdom. Its unusual width—120 feet throughout—imparts to it an air of majesty which the style and arrangement of the houses, and also of the buildings which terminate the vista in each direction, are, on the whole, well calculated to sustain. But it is not so rich in public edifices as some other streets, and perhaps its great width is an inconvenience to foot-passengers, while it certainly makes the houses, though really lofty, appear to want elevation. Near the centre of Sackville Street stands the Nelson Column,—one of those erections which the perversity of architects and committees have so superabundantly inflicted on the memory of our great naval hero. On the top of this, as on all these pillars, the unlucky admiral is perched, like another St. Simon, for the edification and contemplation of rooks and skylarks; he is beyond the ken of human eyes, unless assisted by a good telescope. The column is Doric; the shaft, which is fluted, is, with the capital, about eighty feet high; it stands on a pedestal about thirty feet high; the podium on which the statue is placed is twelve feet and a half high. Nelson himself is thirteen feet high, and his height from the ground is about 125 feet. We can say nothing as to the sculpture, for we were unable to make it out, but certainly the column (though in itself as little to be commended as that in Trafalgar Square) assists in giving an appearance of dignity to the street. It presents an imposing central object for the eye to rest upon, and prevents the sort of straggling unconnected look which the two sides of an extremely broad street have a tendency to exhibit. Standing, too, as it does, at the junction of the long line of Henry and Talbot Streets with Sackville Street, it is seen conspicuously from many points. Close by the Nelson Pillar is the Post Office, a very handsome



building, erected about thirty years ago from the designs of Francis Johnston. It has a frontage of about 220 feet, is 150 feet in depth, and fifty feet high. The chief feature is a fine hexastyle portico, of the Ionic order, which is eighty feet wide, and projects over the footpath. The pediment is surmounted by a statue of Hibernia in the centre, with others at the extremities of Mercury and Fidelity. The building itself is constructed of mountain granite, the portico of Portland stone. Architectural critics may doubtless find some imperfections in the style, but to an ordinary observer its appearance is at once simple, dignified, and substantial.

One of the most favourite points of view, to which the citizens lead a stranger in order to show the interior of the city to advantage, is Carlisle Bridge. From it you look along the Liffey on one hand, full of ships, the quays alive with a busy and noisy multitude, the road bordered by goodly buildings, the chief of which, the Custom House, serves as a crowning grace to the picture. On the other hand, the Liffey, as it winds gently between its broad, granite embankments, is seen crossed by several bridges: the quays, though little used for commerce, present abundant signs of activity; numerous public buildings and churches are visible wholly or in part; the classic dome of the Four Courts rises high above the meaner structures; and in the extreme distance are the wooded heights of Phoenix Park, crowned by the Wellington Testimonial. Westward is Sackville Street, with its column and stately buildings, the distance being terminated by the Rotundo. Eastwards, Olier Street and Westmoreland Street diverge, each affording more than commonly pleasing effects of street architecture. But perhaps Grafton Street, or College Green, the very centre of the busiest part of the city, where the magnificent fronts of Trinity College and the Bank are seen in combination, presents the most striking appearance to the stranger. We have selected College Green for an engraving, (Cut No. 1), because, though perhaps less striking than Grafton Street, it is more adapted for a wood-cut. The equestrian statue in the front is the celebrated statue of William III., which was the object of so many party contests, both with pen and shillelagh, in the more pugnacious days of "ould Ireland."

The Bank is the building which Swift has celebrated in his terrible verses, entitled 'The Legion Club.'

"As I stroll the city oft, I  
See a building large and lofty;  
Not a bow-shot from the college—  
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;  
By the prudent architect  
Placed against the church direct,—  
Making good my grandam's jest,  
'Near the church'—you know the rest."

In other words, it is the old Irish Parliament House, where, before the Union, the Irish representatives

"Sat in grand committee  
How to plague and starve the city."

The original House of Parliament was erected early

in the eighteenth century; but being found too small, was subsequently greatly enlarged; it was completed in the form in which it now appears in 1794, at a cost of £95,000. After the Union, being no longer required for legislative purposes, it was sold to the Governor and Company of the Bank of Ireland for the sum of £40,000, and an annual rent of £240:—and by them it will doubtless be held till that fine morning when O'Connell's oft-repeated prediction shall be fulfilled, and Erin see her chosen sons once more assembled in College Green. On the whole this is the finest building in Dublin, and one of the very finest in the kingdom. It is far grander than the Bank of England—forming, instead of a number of 'pretty bits' like that much-praised pile, a consistent and magnificent whole. In form it is nearly a semicircle. The grand front looking on College Green consists of "a noble colonnade of Ionic pillars raised on a flight of steps, and ranged round three sides of a spacious quadrangular recess in which is the court-yard. The colonnade supports an entablature and cornice of the same order, surmounted by an attic. In the centre of the recess projects a fine portico of four Ionic columns, sustaining a tympanum, in which appear, in bas-relief, the royal arms; while the apex is ornamented with a colossal statue of Hibernia, supported by Fidelity on the western, and Commerce on the eastern points. Circular screen walls behind columns, surmounted with an entablature and cornice, run from each extremity of the central pile, and connect it with the eastern and western fronts. The former of these, facing College Street, is a beautiful Corinthian portico of six pillars, the tympanum of which is surmounted by a figure of Fortitude, with Justice on the one side and Liberty on the other. The western portico is Ionic." (*M'Glashan's 'Dublin.'*) The architect employed in the enlargement and completion of the building was Gandon, to whose genius Dublin owes so much of its splendour. Since its conversion into a bank the interior has of course undergone an entire change—except the House of Lords, which yet retains very much of its original appearance. In the recess which was occupied by the throne, now stands a statue of George the Third.

Trinity College is also a noble pile; worthy of the metropolitan university. To Cantabs and Oxonians, who are so accustomed to associate Gothic architecture with collegiate edifices, it is perhaps at first sight a little disappointing; while in the eyes of pragmatic mediæval ecclesiologists it is an abomination. We confess if it were to do again we should prefer Gothic to Grecian for such a building, but we are well content to take it as it is—and rejoice that a classic style being chosen, so fine a building is the result.

Trinity College was founded in the 34th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1592), under the title of the 'College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin.' This title it still retains, though it is to all purposes a university—and would be better styled, as it often is, Dublin University. The original found-



1.—BANK AND TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.



LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

ation consisted of a provost, three fellows, and three scholars. As increased by various augmentations and benefactions, it now consists of the provost, seven senior fellows, twenty-three junior fellows, with ten fellowships recently founded by the college, the various professors and teachers, seventy-five scholars, and thirty sizars. The number of students generally averages about 1,400. If it cannot exhibit a roll of scholars rivalling those of Oxford or Cambridge, it has a list of which it may well be proud.

The grand front of Trinity College is turned towards College Green. It is about 300 feet long, and three stories in height; the order is Corinthian. The centre consists of a pediment supported by four columns; the wings are terminated by pavilions, which are ornamented with coupled pilasters, and raised a story higher than the rest of the front. Altogether the effect is rich and stately. The large quadrangle, in which are the chapel, the library, the refectory, the theatre, and lodgings for the fellows, is of noble proportions, being 570 feet long by 270 feet broad. It is consequently much larger than the quadrangles of any of the English Colleges; Trinity College, Cambridge, being 334 feet long, by 325 feet where widest; and Christ Church, Oxford, 264 feet by 261 feet. But though the several buildings are sufficiently imposing, it, to our thinking, has by no means the same venerable collegiate air as either of those we have mentioned. The next quadrangle, Park Square, which is 280 feet by 194 feet, is recent and common-place. The third quadrangle is commonly known by a name of unpleasant sound and associations—Botany Bay: both these are chiefly appropriated to apartments for the students. Beyond these quadrangles there is the College Park, a pleasant piece of ground of about twenty acres, planted with trees, and containing the observatory and some other college building; it is open to the public. There are also gardens for the fellows. Several of the buildings deserve inspection. The chapel, which is on the north side of the great quadrangle, is a neat edifice, Corinthian in style, the architect of which was Sir William Chambers. The interior is handsomely fitted up: the choir is celebrated: the choral service is open to the public. The library is a very handsome building, three stories high. The façade, which is 270 feet in length, is built of mountain granite, and has a very fine effect. The principal room, a magnificent apartment, extends nearly the whole length of the building, being 210 feet long, forty-one feet broad, and forty feet high. In front of the presses which contain the books, is a series of busts of eminent men both ancient and modern. The books in this room are above 110,000. In a room beyond is another very valuable collection called the Fagel Library, from having been purchased of a Dutch family of that name—it consists of about 18,000 volumes. The celebrated collection of manuscripts is contained in the upper story: admission to it is only granted for a special purpose. Corresponding in size and style with the chapel is the theatre, which is worth visiting for the portraits it contains of several

of the more eminent scholars of Trinity College; and also for a very elaborate monumental group, in memory of Provost Baldwin. It consists of several figures, and is much admired: the sculptor was a native artist, Mr. Hewetson.

On the south-side of the great quadrangle is the refectory; a building which every one familiar with the English colleges will be likely to turn to with some interest. But it is disappointing. In collegiate edifices, classic dining-rooms seem but poor substitutes for the noble old Gothic halls. This, for example, (not to speak irreverently,) reminds one but too forcibly of an English provincial assembly-room. However, it is a fine room, and of ample proportions, being some seventy-five feet long, by thirty-five wide, and as many high. The portraits form its chief attraction; among them the most noteworthy are those of the Fox and Pitt of the Irish House of Commons,—Grattan and Flood.

Perhaps, however, the room which will most interest the ordinary visitor is the Museum. The collection is a very general one; there are minerals, fossils, antiquarian relics, South Sea and Indian idols, weapons, and garments, and so forth. But the portion which will chiefly attract the stranger is the collection of early Irish antiquities, which is varied and tolerably extensive,—too much so for us to touch upon here.

Supposing the visitor to be interested in these remains, we strongly advise him not to neglect, while in Dublin, to visit the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, which is just by the College, *i. e.*, in Grafton Street, opposite the Provost's House. The Irish Academy was founded towards the close of the last century, "for the study of polite literature, science, and antiquities," to quote the terms of the Act of Incorporation. The study of Irish archæology, and the collecting of Irish antiquities, have been from the first the most prominent features of the Institution. The results are shown in the publication of many elaborate memoirs, and in the contents of the Museum. This is by far the largest and finest collection of Celtic remains in the world. Many of the specimens in gold, silver, and the less precious metals are both "rich and rare." They consist of torques, and other personal ornaments; reliquaries, crosiers, patens, and other articles connected with religious purposes. There is also a goodly store of weapons in bronze, and iron, and stone, some curious bronze horse-bits, trumpets, and other matters, that speak of warlike service. In the library is a choice collection of ancient Irish manuscripts.

From the Academy the visitor should, in order to complete his examination of Irish antiquities, proceed to the house of the Royal Dublin Society in Kildare Street. The building itself will repay the visit. It is a very handsome one; originally it was the residence of the Duke of Leinster, from whom it was purchased by the Society in 1815, for the sum of £20,000. The objects of the Dublin Society, as stated in its Act of Incorporation, are much more various than those of the Irish Academy. It was founded in 1731 "for the



Improvement of Husbandry, Manufactures, and other useful Arts and Sciences." From the Irish Parliament the Society received an annual grant of £10,000; from the Imperial Parliament it only receives half that sum. From the variety of subjects to which the Society directs its attention, there is a considerable diversity of objects to be seen within its walls. The Museum occupies several rooms. In natural history it is especially rich; but a mere mention of it will suffice here: the enormous Irish elk, which is the chief feature of this part of the collection, is a remarkably fine specimen; but specimens of it are now to be met with in England: that at the British Museum, or at Cambridge, will perhaps be familiar to the reader. The Irish antiquities, which chiefly led us here at this time, deserve careful inspection. An examination of these collections of remains, found so abundantly in Ireland, will not fail to give rise to much curious speculation, and perhaps lead to further inquiry into a subject full of interest, though comparatively little known to Englishmen. But we must hasten on. One object of the Dublin Society was the promotion of the Arts, and here may be seen some of the productions in painting and sculpture of the pupils who have attained eminence. Of living artists, Sir Martin Archer Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Behnes, the celebrated sculptor, may be mentioned as old pupils of the Society. A room is set apart for a collection of casts from the Elgin Marbles, &c. There is also an Agricultural Museum, containing models of farmhouses, cottages, and other objects connected with the science. Besides these, there is a good library. Altogether, an hour or two will be well employed in examining the rooms. Certain days are set apart for the admission of the public to the different departments; but any part, or the whole, may at any time be seen by strangers visiting Dublin upon presenting their cards. This very considerate and handsome arrangement, we ought to mention, is also adopted at Trinity College, the Irish Academy, and other institutions in Dublin. But it is only just to add, that everywhere in Dublin the stranger meets with the greatest courtesy and readiness to afford him all proper facility.

But it is time to visit the vice-regal abode, and the older part of the city—which, indeed, ought to have been done before, as they seem to be fairly entitled to precedence in any account of Dublin. The Castle is situated at the end of Dame Street,—the prolongation westward of College Green. In passing towards it, the famous equestrian statue of William the Third, the object of so many a battle, will of course be noticed. It is of bronze; but when the Corporation of Dublin was thoroughly 'Orange,' they used to have it always newly painted against the 1st of July; and on that morning it was sure to be adorned with orange ribbons. The opposite party, of course, also daubed it,—but not with orange paint; and then there was a fight. The unlucky king has had, in the course of the century and a half that he has stood there, to endure an abundance of maltreatment, from both friends and foes; but as the

feeling on both sides appears to be losing its intensity, it is to be hoped that the hero may be permitted to anticipate future Julys, without dread of losing sword, or nose, or obtaining a new coat of paint. The position of the statue is shown in the woodcut. Dame Street has one or two good buildings, and some large and handsome shops.

Cork Hill, on which the Castle stands, is the highest ground in the city; but it is so built upon that the exterior of the Castle cannot be seen as a whole, which, however, need excite no regret. The site was, no doubt, chosen with a view at once to defend and command the old city, which extends westward from it. The erection of the original castle commenced early in the thirteenth century; it was completed in 1220. The present castle is almost wholly modern; and, as an architectural object, as poor and unsatisfactory as can well be conceived. A large gateway, on which is a statue of Justice, leads to the Upper Castle Yard—a quadrangle, 280 feet long by 180 feet broad, in which are the state-apartments and official residence of the Lord Lieutenant, which occupy the whole of the south side and part of the east; while the apartments of the Chief Secretary, the Dean of the Chapel Royal, and other officers of the household occupy the rest of the Court. The state-apartments, as will be supposed, are not wanting in splendour. The Presence Chamber, which contains the throne, is a handsome room, and fitted up in a costly manner: the throne is extremely rich. The Council Chamber contains portraits of all the Lord Lieutenants since the Union. Other public rooms are also more or less noticeable: but the finest of the state-apartments—and, in truth, the only one that is particularly worth going to see—is St. Patrick's Hall, a noble room, eighty-two feet long, forty-one feet broad, and thirty-eight feet high, with galleries at each end. The ceiling is divided into compartments, which are painted with subjects connected with Irish history.

In the Lower Castle Yard (Cut, No. 2,) are the Bermingham or Record Tower, and the Chapel Royal. The Bermingham Tower is the only part of the Castle which is at all ancient; alone, it is not very picturesque, or of much interest; but, from its height, it serves to indicate the site of the Castle from the suburbs. As its name intimates, it is now used as a depository for the state records. The Chapel Royal is a very elaborate, but not particularly successful, example of modern Gothic. It consists merely of a choir: its dimensions are seventy-three feet long by thirty-five feet broad. At the eastern end there is a large perpendicular window; on each side are seven buttresses with crocketed pinnacles. Around the exterior is a good deal of carving: among others are the heads of the entire series of English kings. The sculpture over the northern entrance is a curious fancy: the head of St. Peter is placed above the door, and over it the head of Dean Swift! The interior is extremely elaborate, and rather striking in effect; but it hardly sustains a close examination. Every part is highly ornamented; but like the groined roof, all appears imitative plaster-



2.—LOWER CASTLE YARD.

work, instead of the good old free hand-carving of real Gothic churches. All the windows are filled with stained glass. The galleries are distinguished by having crimson-curtained thrones in the midst: that on the south side is for the Lord Lieutenant,—the opposite one is for the Archbishop of Dublin. The viceroy generally attends the service on Sunday mornings, and the chapel is usually crowded.

The Lower Court is a large quadrangle, 280 feet by 220 feet; but there is little to be noticed in it. In it are the ordnance-office, the arsenal, and the armoury, in which, among its other contents, are 60,000 muskets. In the Castle, too, are the head-quarters of the Metropolitan Police. A guard of both horse and foot soldiers remains constantly on duty at the Castle, which, from the number of soldiers and policemen about it, contrasts rather curiously with our London palaces.

On Cork Hill, near the entrance to the Castle, is a building which ought not to be overlooked—the Royal Exchange. It was erected in 1769, from a design by Thomas Cooley, the celebrated native architect; and it is universally admitted to be one of the most graceful buildings of the kind in existence. It is a square of about 100 feet, surmounted with a dome, and has three fronts. The principal front consists of a noble portico of six Corinthian columns, which stand on a high basement and support an enriched entablature and pediment. The interior is even more elegant than the outside, and should be seen. In the area are several statues.

There is little in the old city besides the cathedrals

to attract the visitor. Though older than in the other parts, the houses are none ancient; and the oldest of them have suffered too much from decay and reparation to be in any way noteworthy. And as there is no antiquity to attract, neither is there any picturesqueness: but there is squalid misery almost past conception. A few of the streets are tolerably wide; but by far the greater number are narrow, and many are without thoroughfares: all seem given up to the very poor, and those who supply them with provisions and other necessities. That the dirt and odour of these streets are endured in these days of sanitary reformation is quite surprising. The household dirt is perhaps too sacred to be interfered with; but the streets, one would think, might be kept clean, and the refuse, if permitted to be thrown in them, at least occasionally be cleared away. Yet, dirty as the streets are, the stranger must be of resolute nerves who does not speedily take to the middle of them, in order to escape from the vicinity of the houses. If the visitor should attend the cathedral service on Sunday morning, it would (if he can put up with some few "sights and sounds and scents vexatious") be worth while to come half an hour before the time for a stroll through this locality. There is, of course, no Sabbath quiet here: the shops are open, and more than commonly busy,—especially the spirit stores and old clothes shops. The

"Jolly lads of St. Patrick's, St. Kevin's, Donore,"

have done with early mass, and are now beginning to grow a little lively, if not uproarious. Beggars abound



(for beggars appear, on Sundays, always to seek alms in the poorer localities), and are trying every means to obtain a trifle. We, a few Sundays back, heard three or four families of them singing emigrant and other begging songs along these streets and the wretched streets on the north and west sides of the city. Altogether, there is something as striking in the noise and activity of the streets of Dublin as in the quiet and comparative desertion of those of Edinburgh.

If the dwelling-houses of the old city are not very old-looking, it is otherwise with the churches. St. Patrick's Cathedral is very old, and looks older. The style is early English, and it is nearly uniform. But it is far inferior in beauty of detail, as well as in general character and size, to many English cathedrals in which the same style prevails. It is cruciform, with a lofty but not very elegant tower, and a plain spire. The dimensions are: length, 300 feet; breadth, eighty feet. On the whole, the exterior is chiefly remarkable for a certain rude massiveness of appearance. The interior is much finer, though in a sadly dilapidated state. The nave especially calls for a thorough reparation,—a thorough restoration would probably be rather too costly an undertaking. It has, even as it is, much grandeur of effect, though the stone roof is gone, and the floor is raised above the bases of the columns. The choir is in a better state, and though not to be compared with the choirs of most English cathedrals, has much to interest the admirers of ecclesiastical architecture. The arches of the triforium, some of the windows, and the capitals of the columns, are very beautiful. In the choir are the archbishop's throne, the stalls of the chapter, and those of the knights of St. Patrick, over each of which are suspended the helmet, sword, and banner of the knight who occupies it.

In the nave and choir are several monuments that command attention. The largest and showiest is that to the Earl of Cork,—one of those strange, huge, sculptural combinations of several stories, which were fashionable in the 17th century; it is a rather remarkable and striking specimen of the class. There are also monuments of several archbishops, and some of other distinguished persons. The monuments which are the chief attraction, however, are three mere mural tablets,—but they bear the name of Swift, and suggest many recollections connected with his history. One, a plain slab of black marble, affixed to a pillar on the southern side of the nave, marks the spot where the remains of Jonathan Swift were deposited, and contains the terrible inscription, of his own writing,—“*Ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit!*” On the adjoining pillar is another tablet, to the memory of “Mrs. Hester Johnson, better known to the world by the name of Stella, under which she is celebrated in the writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift, dean of this cathedral.” The other monument to which we referred is in the choir, and is to the memory of the celebrated Duke Schomberg. It was erected by Swift, who wrote the bitter epitaph. George I. was so much displeased with the reflections

cast by it on the descendants of Schomberg, that he took public notice of it, declaring that “the Dean of St. Patrick's had put up that monument out of malice, in order to stir up a quarrel between himself and the King of Prussia,” who had married Schomberg's granddaughter. “It caused,” say the biographers of Swift, “an irreconcilable breach with the court.”

Christ Church Cathedral is situated some little distance north of St. Patrick's and nearer the Castle. It is the older building of the two, but it has been so often altered and repaired as to retain little of its original character. Nor is it in its present state either grand or picturesque, externally; while the interior has little of the venerable solemnity we are accustomed to expect in a Gothic cathedral. Some time back it was thoroughly ‘repaired and beautified;’ it is, therefore, in a very much better state than St. Patrick's, but it will not afford the same kind of gratification to the general visitor, or the student of Gothic architecture. It is commonly visited by strangers who admire the cathedral service, on account of its fine organ and the choir, which is sometimes said to be the best in Ireland. But we were very unlucky in the two services we attended, for the singing was more slovenly and the conduct of the boy-choristers far more irreverent than it was ever our mishap to witness in any other cathedral or chapel choir,—and that is saying a good deal. There are some ancient monuments of considerable interest in Christ Church, and numerous modern ones. But we need not make a longer tarryance.

It will be as well, perhaps, to notice the other ecclesiastical edifices before turning to another subject. Dublin is divided into twenty parishes, and in addition to the churches which belong to them, there are also several chapels-of-ease. Very few of the churches are ancient, and none of those are very remarkable. St. Andrew's, near the Corn-market, though only a fragment of the original church, is one of the most beautiful examples of Gothic architecture in Dublin,—and it contains some curious old monuments. St. Michan's, on the opposite side of the Liffey, is noteworthy as the burial-place of many who have gained a name in the recent history of Ireland. But several of the churches, which are quite uninteresting in themselves, have memorials that will be looked upon with more or less respect. One of the poorest, for instance, St. Anne's, in Dawson-street, contains monuments in memory of that sweet singer, Mrs. Hemans, and of Cæsar Otway, whose descriptions of Irish scenery have done so much to attract attention to the beauties of the country and the condition of the peasantry. Most of the modern churches are of the Greek or Roman orders of architecture. Some of them are admirable specimens of the adaptation of the classic forms to Christian churches. The finest is St. George's Church; it is situated in Hardwick Place, at the northern extremity of the city,—a rather out-of-the-way locality, but it will repay the journey. It has in the principal front a very fine tetrastyle Ionic portico. The steeple, which is about 200 feet high, displays much originality as well as good

taste, and combines with the Grecian temple-architecture very much better than is usual with such incongruous objects as steeples. The architect was Francis Johnston, and it is one of his best works.

The Roman Catholic churches and chapels are very numerous; they are, of course, all modern, and, like the churches of the Established Church, they are commonly 'classic' in style. The prevalent Gothic feeling is only now finding vent in the new churches of both communions which are rising in the suburbs. One Gothic Catholic Chapel, however, may be pointed to, St. Michan's, in Anne-street, as, though far from perfect, a very pleasing and ornamental structure: it is built entirely of mountain granite. The most important of the Roman Catholic places of worship are the Church of the Conception and St. Andrew's Chapel. The former, often called the Metropolitan Chapel, is a magnificent structure; the style is Grecian Doric; the principal front has a massive hexastyle portico raised on a platform; the apex and extremities of the pediment are surmounted with colossal figures of the Virgin, St. Patrick, and St. Lawrence O'Toole. The south side also presents an elaborate frontage to the street. The interior is divided into a nave and aisles by a series of columns, which support an arched roof. The eastern end terminates in an apsis, from which the altar, a costly structure of white marble, stands detached. Altogether the appearance of the interior is very imposing, especially if seen during the performance of high mass. This chapel is said to have cost £40,000. St. Andrew's Chapel is situated in Westland Row, close by the terminus of the Kingstown Railway. This, like the Metropolitan Chapel, is a Grecian Doric structure. It is cruciform, and of spacious dimensions, the nave and choir being 160 feet long, the transepts 150 feet; the breadth and height are twenty feet. But the front of the chapel is prolonged at each end by the priests' houses, and thus forms a Doric façade, 160 feet long. On the pediment is a colossal statue of St. Andrew. The effect of the exterior is by no means good. The interior is less heavy. "The walls are divided into compartments with Grecian Doric pilasters. The grand altar consists of four massive pillars of Giallo Antico, which support a pediment similar to the Lantern of Demosthenes at Athens. The tabernacle and sarcophagus are of Italian marble; over the former is a fine group of figures, representing the Transfiguration; they are the work of our celebrated Irish artist, Hogan."—(*M'Glashan*.) Like the Metropolitan Chapel, the appearance of the interior during the celebration of mass is very splendid, and, like it, very theatrical.

If the stranger spends a Sunday afternoon in Dublin, he might visit one of the Catholic cemeteries, in order to see an Irish funeral—or, at least, saunter along the road to witness the funeral procession. Here are two of them. The first is evidently a 'grand' one. A hearse with six horses (not black ones) and white feathers leads the way. Next come three or four mourning coaches, each drawn by two horses. Then follow some fifteen or twenty hackney-coaches, all

filled with 'mourners:' after which succeeds an almost interminable train of outside-cars (we count above fifty), each having its full complement of six passengers—men, women, and children—not a bit of black to be seen on the back of any one of them: the men, and some of the women, smoking their short pipes,—the 'boys' making fun with the girls, and all talking and laughing in full concert. The next procession is a shade less grand, but still a 'decent' one. First comes the coffin, carried by men in their ordinary clothes; next the chief mourners on foot, but without cloaks or bands, and in many-coloured garments; and then come all the 'friends' of the deceased, a ragged band, mounted on some thirty or forty cars, every kind of finery and rags mingled together, and, if possible, more jovial than those in the other procession. Alongside of each, and bringing up the rear, is a motley assemblage on foot. To these funerals every one who in any way knew the deceased is invited, and all go, in order, as they phrase it, "to show respect." The custom seems ingrain; but recent misfortunes show how urgent distress will break through every custom. We were struck by the contrast presented by a funeral which we met, a few days later, in one of the poorer districts of the interior of Ireland. A plain deal coffin lay, without any covering, on a little donkey-cart, and one old woman walked beside it. We fancied that it was merely a coffin being conveyed to the house of the deceased person; but, on inquiring, found that it was, in truth, a poor fellow being carried thus unhonoured to his last earthly home.

We will now take a stroll along the Quays, which, as yet, we have only seen from Carlisle Bridge. The Liffey, as has been said, flows in easy windings quite through the centre of the city. The stream is confined within granite walls, which form a series of excellent quays, along which there is on each side of the river a clear footway, from Carlisle Bridge to King's Bridge. Indeed, the Liffey has rather the appearance of a grand artificial canal than a river. Between the quays and the houses is, on each side of the river, a wide roadway. Thus, there is here a feature which no other city in the kingdom possesses—a broad open thoroughfare, three miles long, with a fine river flowing through the midst, and many well-built, and some noble structures along the sides. Not only should it be an ornament to the city, but, as it is a tidal stream, it ought also to contribute to its salubrity. Very far otherwise must it be,—as every one knows who has spent a summer's day in Dublin. Into the Liffey the sewerage of the city is turned; and as when the tide ebbs the bed of the river is left exposed, the most unwholesome vapours ascend and impregnate the entire vicinity. How the citizens can endure so pestiferous a stench is inconceivable. Every one admits and laments the evil; but you are told that no system of flushing the river has yet been suggested which promises to be successful, and therefore—patience.

The lower part of the river is devoted to commerce. Along the quays ships of large size are moored, chiefly





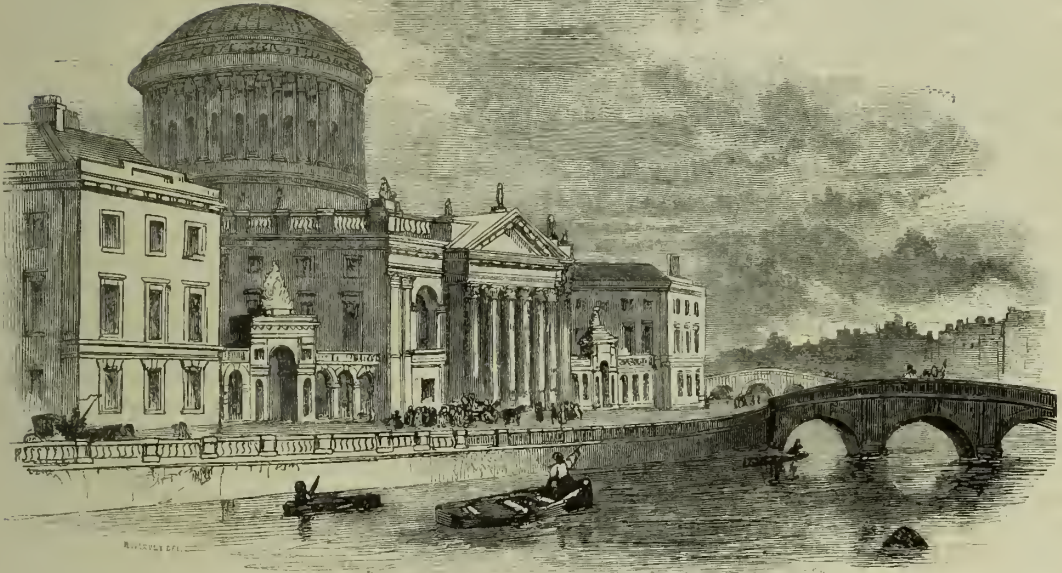
3.—THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, DUBLIN.

emigrant and other vessels which trade to America and the colonies; colliers and coasting craft. But there is also a sprinkling of foreign ships. On both sides of the river there are docks; those by the Custom-house and those of the Grand Canal, are extensive, but there are very few vessels in them. From nearly all the ships lying out, and loading and discharging their cargoes in the not very wide river, the quays are very crowded, and there appears to be much more commerce than there probably is: but the shipping trade has the appearance of activity. It is, by the way, a curious sight just now to see the eager swarms that surround the emigrant offices on Eden Quay.

On the north bank, a short distance below Carlisle Bridge, is the Custom-House,—an isolated building, of far higher architectural rank than its London namesake, and probably than any other of the kind in the world. It was commenced in 1781, and completed in 1791, at a cost of above half a million sterling. The architect was James Gandon. It is 375 feet in length, and 209 feet in depth. All the four fronts are highly enriched; but the chief front is, of course, that which faces the river. (Cut, No. 3.) The river front consists of a centre and wings, with an advanced tetrastyle portico of the Doric order. The tympanum contains a bas-relief, representing the Union of England and Ireland. On the attic are statues of Neptune, Plenty, Industry,

and Mercury. A noble cupola rises to the height of 125 feet, and is surmounted by a colossal figure of Hope. The north front is scarcely inferior to the southern, though less ornamented: on the attic above the portico are statues of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The interior is also admirable: the great room, especially, is a very handsome apartment. But this magnificent building is on far too colossal a scale for the Customs of Dublin; indeed, of late, it has been found to afford ample room for the offices of the Commissioners of Excise, of Stamps, and of Records; of the Board of Works, the Poor-Law Commissioners, Army-Pay, and several other Government Boards; and then verge enough for Geological and, we believe, other museums—in short, it is now something like what Somerset House would be, if one could fancy that edifice removed to Thames Street and incorporated with the Custom-House.

Towards the other end of the quays, just above Richmond Bridge, is another of the buildings which add so much to the grandeur of the city—the Four Courts. Our engraving (Cut, No. 4,) will serve to show its general appearance and save the necessity of description, for which we are becoming somewhat straitened in space. The Four Courts were commenced in 1786, from a design by Cooley, the architect of the Royal Exchange; but he dying while the works were



4.—THE FOUR COURTS, DUBLIN.

in progress, the completion was entrusted to Gandon, who made some alterations in the design. Within these few years there have been considerable additions made to the original pile. The entire structure is very large—it having to afford accommodation for the courts of law, and offices connected with them. The grand front extends along King's Quay for nearly 500 feet. The central building, which contains the four courts of Chancery, Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, has a very beautiful portico of six Corinthian columns, with statues of Moses on the apex, and Justice and Mercy on the extremities of the pediment; and above ascends the large and graceful dome. Altogether this is generally considered to be one of the very finest as well as most important buildings in Dublin.

The interior of it must not be overlooked, if the stranger be so fortunate as to spend a morning in Dublin in term time. As you enter the circular hall (a singularly beautiful one), instead of hearing the sort of quiet hum that greets you on entering Westminster or Guildhall, you are half-stunned by a confusion of voices worthy of Babel, and jostled to and fro in a crowd rivalling that of the Stock Exchange. In the passages men and women and boys are hawking tapes, and knives, and all kinds of small wares that lawyers need; and cakes, and pies, and fruit, and almost every variety

of refreshment that lawyers or suitors could manage to swallow amid such a tumult. Within, there is a perfect army of barristers, whether briefless or briefed, all as merry as grigs, cracking jokes on the right and left with learned brothers or unlearned clients, or assembled around some famous wag who is keeping them in a constant roar of laughter. The attorneys, and witnesses, and lookers-on, all appear bent on mirth, and laugh and talk with heart and voice heartily. Gravity seems by common consent banished from the outer court of Themis. In the inner temple, and in the presence of 'my lord,' there is of course something more of quiet and seriousness. If 'Counsellor Butt,' or some other favourite be addressing the bench and jury, there is silence deep enough; but if an unlucky witness is 'tabled,' you are almost sure of some amusement. An Irish barrister seems to adopt a much more 'free and easy' style in examining a witness than an English one, and poor Pat, falling into the same familiar vein, is certain to be led into some ludicrous mistake, or contradiction, or strange absurdity. It is quite curious to observe the eagerness with which the auditors—and the courts appear to be a favourite lounging-place with idlers, of whom there are never wanting plenty in Dublin—watch the progress of the questioning, and the delight with which they catch at a blunder or a bit of humour: there is a roar on the instant. Cer-



tainly, although wit or humour is wanting, there is no want of appreciation of it among the lower classes of Irishmen; and though always ready to make a bull or a blunder himself, Pat is ever the first to note it in another.

But we shall never get through Dublin at this rate. There is another building connected with law, the King's Inns, which is worth visiting, though it is some distance off and rather out of the way. In going to it from the Courts you pass through a corner of a locality that rivals St. Kevins in poverty and squalor. Some of the dismal cellars in which the wretchedest of the population are here congregated—and which are let in nightly lodgings—are, if possible, worse than those in Liverpool, and like them they are the nursing-places of fever and of crime. It is terrible to look into some of these filthy dens, and startling to see the poor creatures who inhabit them. Those who visit Dublin for pleasure will not visit these places—it is not desirable or fitting that they should; but it is well that their existence should be known, that, if possible, something may be done for their eradication. Instead of turning westward through this district, we proceed northwards, and soon come to the Linen Hall, a building which deserves a moment's attention. It is an immense pile of six large courts, and contains 575 apartments. It was erected at a period when Dublin was the emporium of the Irish linen trade: now that trade is almost wholly transferred to Belfast, and the Hall is comparatively deserted. The King's Inns are just beyond the Linen Hall. Though the only inns of law in Dublin, they occupy a situation almost 'out of town,' and wear a very secluded air. The building is a large and very pleasing one, and if not so striking as some others in the city, it exhibits much richness of effect, especially in the chief front. The hall is a very handsome room. Close by the Inns is the station of the Mullingar Railway; and not far distant is St. Mary's Church; both interesting buildings, and with those we have just described, amply sufficient to repay a walk to this end of the city. St. Anne's Church is a modern Gothic structure, rather meagre and incorrect in the details, but of very pleasing appearance at a little distance, owing to the picturesque way in which the many light pinnacles and the lofty slender spire group together.

The most striking recent additions to the architecture of Dublin are the railway stations—and they are quite worthy of the high character of the civic buildings. This Mullingar, or Midland Great Western Railway Station, is a very striking structure. The long Ionic arcade which has just been completed, is an exceedingly chaste design: it is constructed of a choice kind of mountain granite, which adds much to the effect. From this station there is a good view of the city. The terminus of the Drogheda Railway, close by the Custom House, is in the Italian Palazzo style, with a lofty central tower: it is a graceful building, but hardly so appropriate or characteristic as the others. The principal front is of Wicklow granite. The terminus of the Dublin and Kingstown Railway has no architectural pretensions.

But the handsomest railway terminus that we have seen in any part of the kingdom is that of the Great Southern and Western Railway, near King's Bridge. This is the railway that we hope to conduct our readers along, on the way to Killarney, in our next Part. The station is a very large building, of the Italo-Corinthian order; the façade is highly-enriched, and the style is carried out in the *tout-ensemble* and in the details with excellent taste. It is constructed entirely of the beautiful Wicklow mountain granite, exquisitely wrought and dressed; a material which, now it is quite fresh and clean, has quite a brilliant effect when seen under a bright sun.

Not far from this station is one of those excellent institutions which are so numerous in Dublin. This one is the Royal Hospital, which stands on the site of an ancient priory of the Knights Templars. The Hospital is a noble building, erected from a design by Sir Christopher Wren. Another edifice in this neighbourhood, though of no great elegance, will be regarded with interest when its name is mentioned—it is St. Patrick's, or, as it is more commonly called, Swift's Hospital, the institution which Swift, apparently with a painful foreboding of his own fearful malady, founded and endowed for the reception of lunatics and idiots:—he gave, as he said, with a levity that appears to have been put on to conceal the keenness of his feelings on the subject:

"He gave the little wealth he had  
To build a house for fools or mad,  
And showed, by one satiric touch,  
No nation wanted it so much."

Considerable additions have been made to the foundation; and there is now provision for 170 patients, about a third of whom are admitted and maintained gratuitously. The condition and management of the Institution are said to be admirable. If we had space, we might mention other charitable institutions; as it is, we can only say that they are very numerous, and of almost every kind, in Dublin, and many of them are on a large and liberal scale. The charity of the inhabitants of Dublin has always been munificent; and it is exercised as well privately as through public institutions.

It would be a great oversight to omit to mention the squares of Dublin; but we can only mention them. The chief is St. Stephen's Green—the largest square in Europe. It is an English mile in circuit. The central area is laid out and planted. The houses around are large and lofty: many of them are noble mansions. Among the most noteworthy are the residences of the Archbishop of Dublin and of the Lord Chancellor; the United Service Club; and the College of Surgeons. Next in size to St. Stephen's is Merrion Square; which is, however, only about half as large. The houses here are uniform in appearance, spacious, and lofty. On the south side may be observed one of the largest houses in the square, now closed, dirty, and forsaken; an escutcheon is fixed against the first floor; a notice that this house is to let appears in the window. This neglected mansion was the town residence of Daniel O'Connell: its appear-

ance typifies the neglect into which the memory of its old master has fallen. It reminds us of the lath-and-plaster building on Burgh Quay, near Carlisle Bridge, noticeable for a somewhat tawdry-looking front, Conciliation Hall: which, like the mansion of the Liberator, is shut up and unheeded. St. Stephen's Green and Merrion Square are close to each other, and only a short distance from College Green. There are four or five more squares of considerable size, but not near so large as these, and not requiring any further notice from us.

Indeed, we have no time now to notice anything else in the city. The bridges, the barracks, and other necessary as well as ornamental structures, must all pass undescribed; so must the Theatres, the Music Halls, the Rotunda, the Gardens, and other places devoted to pleasure. It will be enough to remark, in concluding this hasty glance over Dublin, that we have merely mentioned a few of the objects to be seen in it, and indicated a few of its peculiarities. Hardly another city could be found where three or four days might be more profitably or pleasantly employed. There is, as even our rough notice will have shown, sufficient to repay the researches of any one, whatever may be his particular tastes, at least for a day or two; and he will be hard to please if he does not find sufficient amusement or occupation for his evenings. We have supposed the visitor to be a stranger, and his abode in a hotel: it cannot be necessary to add, that if he have friends there, or any introductions, any time he can spend in the city will pass right cheerfully;—for Dublin hospitality is proverbial.\*

#### THE ENVIRONS OF DUBLIN.

The environs of Dublin are, in parts, very beautiful: by means of the different railways the more celebrated spots within a few miles of the city may be easily reached. Our first stroll shall be westward—we can return by the train. Phoenix Park adjoins the city; and is at once an ornament to it and a most important benefit to the inhabitants. It occupies an area of some eighteen hundred acres, and is nearly seven miles in circumference,—being one of the largest and finest public parks in the kingdom. The surface is in places undulated; but there are no hills. It is pretty well planted: though an open space is left sufficiently extensive for reviews on the grandest scale. In this park is the Lord Lieutenant's Lodge—a large and handsome mansion, with a considerable domain attached. Opposite to it is the Chief Secretary's Lodge. The Wellington Testimonial, which is so noticeable an object from the city and suburbs, stands in this park, at no great distance from the entrance. It is a plain

but massive granite obelisk, mounted on a pedestal, which is raised on an elevated platform: the height of the obelisk is 205 feet. On the sides of the obelisk, from base to summit, are inscribed the victories of the duke: the sides of the pedestal are intended to have bassi-relievi of the chief battles. A lofty insulated pedestal in front is intended to bear an equestrian statue. The Duke of Wellington, it will be remembered, was born in Dublin; and the citizens, proud of their fellow-townsmen, erected this testimonial, in honour of him, at a cost of £20,000, which sum was raised by a public subscription. From the mound on which the Testimonial stands a remarkably good view of the city is obtained. Nearly all the principal buildings are visible, and the open country is seen beyond. A similar, but rather more extensive, view is that from the eminence just beyond, on which stands the military Magazine known as Wharton's Folly, and which Swift made the subject of one of his latest epigrams:

“Behold a proof of Irish sense!

Here Irish wit is seen:

When nothing's left that's worth defence,

We build a magazine.”

It is the kind of wit of which there has been too much in Ireland. While speaking of the general view of Ireland we may mention that the most extensive prospect (though more distant than this) is to be seen from Dunsink Hill, about three miles north-west of Dublin: it embraces not merely the city, but the noble bay of Dublin and the heights of Killiney. There is a road across the park, which leads by Observatory Gate to Dunsink Hill: the Observatory is on the hill. We must just mention, before leaving, that the gardens and menagerie of the Zoological Society are in Phoenix Park.

Quitting the Park by Knockmaroon Gate you come upon the Liffey, where flowing along a narrow but rich valley it is quite a picturesque stream. On either hand the banks form lofty uplands; those on the south are clothed with luxuriant foliage. Forwards are seen the heights of Woodland, the beautiful demesne of Colonel White. The northern slopes are for above a couple of miles entirely covered with plantations of strawberries; from them the city is supplied, but all the fruit is not sent into the city. The Strawberry Beds, as the whole tract is called, are one of the notable places of the vicinity of Dublin. During the season this is a favourite resort of holiday-makers, for whose accommodation there is a number of permanent spirit and refreshment huts built along the road-side. But Sunday is the day on which the Strawberry Beds are chiefly visited; and in fact there is a ‘strawberry fair’ held here every Sunday afternoon during the whole of the strawberry season, and for some time after the fruit has disappeared—indeed it is continued till Donnybrook fair, (August 26), which famous festival terminates the summer holidays in Dublin county. It is worth while for one observant of popular habits to come here for once, in order to obtain a notion of Pat's style of enjoyment. Besides the permanent houses, there are erected for the

\* The stranger in Dublin will find the hand-book published by M'Glashan, entitled ‘Dublin and its Environs,’ a convenient and sufficient guide. We compared many of its notices on the spot, and found them to be very faithful: and we have been a good deal indebted to it in drawing up this sketch.



occasion numerous booths, with painted signs, such as 'the King of the Brook,' 'the Old Harp,' &c. ; flags are suspended from some, and the entrances are decorated with evergreens. From three in the afternoon—when the business of the day, confession, and perhaps 'a burying' or two, have been duly attended to—the 'boys' begin to flock hither, and continue to do so more and more till the close of day. The *fun* does not fairly commence till about six or seven o'clock. Then every booth is crowded; and the road is thronged with a noisy multitude. The day's supply of strawberries is by this time exhausted, but potheen and porter make amends, and are in sufficient demand. At the further end of each booth boards are laid down for dancing on, and fiddlers or pipers are provided. Dancing begins early, and is prosecuted vigorously. On the boards Pat is in all his glory—especially if he have a pretty partner; and it is quite surprising to see what neat-looking lasses attend these places: many of them are pretty, quiet, modest girls, and neat and trim in their dresses, yet they will be dancing along with sottish dirty fellows, who have not a sound garment upon them;—but generally the Irish girls are much superior to the men of the same rank. The Irish dance is something national. An Irishman seems by dancing to work himself into a state of excitement much as an Indian does. As he warms the dance quickens, till Pat grows half delirious—of course, that is, if he has had a due allowance of whiskey. The fiddlers ply their elbows as quick as grasshoppers, but are quite unable to keep time with the wishes of the dancers, who seek to quicken them by some sufficiently odd expressions. "Arrah then move faster wid you, darling,"—"Go it, my boy, go it, more power to you: Och then get along if you love me: Och now go it, Dan—go it like blazes, and may the Almighty favour you!"—were some of the exclamations we noted.

Outside the booths there is a noisy crowd, composed of every variety of 'the finest pisantry.' Irish joking abounds, and the visitor must put up with his share of it. At every turn in the road may be seen an eager group clustered round a keen-looking rascal, who is sitting on the ground with a board on his knees, upon which a leather thong is coiled, while he is challenging one and another to try his luck. It is the old English game of 'pricking the girdle,' but it holds the place at Irish fairs and races of the English pea-and-thimble game: it is just as deceptive and as fraudulent, but the stakes are commonly pence instead of half-crowns. The game seems always to find plenty of players. But not the least curious part of the spectacle is the vast number of beggars who are assembled. As very few 'respectable' people go to these strawberry fairs, it is evident that the ordinary frolicers must give alms plentifully to attract so many mendicants: and a close look at the peasantry in any part of Ireland will evince that this is one of the causes of the overwhelming amount of mendicancy. The poorest will give if he have anything to give—and receive if he have not. Mendicancy is not looked on as degrading: even those

who would themselves rather suffer than beg, are quite ready to bestow on the beggar while they possibly can.

Of course Pat cannot jig and tiddle potheen without exhibiting as the result a little superfluous liveliness; but on the whole there does not seem to be very much quarrelling at these strawberry fairs, though there is a good deal of noise. Of shillelagh-work we saw little, and were told that there is seldom much now. Once these fairs were somewhat 'riotous assemblages;' but that section of Young Ireland which attends them has grown pacific—is tired, it may be, of physical-force doctrines—or overawed perchance by the number of policemen about. Be the cause what it may, the strawberry fairs are now pretty orderly; the police, too, clear out all the booths at half-past nine. But they cannot be visited without it being seen that they are a great evil: and it is impossible to loiter about at one for a few hours, without the feeling being deeply impressed on the mind that the reckless improvident habits of the lower classes of Irishmen are in truth almost more than a 'second nature,' and that the task of elevating their moral as well as physical condition is a most difficult one—a feeling, by the way, which everything that is seen of them in country as well as in town, at home or abroad, only serves to intensify. Yet this is the task that every Irishman seems emphatically called on now to address himself to with heart and soul. An entire social regeneration is the thing needed;—a mighty labour, and not to be accomplished by talking or fighting!

Continuing along the river-side by Woodlands, Lucan is soon reached. The whole of this part is extremely pleasant, and will afford much to interest those who have time sufficient to wander awhile about. The beautiful grounds of Woodlands, and those of Lucan House, in which are some ruins of a castle, are open to the stranger. Leixlip, a couple of miles further, is a decayed town, slovenly-looking, but picturesque: around it there is much fine scenery, and in the neighbourhood are many objects of interest. The chief attraction is the waterfall, or rather rapid, known as the Salmon Leap. In a fine ravine, the Liffey rushes over a ledge of bold black rocks, and then forces its way among massive detached fragments, that lie scattered along its bed. Leixlip Castle, which stands on the southern bank of the Liffey, is an ancient edifice, and forms with the foaming river a fine picture. About four miles from Leixlip is a place familiar by name to every one—Maynooth College. We have not seen it, and believe that in itself there is not much to be seen, as the buildings are quite unornamental. But on the way there is some very fine scenery: Carton, the extensive demesne of the Duke of Leinster, is especially celebrated. If the stranger visit Maynooth, he can return to Dublin by the Mullingar Railway: if he direct his steps southwards, he can return by the Great Southern and Western line. The nearest station from Leixlip on this line is at Celbridge, not far from which is Marley Abbey—or, as it is now called, Celbridge Abbey—where resided the unhappy Miss Vanhomrigh, Swift's Vanessa. In the grounds are still pointed out some of the laurels which

she used to plant against the visits of the Dean. The first station from Dublin on this Great South Western Railway is at Clondalkin, a place that certainly should be visited; it is about five miles from the city. The name of the town is derived from that of a church, Cluain Dolcain, which is said to have been founded here by St. Mochua early in the seventh century. Clondalkin was once a bishop's see. Of its monastery only a few traces of the walls are discernible. But there is here a very perfect specimen of that curious Irish edifice the Round Tower. This one has a rather peculiar basement, and it is crowned with a conical roof. It is about ninety feet high, and fifteen feet in diameter; the entrance is about ten feet from the ground. The interior may be ascended by means of steps, which have been fixed for the purpose. We need not stay to puzzle over the purposes of these buildings, as we shall have another opportunity of speaking of them. The village of Clondalkin is a decent Irish village: with a parish church, Catholic chapel, monastery, and national school. In the neighbourhood are extensive limestone quarries.

On the northern side of the city, and only about two miles from it, is the secluded, half-decayed village of Glasnevin—interesting from its associations, and worth visiting on its own account. The village lies partly in the valley of the Tolka, whence it climbs up Glasnevin Hill. In the valley on the south side of the river is the Botanic Garden of the Dublin Royal Society, some thirty acres in extent, varied in surface, and admirably arranged and stocked. The conservatory and hot-houses have a fine display of exotics; and on the lake there is a good collection of aquatic plants. In this garden is the house in which Tickell the poet dwelt during his abode in Ireland. Addison was a frequent visitor; and here, as at Oxford and Eton and some other places, his favourite walk in the grounds is pointed out, and is still called 'Addison's Walk.' Tickell's house is now the residence of the Professor of Botany. A house on the higher ground of Glasnevin is that in which Dr. Delany, Swift's friend, dwelt. Swift spent a good deal of his time at Delville House; and Addison, Sheridan, and Parnell, are among the other celebrated persons who were in the number of Dr. Delany's guests. Glasnevin House is the residence of the Bishop of Kildare. From the heights there are some fine views, especially over Dublin.

Along the line of the Drogheda Railway, or north-east of Dublin, are some noticeable localities. On the left is Marino, the handsome mansion of the Earl of Charlemont. In the grounds is the Casino, a miniature Doric temple, designed by Sir Robert Chambers, and constructed in a very costly style. In it the Earl used to unbend, in company with Grattan, Flood, Curran, and other eminent Irishmen of his day. Clontarf (where is the first station) is a spot famous in Irish history: here it was that Brian Boromhe, the Alfred of Ireland—"You remember the glories of Brian the Brave?"—fought, on Good Friday, 1014, his last and greatest battle with the Danes under Sitria. Maelmora, the subordinate king of Leinster, had

joined with the enemy; but Brian gained a glorious victory over their combined forces. Brian and his son Murogh both fell in the battle, and a great number of their nobles with them, but the victory was perfect. Clontarf is a modern Gothic castle of mingled styles: it stands on the site of an ancient one, and is believed to indicate the battle-field. The castle is, from its position, a striking object in the landscape, and commands a wide and beautiful prospect. There is fine scenery here, along the shore, looking over the bay; but we must proceed to another famous place—"the big Hill of Howth." "The peninsula of Howth, or, as it is generally termed, the Hill of Howth, is one of the most remarkable features in the vicinity of Dublin. It forms the northern entrance to Dublin Bay, is about three miles in length by two in breadth, and lifts its rocky summit 563 feet above the level of the ocean."—(*Fraser*.) The surface is greatly diversified; and from various parts of it are many most picturesque prospects of the coast and country beyond. Especially fine is the view of Dublin, with the splendid Bay and the estuary of the Liffey in front, and the Dublin Hills in the distance. From the northern slopes the little island called Ireland's Eye is seen to great advantage, as well as the coast towards Malahide; while from the tongue of land on which the Baily lighthouse stands are obtained some most striking views of the wild and precipitous rocks in which the promontory terminates seaward. In the little village of Howth there are some vestiges of an old abbey. Howth Castle, close by, is the seat of the Earls of Howth: only a tower remains of the original castle. Howth Harbour was constructed from the designs of Rennie: it was commenced in 1807, and completed in 1832, at a cost of above £420,000. It was intended for a harbour of refuge, and for the mail-packet station; but in consequence of its silting-up, and the accumulation of sand at its mouth, it is not available for either purpose, and is, in fact, nearly useless. As may be supposed, from its peculiar and characteristic beauty, the Hill of Howth is a favourite resort of the citizens. Holiday parties are constantly made to it, and there are good hotels, and ordinary tea-gardens, where all may disport themselves according as their tastes or pockets prompt them. In the summer, a steamer makes daily excursions from Dublin; and this is a very pleasant way of reaching Howth. The sail down the Liffey and along the Bay is a delightful one.

If the visitor have time, he might continue along the coast by the Strand and Portmarnock to Malahide. Or Malahide may be reached at once by the railway: Malahide station is nine miles from Dublin. The chief attraction is the Castle, a large and magnificent though somewhat incongruous pile, the seat of the Talbots, to whom the demesne was granted by Edward IV. Some portions of the building are ancient; but the greater part is modern. The interior is both splendid and interesting, and it contains some good pictures: it is permitted to be seen on any day but Sunday. Close by it is a ruined church; the grounds are very



picturesque. Malahide is a straggling fishing village; and an Irish fishing village is always "a thing to admire at." There will be found a decent inn; and the oysters have a wide-spread celebrity. About two or three miles distant is the old town of Swords, famous in Irish chronicles, and worth visiting for its antiquities. These are; first, extensive remains of the archiepiscopal palace: next, the vestiges of the chapel of a monastery founded here in 512 by that famous saint, holy St. Columb, and of which the scarce less famous St. Finian was the first abbot: and, finally, there is a round tower—one of the rudest of those strange structures: it is seventy-two feet high, and fourteen feet in diameter. The old town of Swords is a very poor place—to Saxon eyes it seems a wretched one; but then it is none the less picturesque. About three miles north of Swords, at the village of Lusk, is another round tower.

The Dublin and Kingstown Railway will enable visitors to see the south-eastern suburbs of Dublin with great facility. This line skirts the southern coast of Dublin Bay, and as it affords a series of beautiful sea-views, it is in much favour for short pleasure runs. It is only fair to say that the Company do their best to make these excursions agreeable. The second-class carriages are comfortably cushioned; and a commodious kind of open carriage is provided for those who wish to view the scenery; the seats in these are cushioned, and there is a covering overhead. It is so seldom that Railway Companies do anything to render travelling agreeable to any other than first-class passengers, that it ought to be noticed when it does happen. There is another excellent thing on this line: the Company have constructed near several of the stations very convenient bathing-places; and second-class tickets are granted every morning throughout the summer, which entitle the holders to ride from Dublin to any station they please, have a sea-bath, and return for eight-pence. Bathing places are also provided at some distance from the others, for the use of ladies, at the same charges. The bathing-tickets later in the day are charged a somewhat higher price.

On the way to Kingstown there are several stations, but we cannot stay at either; Kingstown will occupy as much time as we have to spare. The town itself is nought: it is a new town, a good deal frequented as a watering-place by the Dublin citizens; and the houses are what might, in such a place, be expected. Kingstown is not the original name of the place. It was formerly called Dunleary, from there having been here, say the topographers, a *dun*, or fort, in which dwelt Leary, king of Ireland, about the middle of the fifth century. Be that as it may, here was a little dirty village called Dunleary, with a small harbour, at which George IV. landed on his visit to Ireland in 1821. The visit half-crazed the good people of Ireland; and among other of the methods of eternizing their gratitude which they adopted, was that of erecting an obelisk on the spot where he stepped ashore, and changing the name of the place, which, on account of the con-

struction of the new harbour, was promising to become a town of some importance, into Kingstown. The new town has left old Dunleary, however, rather on one side. Kingstown Harbour is the chief feature here: it was commenced in 1817, when the failure of that at Howth became palpable. Rennie was employed to make the designs and superintend the construction. It is formed by two immense piers, which incline towards each other so as to leave an opening seaward of 850 feet. The western pier is 4950 feet long,—the eastern, 3500; they enclose an area of 251 acres, being one of the largest artificial harbours in the kingdom. Frigates and Indiamen of 800 tons burden can ride in the harbour; at the wharfs vessels of heavy tonnage can discharge their cargoes at any state of the tide: but the harbour is not found to be as useful as was anticipated. The entrance is so wide and so ill-placed, that during easterly gales vessels within the harbour are unable to keep their anchorage: it should be observed, however, that it was part of the original plan to have the entrance protected by a breakwater. Some £700,000 are said to have been expended in the construction of the harbour; but the expenditure has extended over thirty years. The eastern pier forms an admirable parade, and affords the residents and visitors abundant amusement: the seaward prospect is a noble one; the view of the bay is very fine; the harbour has generally a goodly number of vessels of all sizes, including a great many yachts, whose evolutions are always attractive; and it is the place where the packets embark and disembark their passengers. At the end of the east pier is a lighthouse, which, at night, displays a revolving light. The railway-station, a rather stately building, is close against the harbour.

On summer evenings the band of one of the regiments stationed at Dublin generally adds to the liveliness of the scene by performing popular airs on the strand. Of the numerous villas and terraces seen bordering the strand, or scattered over the heights inland, it is needless to speak. The whole distance from Dublin is thickly sprinkled with them, and some are of considerable pretensions. A ride of a mile and three quarters on the Atmospheric Railway will bring the tourist to Dalkey. There is not much to be seen in the village itself; but it has some historic celebrity, and the vicinity is attractive. In early times this was an important neighbourhood; and in order to defend it, and afford protection to the shipping, there were seven castles built along the coast. Three of these castles (or rather forts) are yet in part remaining at Dalkey, one at Bullock, and another at Monkstown. There are also at Dalkey some remains of an old church. Just off Dalkey Point is a little island, of about twenty-five acres area, which is separated from the mainland by a sound about 300 yards wide. Dalkey Island was formerly the scene of an annual assemblage of Dublin citizens,—sometimes to the number of 20,000,—whose proceedings were recorded in a 'Dalkey Gazette,' issued on the occasion, and are still referred to at due length in the local histories and guide-books. The object of the

meeting was to elect and crown a sovereign of the island. The King of Dalkey and Emperor of the Muglins was assisted in the government of his island by a prime minister, an archbishop of Dalkey, an admiral, a general, and other ministers and officers ecclesiastical, civil, and military. The election was conducted with due solemnity, and after the coronation a sermon was preached by the archbishop; the whole affair was carried through with much relish. It appears to have been some such an annual revel of the cockneys of Dublin as was indulged in by the cockneys of London in the election of their 'Mayor of Garratt;' the chief difference being that while the Londoners were content with a magistrate, the Dalkeians, loftier in their notions, would have a monarch. But their ambition was their ruin. The government of the King of the other island became alarmed at the increase of their number, and suppressed the meeting. The King of Dalkey was compelled to abdicate, and the King of England reigned alone. Dalkey Island was taken possession of by the British sovereign, and is still occupied by a British garrison,—two or three of the coast-guard,—who are its only inhabitants.

Now let us climb this hill: it gave us a pleasant greeting as we came over the sea, and it seems as though it would afford us a cheerful welcome on the summit. We will not linger by the way. From the new brick-and-mortar work about the lower slopes we gladly escape. The name of yonder village has so Italian a sound, raises such visions of soft blue skies, and Arcadian scenes, recalls such poetic fancies, that we must avoid it, lest the reality be too discordant. Let Sorento be unseen. Nor will we now go to look after the quarries which supplied the granite for the construction of yon harbour. Killiney Hill is worth ascending. We are not five hundred feet above the sea, but we have a prospect that might lead us to fancy we were a thousand. How beautiful from this height is that glorious Dublin Bay! Howth stands out majestically in the serene ocean, and from it the varying coast sweeps round in a splendid curve to the base of the hill on which we are standing. Streams of silver dash across the dark blue water as the light breeze plays gently over it. White sails glitter in the sunshine; one and another dark hull moves steadily along, leaving behind it a stream of yellow smoke. And there a tall-masted emigrant ship is working slowly out of the Bay, bearing with it how many hopes and fears—blighted prospects, young imaginations! Let us look another way. Here is a view of soft smiling valleys, and wooded slopes, of rich demesnes, handsome villas, cultivated fields, enough to charm away gloomy fancies. And here again, if we turn northwards, is another beauteous scene over this fine Killiney Bay away to Bray Point; inland across a country bounded by the Mountains of Wicklow—a tract we ought long ere this to have been rambling over. Let us away.

#### WICKLOW.

There are many other spots in the immediate vicinity

of Dublin whither we might conduct the reader, but we leave them unvisited, for we have stayed already so long as to leave but too little time for a sufficient examination of the beauties of Wicklow. We shall pass through the more celebrated parts of this beautiful county without much regard to the order of the route, taking the several spots as we can most readily reach them in a careless ramble at a little distance from the coast to Arklow, and thence back by the mountains which occupy the middle of the county. As there is no railway in Wicklow, it may not be amiss to say a few words as to the means of conveyance. Of course the best way to see a district such as this is to walk over it: much of it cannot be well seen in any other way. Along the main lines of road there are a good many coaches and vans, which run at very low fares, and are serviceable even to the pedestrian, in enabling him to get over some of those uninteresting or dreary spaces which intervene between the more important points. All, or nearly all, the Wicklow and Wexford conveyances go from one office in Dublin, and it will be well to call at this office, which is situated in Harry Street, to learn the lines of route, and the times, which are frequently being altered. By a little contrivance, and without much expense, these vehicles will enable any one whose time is limited to two or three days, to pass through much of the most beautiful scenery, and to visit the most famous spots. It will only be necessary to fix on two or three stations where the coaches pass, and from them there will be little difficulty in reaching the places which are out of the coach-road, either by walking or hiring a car. Cars are kept at almost every inn of any size (and there is sufficient traffic to support an inn in almost all the larger roadside villages); they are let at sixpence or eightpence a mile, and there are few or no turnpikes. Indeed the usual way of seeing Wicklow is by hiring cars from place to place; and there is only the objection to it, that a great deal is of necessity overlooked which is most characteristic of the country and the inhabitants.

#### BRAY AND THE DARGLE.

Bray must be our starting-point. It is situated on the Bray river, which here divides the counties of Dublin and Wicklow, and, as it stands on both sides of the river, it belongs in part to each county; but Bray proper belongs to Wicklow. It is about thirteen miles from Dublin. Bray, as the centre of a beautiful district, is a place of great resort; and being but a short distance from the sea, it is also much frequented as a watering-place. The town itself is a long straggling one, consisting of a principal street, and several lesser streets and fragments of streets diverging from it or connected with it—for it is not very easy to explain the arrangement of an Irish country-town, even when like this it belongs to the more respectable class. The town is built on very irregular ground, the houses are anything but uniform, the church stands on a lofty bank, lifting its tower high above the rest of the build-



ings, hence its general appearance from a little distance is picturesque: as you ascend the river towards it, and it is seen backed by the Sugar-loaf Mountains, it is eminently so. Bray has little trade, less manufacture, and just the shadow of a fishery: but one way and another it is tolerably prosperous. It has a population of 3000 souls. In order to keep the visitors in good temper, the natives curb their own inclinations and keep it comparatively clean; and that there may be no cause of complaint left, it possesses one of the best hotels in all Ireland.

Bray is the centre of one of the richest and loveliest districts on this side of the island. The natural features of the county too are not, as in too many other parts, disfigured by the frequent signs of the deep misery of those who dwell among them. It is as fair, and in appearance nearly as flourishing, as many of the happiest spots in England. All around are the mansions and demesnes of the nobility and gentry of the county, and the villas of the wealthier merchants and professional men of the metropolis. Many of these are celebrated on account of their owners, and many on their own account. Nothing can well be more delightful than some of them, and it is a very pleasant way of spending a day to ride or stroll from one to another under good guidance. Among the more famous of them is Kilruddery—a noble mansion, belonging to the Earl of Meath, standing within a demesne of surpassing beauty. Kilruddery is a modern mansion of the Elizabethan style: not far off is Hollybrook, a mansion of the Elizabethan age. Adjoining Kilruddery is the demesne of Bray Head, which is also worth visiting. The fine promontory of Bray Head, being some 800 feet above the sea, affords a splendid sea view, as well as one of much richness inland. On the other side are St. Valerie, the seat of Sir Philip Crompton, one of the most charming places in Great Britain; Old Connaught, where the wisest and wittiest of the present generation have delighted to assemble around the hospitable board of Lord Plunkett; and very many others which—are they not written in the Guide-books of the county? If the stranger have time and inclination, he may visit some one or other of them, and he will generally find that the more beautiful grounds are freely opened to him.

The lion of all this district is the Dargle, a spot to which almost every one who visits Dublin is carried, whatever other spot be left unvisited. The Dargle is only an abbreviation of its proper name, which is the Glen of the Dargle,—it being really a glen of somewhat over a mile in length, through which the river Dargle flows. Nature has indeed been lavish of her favours here. For the whole way the streamlet winds between lofty and precipitous rocks, whose sides are clad with the most luxuriant foliage. In places, the banks ascend to an altitude of above three hundred feet, and with the trees that bend forward from them towards the opposite sides, steep the deep abyss in an intensity of gloom that might well have suggested its native name of the Dark Glen. But then there are broad open dells, where the bright sun sends down its rays through the

leafy screen and lights up the depths of the hollow, glancing hither and thither from rock to rock, just by a touch gilding one mossy fragment and casting its neighbour into a deeper shadow, making the water-breaks to glitter as with countless gems,—and in a word producing in that sunny spot a picture such as a fairy might have wrought, who, having been looking at one of Creswick's paintings, was tempted to try how such another would appear if executed with Nature's own materials. A good footway is carried through the glen along the summit of the north bank, which enables you to see it very conveniently; and at all the places where there are scenes of superior beauty or grandeur a seat is placed, an opening is cut, or some other such silent intimation given. From some of these stations the appearance of the glen is of exceeding beauty; from some, too, there is much of a gloomy grandeur,—but the general character of the glen is that of surpassing loveliness. One of these resting-places, where the bank is of the greatest height and steepness, is known as Lover's Leap; a name it is said to have received from —: but we made a sort of promise not to be repeating these legends, and our fair readers will readily imagine for themselves the remainder of this one; in which there are, of course, a gentle lady and a tender youth, love that does not run smooth, and a good deal more that we have forgotten, but which they will easily recall or invent. We make no doubt that their versions will be quite as veritable as those written in the books, or told by the guides,—no, not by the guides, for there is no guide attached to the place, and stranger guides are not permitted to enter the Dargle; a very excellent arrangement, by the way, for you are thus not merely left to wander about at will, but saved from the intrusion of some nonsensical piece of information, or silly story, when you would be hearkening only to the voice of the woods and the waters, and the song of the birds;—but we are running off from the subject with which we commenced, and so we return to the Lover's Leap. And now we are there again, just let us beg you to notice what a rich and charming view there is along the glen. The other principal station is known as Rock View, and it has the advantage of not only yielding a beautiful prospect of the Dargle, but also of the country above and beyond it. (Cut, No. 5.)

The mansion of Powerscourt, with the beautiful demesne of which it is the centre, forms a conspicuous object in the mid-distance, while the lofty ridge of Kippure closes the prospect. But the Dargle is equally fine if viewed from below. There the stream, foaming along its stony channel, forms the central feature, and with the rocks and trees, with all their sombre shadows and rich colouring for their accompaniments, makes pictures such as poet or painter would in vain attempt to embody.

The Dargle, as has been hinted, is private property and enclosed. The west bank belongs to Lord Powerscourt, the opposite to Mr. Grattan. Admission is always granted upon application at the lodges, at either





5.—THE DARGLE.

end. It is best seen by entering at the southern end,—the upward course of the stream presents bolder and more varied features, and the distant prospects are finer. In any case it is better to go quite through the Dargle, than, as is often done, to go part of the way and return: some choice views are sure to be lost if either end be left unseen.

Powerscourt is the most important seat in this part of the county: it can only be seen upon procuring an order from the agent of Viscount Powerscourt. It is a large but rather plain building; the interior has some very splendid apartments. The demesne is of great extent, of most varied character and extreme beauty. The territory of Powerscourt extends over 26,000 acres. That part of it called the Deer Park, lying some miles south of the mansion, contains some very grand scenery, and is much visited. In it is a very celebrated waterfall, formed by the Dargle (or, as it is called by the natives in its upper course, the Glenisloreane), which,

after a course of some two or three miles from its source in Crocken Pond, here throws itself over a rocky steep some three hundred feet high. After storms, or when there is much water in the river, it must form a noble cataract; but when we saw it there was very little water, and its grandeur was much diminished. The Douce Mountain, which is the highest of the mountains in this neighbourhood, being 2384 feet above the sea, and which forms so conspicuous and imposing an object in the surrounding scenery, is often ascended from this waterfall.

Tinnahinch, Mr. Grattan's seat, is the mansion which was purchased for £50,000 by the Irish Parliament, and presented to the celebrated statesman Henry Grattan, (the father of the present proprietor), "as a testimony," to borrow the words of the vote, "of the national gratitude for great national services." It is a plain substantial mansion, but delightfully situated, and the estate is a very fine one. There are a couple of other



demesnes situated on the Dargle that are permitted to be seen, and are a good deal visited—Charville, the seat of the Earl of Rathdown, and Bushy Park.

#### GLEN OF THE DOWNS; DEVIL'S GLEN.

Again renewing our journey southwards from the Dargle, we soon reach the village of Kilmacanoge—a collection of poor and slovenly cabins, with a very large and showy new Union-house. Thence we pass the base of the isolated conical mountain called the Sugar Loaf. This mountain, which is 1651 feet above the sea, has received the epithet of Great, to distinguish it from the Little Sugar Loaf, 1120 feet high, which rises on the borders of Kilruddery, some miles to the north of its greater namesake. Though neither of the mountains is much like a sugar-loaf (as sugar-loaves are made now-a-days), they are, as seen from some points, singularly like each other. The Great Sugar Loaf is a conspicuous object over a wide range of country, from standing, as we said, quite isolated; and hence, also, it commands a wide and splendid prospect from the summit.

A little further and we enter another of the more famous of the many beautiful glens which distinguish this county. The Glen of the Downs is an opening between two mountains of a very grand and romantic character. The ravine is a mile and a half long,—a little streamlet brawls along the midst; the mountain sides rise abruptly, sometimes to a height of five or six hundred feet, the space between them varying from one hundred to a hundred and fifty feet. The long mountain ridge on the right is called the Down Mountain, whence the glen has received the name. Beautiful as this glen is, it must once have been very much finer. A very good but formal coach-road has been carried along the bottom; and the hill-sides have been in parts disfigured by stiff regular plantations. In places, however, the natural woods, or some that have assumed the character of natural woods, prevail, and, climbing about the rugged crags and slopes, produce a rich effect. The finest views of the Glen of the Downs from the road are in a northward direction, when the opening is filled by the peak of the Sugar Loaf Mountain.

But the glen should also be seen from above. At the southern end of the left bank is Belle Vue, the seat of P. Latouche, Esq., of whose demesne that side of the glen and the heights above form a part. Admission is readily granted to the grounds. From them there is a splendid view along the glen and over the country beyond. When the sun is sinking below the hills, and all the lower parts of the ravine are in the deepest shade, while the slanting rays are gilding the summits, and over a rich expanse, broken and bounded by the peaks of numerous mountains, the lengthening shadows are slowly stretching, and a thin hazy vapour is creeping up the hollows, the whole scene puts on an air of grandeur and of beauty whose charm is irresistible.

The village that is seen a little way out of the road on the left after quitting the glen, is Delgany. It is

worth stepping aside to see. The situation is very beautiful, and the views of the village are very picturesque and pleasing, as well as those from it. Moreover, it wears an aspect of comfort that is quite refreshing, after becoming inured to the almost total want of it that is so frequently in these Wicklow villages. Delgany is, we believe, a good deal resorted to as a summer abode—which of course to some extent explains its neatness of appearance; but it is more satisfactorily explained when you are told that there have been some generations of good and considerate resident landlords.

The next village on the road, Newtown-Mount-Kennedy, is the centre of some much-admired scenery. The places which are usually visited, are the demesnes of Altadore and Glendaragh on the west, and Mount Kennedy and Woodstock on the east. There is no doubt much that will amply repay the leisurely visitor; but we must not linger among them. Newtown village is a long and populous, but by no means attractive, place, and there is a sad array of mendicants waiting about ready to fasten on the stranger, or to surround the doors of the coaches which stop there.

Ashford Inn, or the Inn at Newrath Bridge, might very well be taken as the centre from which to make two or three excursions, and also to enjoy a little fishing. The chief attraction here is the Devil's Glen,—the great rival of the Dargle and the Glen of the Downs. Like the former, it is a long narrow pass, or rather a deep cleft, formed, as it would seem, by the parting asunder of the living rock. But the Devil's Glen is larger than the Dargle, and more stern and sombre in character. This, indeed, is what characterizes it, and the preference will be given either to it or to the Dargle according as the more strictly beautiful or the sterner aspects of Nature are most in unison with the taste and the feelings. The Glen of the Downs is of quite another character, and cannot be properly compared with either. Along the narrow bottom of the glen the river Vartry forces its way around and over the massy fragments of rock that fill the channel, and rushes sparkling and foaming along as if impatient of the hindrances to its progress. The sides of the glen rise up rugged and precipitous. On the one hand is a luxuriant hanging wood; the other is bare, but the more pleasing from the contrast of its gray crags to the verdure opposite. At the end of the glen is a noble waterfall—the Vartry pouring over the black rock in one sheet, and falling at once a hundred feet into the dark pool below. The Vartry has at all times a much larger volume of water than the Dargle, and the fall is always a very striking one—none the less so from the absence of foliage; when the river is in flood it is said to be exceedingly grand. The glen of the Dargle is wanting in this feature: and Powerscourt Waterfall, though so much loftier, is certainly not comparable with this in grandeur. The views from the banks above the Devil's Glen are very fine,—but the Dargle is finer.

There is another very pleasing glen in this neigh-

bourhood, a few miles north of Ashford—Glen Dunran. It is two miles long, narrow, and finely wooded. It must not be compared with the more famous one we have been visiting, but it is a lovely spot.

Close by Ashford is the classic demesne of Rosanna, the property of D. Tighe, Esq. Here it was that the charming Irish poetess, Mrs. Tighe, wrote the beautiful poem of 'Psyche.' The grounds are especially famous for their magnificent trees. These impart to it a stateliness such as few of the Irish parks possess, and not many English ones surpass. It is said in Curry's 'Handbook for Ireland,' that "this well-wooded demesne contains among its venerable trees some of the finest old oaks and Spanish chestnuts in the country." Many of them would dignify one of the finest parks in Kent. Along the road which passes the demesne they form an almost matchless avenue. One noble patriarch stands out quite apart in the road,—to the no small danger, as it would appear, of coaches travelling that way, but certainly adding much to the picturesque beauty of this bit of road.

Before quitting this locality, let us add that the river Vartry, after it leaves the Devil's Glen, and being joined by two or three small affluents, expands into a good-sized stream, passes by Ashford and Newrath, and soon approaches the sea. But here a sandbank has formed and prevented its egress: the river, in consequence, has expanded to the right and left, making a narrow lagoon, two miles in length, which is known as Broad Lough, at the southern end of which, by the town of Wicklow, a mile and a half below its original outlet, it flows into the sea. The sandbank is called, the Marragh.

#### WICKLOW: ARKLOW.

Wicklow, though the county and assize-town, is a miserable-looking place. It has a rather considerable corn-trade, and a few small trading vessels; but else it appears to have little commerce of any kind, and to be altogether a neglected locality. The town and the people seem alike disheartened: even the fishery is not looked after. There is not much to be seen in the town. Of the old castle there are a few unimportant vestiges remaining on a steep rock, which projects into the sea by the entrance of Broad Lough. It bears the name of the Black Castle. There are also some remains of the Abbey which was founded here in the reign of Henry III. These, with a doorway of the old church, are all that remain to attest the former consequence of the town, or to recall the recollections of its history.

Nor is there much of beauty in the town, or its immediate vicinity, to attract the stranger; and it is, therefore, seldom visited. It is, indeed, almost only noteworthy as an example—unhappily not a rare thing to meet with—of an old decayed Irish town. But so looked at, it may be regarded with some interest; and there is something in the appearance of the people and their houses, and cabins also, noteworthy. The

heights about Wicklow afford some fine sea views; and the bold bluff promontory of Wicklow Head, with the lighthouses, is a feature that a painter of coast scenery would stay to sketch. All along here, and round to Wicklow, the coast is a drifting sandbank; as dreary and unhappy-looking as a coast-line well can be.

And the country inland between these towns is hardly better. Much of it is a boggy waste, undrained, and profitless, except where peat is dug. And the people are as poor as the land. Miserable clay cabins, with only a hole in the badly-thatched roof for a chimney—damp, rotten-looking places—are the ordinary dwellings; and nothing about them gives a sign of there being any greater prosperity than the cabins themselves would suggest. Even the pig is looked for in vain. There are some better places here and there, but the district generally appears thoroughly poverty-stricken.

Arklow is now a much more important town than Wicklow. It is the most populous town in the county. At the census of 1841 there were 6,237 inhabitants in the parish of Arklow, of whom 3,254 resided in the town. It is situated on the estuary of the Avoca, at the southern extremity of the county. Between the town and the sea there is a wide strip of coast, a drifting sandy waste, only relieved by the "dunes," or hillocks of loose shifting sand. The haven is in good part filled with sand, and of little use except for boats and very light vessels. Along the creek is a gathering of poor clay cabins, called the Fishery. The town itself, or at least the business part of it, stretches up a slight ascent nearly parallel to the river, but not close to it. The river is crossed by a long rude bridge of eighteen arches, and on the Wicklow side of it there are a few poor-houses.

Arklow has at different times been the scene of some stout contests. The castle, the chief object of the assailants, was built in the reign of John, and was dismantled by Oliver Cromwell. The last time Arklow was made a battle-field was as late as 1795. The "rebel army," under the guidance and command of Father Murphy, had surprised and taken Wexford, and now, above 20,000 strong, determined to march upon Dublin. Flushed with success, they summoned Arklow to surrender; but there was in it a stout-hearted garrison of 1,600 men, commanded by General Needham, who had no thoughts of yielding. The rebels succeeded in forcing their way into the lower part of the town, which they set fire to and destroyed. In the upper town the fight was protracted till nightfall, when the insurgents were repulsed with fearful loss. Father Murphy was among the slain. Had they not been checked at Arklow, it is believed the misguided men might have reached the capital.

There is not much that is characteristic or interesting in Arklow. Of the castle there is a mere fragment left: it stands at the end of the town, against the barracks. The church is a large and substantial modern pile. There are no other public buildings that call for remark. The houses generally, in the principal street,



are respectable; there is a good inn; and there must be some amount of business. But there is an unhappy listlessness hanging about the place, which is very uncomfortable. Once, Arklow had an important and prosperous fishing-trade; and there is still a large number of fishing-boats belonging to the town. But the fishing has greatly fallen off. The herrings—the fish chiefly taken—are said to have left the coast. The night we stayed there, however, there was a very large take of them; and that there is a ready market for them was proved by the fact that the whole quantity was purchased at once by a person from Liverpool, who was here with a small vessel, on ‘the look out.’ Indeed, we strongly suspect that if some English spirit could be infused into the Arklowites—Liverpool or North Country energy, and South Coast skill—the fishing would be again as of yore, or better. Improvement is sadly wanting here. The Arklow boats are clumsy half-decked things; and the nets are hardly half the size of those used by the Brighton or Hastings crews. The boatmen, too, would cut an odd figure beside the bluff many-jacketed Deal or Hastings fishermen. It would do an Arklow man some good to go to one of these places, or to Brighton, for a month or two.

The houses in the principal street, we said, are generally respectable; but then the rest are mostly very poor. The Fishery is the worst part. There all the houses are mere clay cabins—many of them with one window, and not a bit of garden, or even yard, and all that were looked into were dark, miserable, almost without furniture, and very filthy: yet we were assured at Arklow that the poor there are “comparatively well off.”

The country west of Arklow is not often visited by the tourist; nor is there very much to reward him. Yet perhaps a journey by Croaghan Kinsella to Aughrim, and thence up the glen toward Lugnaquilla, would repay the pedestrian; the roads would hardly do for ears. On the slopes of Croaghan Kinsella is passed the celebrated Wicklow Gold Mine: “our Lagenian Mine,” as Moore has it—

“Where sparkles of golden splendour

All over the surface shine;

But if in pursuit we go deeper,

Allured by the gleam that shone,

Ah! false as the dream of the sleeper,

Like Love, the bright ore is gone.”

This is nearly true now, but there was a time when it was regarded in a very different light. There had for some years been a vague report current that gold had been found in this neighbourhood; when, “in the year, 1796, a piece of gold, in weight about half an ounce, was found by a man crossing the Ballinvalley stream, the report of which discovery operated so powerfully upon the minds of the peasantry, that every employment was forsaken, the benefits of agriculture abandoned, and the fortunes of Aladdin, or Ali Baba, were the great originals they hoped to imitate. Such infatuation,” continues our author, “called for the interference of

Government; and accordingly a party of the Kildare militia were stationed on the banks of the rivulet, to intercept the works and break the illusion:”—which, by the way, seems rather an Irish method of employing soldiers. They might occupy the “diggings” and intercept the works, but think of a regiment being ordered to “break the illusion!” However, the illusion was broken somehow. The same writer says, that “during the short space of two months spent by these inexperienced miners in examining and washing the sands of the Ballinvalley stream, it is supposed that 2,666 [which is a mighty nice calculation] ounces of pure gold were found, which sold for about £10,000.” Having driven off the gold-finders, the Government undertook to open mines; and the works were carried on till 1798, when all the machinery was destroyed by the insurgents. The works were renewed in 1801; but being found not sufficiently productive to repay the expenses, were eventually discontinued. “The quantity of gold found while the stream-works were under the management of Government, appears to have been inferior to that collected by the peasantry, amounting to the value of £3,675 7s. 11½d.” (*Wright: ‘Scenes in Ireland.’*) Evidently the Government workers, with all their machinery, were very unlucky, or Croaghan’s stock of gold was soon exhausted; or perhaps there was some mistake in counting up the 2,666 ounces. It is mentioned in Curry’s ‘Hand-Book of Ireland,’ that “a London Company had been engaged in streaming for gold, as it is termed, for these two years past . . . but the results were not such as to induce them to proceed.” A few labourers, it is added, continued to be employed by them without any regular superintendence; “a fixed sum being paid for whatever gold they may find.” Even this casual searching is now discontinued; but there yet prevails a lingering belief among the peasantry, that there is still gold in Kinsella, and only the ‘lucky man’ is wanting. Many an anxious look, we doubt not, is turned on the brook when it has been ‘roarin’ in spate;’ but we fear, as one of the peasantry of whom we had been asking some questions oddly said, “it will never touch California.”

Croaghan Kinsella is nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, lifting his head high above his neighbours for miles around. The summit commands a prospect both wide and magnificent. The little town of Tinahealy has nothing to lead the wayfarer aside. It was destroyed by the rebels in 1798, and has been rebuilt in a neater style than usually prevails in such sequestered places; there is an inn which will afford accommodation, if that route be taken. Aughrim, which lies in the route we pointed out, is quite a mountain village, rude and poor, but very picturesque:—a collection of stone and clay cabins by the river’s side, and backed by bare mountains. Glen Aughrim, which commences here, is in its way very fine. There are no soft cultivated slopes, but, instead, a genuine wild mountain glen, a swift stream running along the bottom, the vast mass of Croaghan Moira rising full in front. The road con-



tinues beside the Aughrim river to Anghavanagh Barrack. For some time the giant of the Wicklow mountains, the lofty Lugnaquilla, has been directly before us, and here its huge form blocks further progress forward. The road on the right will lead to Drumgoff Bridge, where there is another barrack—another of the many erected after the insurrection; the road is a portion of what is called the ‘great military road,’ it having been constructed on the same occasion, in order to open a way into this wild mountain district. At Drumgoff Bridge the rambler will find something more pleasant than a barrack—a very comfortable hotel. The ascent of Lugnaquilla (not very often made) is best made from the road between Anghavanagh Barracks and Drumgoff. It is said to be by no means difficult—but we have not made trial thereof. A guide can be had, if desired, at Drumgoff inn. Lugnaquilla is 3,039 feet above the sea; and 2,500 feet above the bottom of the valley. On the summit is a sort of cromlech, known as Pierce’s Table. The prospect is said to be unmatched from the mountains of Wicklow—but the visitor will be fortunate who meets with a suitable day for it. Even when all is clear on the summit, it is very seldom that the plains and the extreme distance are free from mist.

Drumgoff Bridge crosses the river Avonbeg, which rises among the mountains some miles higher, and after flowing through Glenmalure, unites with the Avonmore at the celebrated Meeting of the Waters. That part of the glen which is above Drumgoff is inconceivably

grand. But then the grandeur is that arising from the savage majesty of Nature. There is nothing of the placid or beautiful here. All is sterile, desolate; forbidding, as it would seem, the presence of man. But man has been here piercing into the very heart of the mountains. The lead-mines are extensive and productive. Indeed the glen itself is said to owe its name to its mineral treasures—Glenmalure signifying the ‘glen of much ore.’ High up the Avonbeg precipitates itself over a long rocky shelf, and forms the Ess Waterfall. Immediately below Drumgoff the glen is hardly less grand, and it assumes gradually, as it descends, a gentler character. But the proper way to see it through its whole extent is upwards, and it can be conveniently so visited from Wooden Bridge in the Vale of Avoca. From Drumgoff the road to Laragh and Glendalough exhibits to great advantage this portion of the Wicklow Mountain range.

#### THE VALE OF AVOCA.

The route we have just indicated has its attractions for the lover of the wilder and grander scenery; but that we are now to speak of delights every one. It is the Llangollen of Ireland.

On leaving Arklow, the proper course for tourists lies through the demesne of Sheldon Abbey. There is a high road, but the Earl of Wicklow very liberally permits the stranger either to walk or drive through his grounds, and accordingly he will do well to avail him-



6.—VALE OF AVOCA—SECOND MEETING OF THE WATERS.



self of the privilege, and save seven miles of dull road. Sheldon Abbey is the most celebrated mansion at this end of Wicklow. It is a modern gothic structure of very ornate character. The situation is low, but as much has been made of its capabilities as possible. The grounds are of great extent and of great beauty, though not kept in as good condition as in English parks where the owner is resident. Some of the roads too, on the outskirts of the demesne, are bordered by lines of beeches, which form rich umbrageous avenues, with pleasant peeps between. From the grounds of Sheldon, you may pass into those of Ballyarthur, the seat of — Bayly, Esq. These are especially worth visiting. The house is not large, but plain and substantial, like a moderate-sized old English manor-house. The grounds afford shady walks, with delicious prospects: one immediately behind the house is especially worthy of note. Ballyarthur seems, in short, one of the most enjoyable residences in all Wicklow: just the house and grounds one might wish for—if one had Fortunatus' Cap—as a resting-place in these our later days.

From Ballyarthur we pass into the famous Vale. Wherever the English language is read, the beauties of the Vale of Avoca are known; and so long as music married to sweet verse finds admirers, its loveliness will be verdant:

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet  
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

The Vale of Avoca is indeed extremely beautiful. It is a cheerful open valley, several miles long, nowhere closing into a glen, nor expanding so as to leave the opposites sides unconnected, but gently widening as it descends; it is everywhere a delightful companionable dale. The Avoca flows along the midst with a still quick current, but never disturbing the placid character of the scenery. The hills on either hand are lofty, varied in surface and in outline, and presenting new and always pleasing combinations at every turn. The valley is now thickly covered with rich dark masses of foliage, and presently sprinkled over with single trees, or detached groups, of light feathery form. Sometimes the trees climb the mountain sides; at others the slopes are only covered with bright verdure, and again they are bare, rugged, and precipitous. And yet with all this beauty the stranger is apt at first to question whether it be equal to its fame. The bard of Erin has stamped on it the title to such superlative loveliness, that the vision which has been formed of it can hardly be realized. It is forgotten that he has associated with its natural charms a moral claim on his admiration:

"Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene  
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;  
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,—  
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,  
Who made ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear;  
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve  
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

With such associations and feelings to heighten her beauties, we too might admit the pre-eminence of Avoca.

The spot we have now arrived at is the 'Second Meeting of the Waters,'—sometimes said to be that Moore has celebrated; but this is evidently an error, as the poet has himself in a note to the passage explained his allusion to be to the confluence of "the rivers Avon and Avoca;" whereas this is the meeting of the Aughrim and the Avoca. This is a charming scene. Not alone have we here the meeting of the rivers, but of the glens also, many and lovely. And then the views both up and down the vale are full of beauty. While here, too, the visitor should, if possible, ascend the heights of Knocknamokill, for the sake of the wider prospect not only down the vale but over Arklow to the sea. (Cut, No. 6.)

This Second Meeting of the Waters is otherwise called Wooden Bridge; close to the bridge is the chief resting-place of tourists. Wooden Bridge Hotel is said to be, "with the exception of Quin's, at Bray, the most generally frequented by tourists of all the Wicklow houses of entertainment." (*Curry's 'Hand-Book of Ireland.'*) Higher up there is another tourist's house, the Avoca Inn.

Ascending the vale some way, and having passed Newbridge—a very pretty spot—quite a new feature opens in the landscape. The mountain sides are for some distance literally riddled with the works of the copper mines. These are the Ballymurtagh and Cronbane mines, the most extensive and valuable copper-mines in Wicklow: the Cronbane mine has yielded nearly 2600 tons of copper ore in one year. The quantity raised is not now so great, but there are yet above a thousand men employed in the two mines. It cannot of course be said that the works add to the beauty or even picturesqueness of the scenery, but the strange scarification of the mountain sides, the apparently almost inaccessible spots in which some of the working gear is placed, and the enormous slow-moving water-wheels, certainly give a very peculiar and striking character to it. An iron tramroad is carried from these mines to Arklow haven.

The First Meeting of the Waters, (Cut No. 7,) that which Moore has sung of, is even more beautiful than the other, and the general prospect of the vale more impressive. The Avonbeg has rolled down from Glendamore a rapid mountain stream; the Avonmore\* is gentle and placid as a lowland river. All around—along the valley, in the water, and on the heights—is luxuriant foliage. The hills are bold and lofty, their

\* We asked a countryman the meaning of these names: "Sure, then," said he, "*Avon* is a river, and *beg* (which he pronounced *big*) is little;" and *more*—"is more little?" "Ah! no—*more* is great; and so it is just the great river and the little river." Moore was mistaken in speaking of the meeting of "the rivers Avon and Avoca." On the maps they are written as we have said, and we were assured they are so called there: they take the name of Avoca after their confluence, and retain it, as we have seen, to the estuary at Arklow.

sides well covered with trees; gray crags protruding from leafy canopies, or soft sunny slopes of brightest verdure. On either side other valleys open and exhibit fresh beauties. In the distance are mountain summits clad in aerial hues, and the higher grounds are equally delightful. It is as sweet a spot wherein to spend a summer with good company as even a poet could desire.

The castellated mansion seen on the hill is Castle-Howard, the seat of Sir Ralph Howard—a modern structure, more eminent for its noble site than for its beauty. The views from it and from the grounds are, as will be readily imagined, of surpassing beauty. Our way onward lies along the Vale of Avon; the tourist may pass through the demesne of Avondale, which is three miles long, and very charming, with the Avonmore winding through the midst the whole distance. Thence he passes by Rathdrum, and along the road which keeps above the Avonmore to Laragh. There is another road from the Meetings Bridge to Rathdrum along the higher grounds by Castle-Howard, which, though perhaps not so beautiful as that through Avondale, is shorter, and affords wider and very fine prospects.

#### GLENDALOUGH.

Very striking is the first glimpse of Glendalough. You proceed from Laragh up a mountain road, which appears to have an outlet only by a narrow pass at the further end; but a slight turn brings before you first a few rude cottages, then a round tower, which rears its tall head beyond, with apparently several ruined buildings spread around it; and as a back-ground is a dark hollowed coomb, formed by perpendicular rocks of great altitude, which then fall back into mountain slopes. It is not till you are nearer that the lakes become visible:—unless, indeed, you ascend the hill-side somewhat—a point from which as good a general conception of the whole glen, and lakes, and antiquities, can be obtained as anywhere. (Cut, No. 8.)

Long before you get near the ruins a crowd of beggars has beset you, intreating alms by the recital of every kind of distress; others beg you to purchase fragments of rock or crystal. Next come some two or three wild-looking fellows, who each assures you that he is the best possible guide, and no other knows anything in comparison with him, and, moreover, he won't deceive your honour with any false lies at all. You will do well to escape from the annoyance by selecting one; let him lead you round to all the sights, tell you all the legends, induct you into St. Kevin's Bed, and persuade you, if he can, that you are one of the knowingest gentlemen and best walkers he has been along with in all the years he has been there: submit to it all patiently, and you will then be left to stroll about in quiet and at leisure afterwards and see things for yourself. Some of the books have recommended particular guides; and the men themselves boast of the great folks and fine writers they have conducted. "And it's myself that was Mrs.

Hall's guide, God bless her! and more power to her! and many a good word she has bestowed upon me therefore," says one; while another claims Sir Walter Scott, and a third is content with Mr. Fraser. On the whole, there is not much choice between the three, for just so many there are. We tried two, and gossipped with the third, and moreover climbed into St. Kevin's Bed, and therefore are privileged to speak authoritatively. We would just as soon credit one as the other; their power in fabling appearing, as far as we could judge, nearly balanced—the older one had the larger store and more experience, but the younger was the more vivacious.

The name is suggestive of the character of the place; Glen-da-lough, is the glen of the two lakes. The lakes lie in a deep hollow between immense mountains, whose sides rise bare and precipitous from the valley to the height of some three or four hundred feet. The further end seems entirely closed in, but there is a narrow and almost impassable ravine, down whose rugged bed the Glenealo, the chief feeder of the lakes, forces its way. The other stream which supplies the lakes has to leap over a lofty wall of rock, forming a waterfall, called from it the Poolanas. The glen is about three miles long; the upper lough is a mile long, and nearly a quarter of a mile wide. It is around this lough that the wilder features of the glen are combined; and nothing hardly can be finer or more sublime than the scene from its bosom as night is setting in, and heavy storm-clouds are gathering over the mountain summits, and thin gray mists are creeping along the sides of the cliffs which rise in frowning blackness at once from the water, and the deep purple waves are curling up and lashing menacingly against the boat, as the wind sweeps along in a hollow prolonged sough.

It is here that some little height up the rock is the famous Bed of St. Kevin. It is a hole piercing into the rock far enough and large enough to admit two or three persons at a time. Here it was that the famous St. Kevin retreated, in order to escape from the persecutions of love and the allurements of the world. The reader of course knows the legend—all the world knows it—as told by Moore, how

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbles o'er;  
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,  
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep:  
'Here, at least,' he calmly said,  
'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'  
Ah! the good saint little knew  
What that wily sex can do!"

The rest it is needless to repeat. Since St. Kevin so ungallantly hurled the fair Kathleen from his chamber into the deep waters below—and it is fourteen hundred years ago—every lady who has ventured there has borne a charmed life, for so the good saint in his remorse prayed it might be. More than a few fair ladies have tested the charm in our day by scrambling into the Bed, and all have returned in safety. But besides





7.—VALE OF AVOCA—FIRST MEETING OF THE WATERS.

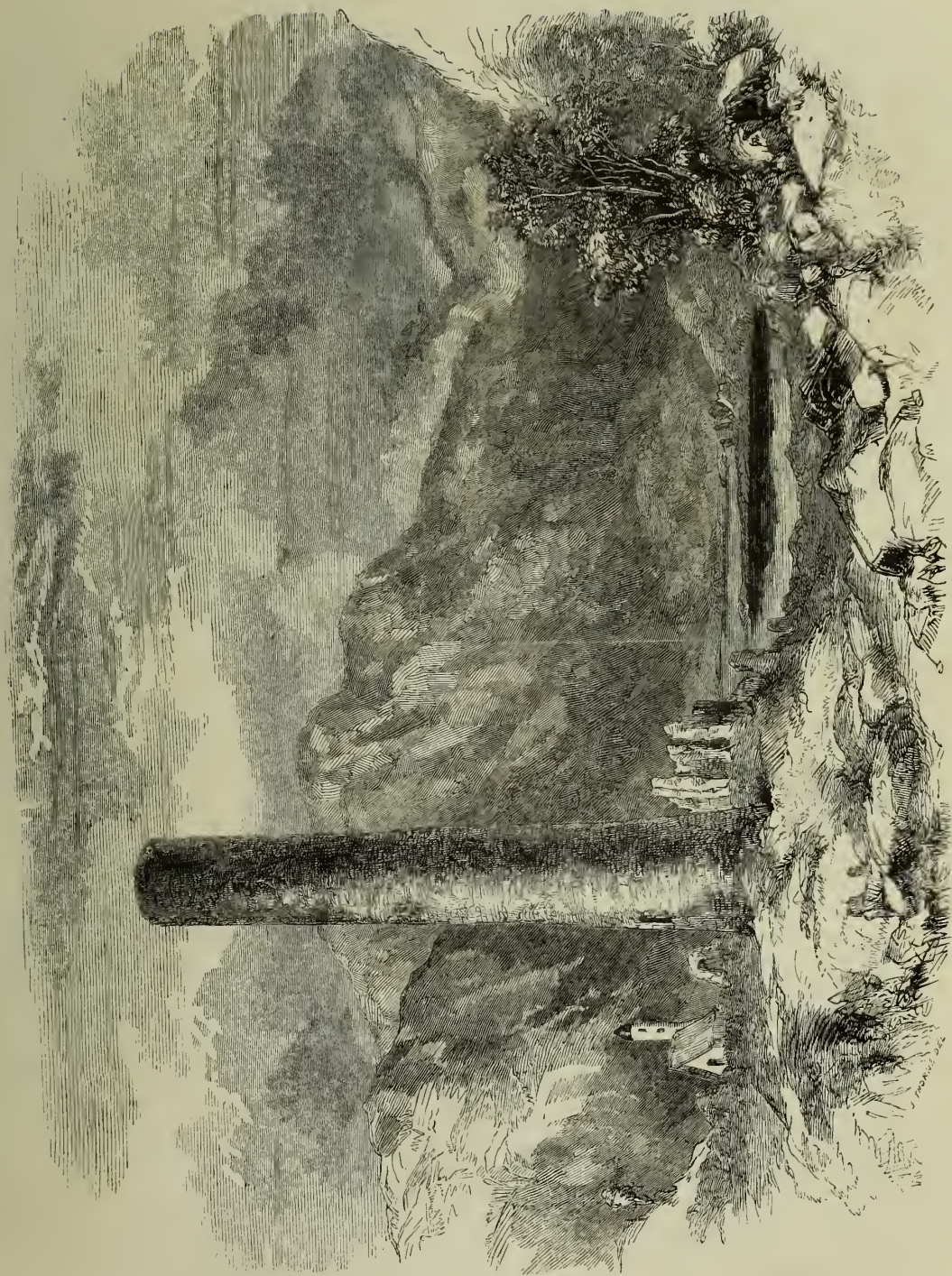
the immunity purchased at so costly a price by that Kathleen, there is a living Kathleen here, as guardian angel of the rock, whose whole care is to avert all chances of a mishap in the adventure. This Kathleen is unhappily not so lovely as her namesake, but she has (what is of more importance here) a strong hand and a steady foot. She lives in a dog-hole of a cabin up among the rocks, and gets a living by helping all hardy adventurers into St. Kevin's bed. She has been here, she says, for above thirty years. The scramble into the Bed is certainly rather a rough one, and it looks dangerous, as you have to crawl along a narrow ledge of rocks which overhangs the water: but the danger is merely in appearance; by the assistance of the guide, and the help of Kathleen's hand at the critical point, the least skilful climber might get up without difficulty. Inside the cave are numerous names and initials of those who have accomplished the feat: among others, Kate will point out that of Sir Walter Scott, though it is not easy to decipher it. Scott's ascent into the Bed is told by Lockhart, in a letter printed in the 'Life.' The danger, he says, has been exaggerated; "Yet I never was more pained than when, in spite of all remonstrances, he would make his way to it, crawling along the precipice. He succeeded, and got in; the first lame man that ever tried it. After he was gone, Mr. Plunkett told the female guide he was a poet. Kathleen treated this with indignation, as a quiz of Mr. Attorney's. 'Poet!' said she: 'the devil a bit of him; but an honourable gentleman: he gave me half-a-crown.'"

There is a marvellously fine echo in this glen. One of the guides, a man of Stentorian voice and leathern lungs, chaunts, in a delectable sort of slow sing-song, that might be heard a mile almost, Moore's legend of St. Kevin, and the echo rings it out again to the last syllable clear as a bell. Pat then shouts a heap of nonsense, adds some Irish, and winds up with an Hibernian 'Och, arrah!' All this is duly returned, and the Irish is done as sharply, and the brogue hit off as nicely as though native to it.

The Seven Churches, as the ruins are called (and oftentimes the whole place is so named from them), are at the lower end of the glen. They consist chiefly of what is called the cathedral; of the chapel of the Virgin; a church, with a turret at the end, which is commonly called St. Kevin's Kitchen: these, with some other remains of buildings, and the vestiges of several stone crosses, are, with a round tower, contained within an enclosure which is still used as a grave-yard. Other ruins of churches are to be seen within a short distance. Why such buildings, and so many of them, should be placed in a spot like this, seems quite unaccountable; but there is evidence that there was an ecclesiastical establishment here in the fifth or sixth century, and that it was several times plundered and devastated in succeeding years. Glendalough was early constituted a bishopric, and it so continued till it was united with the see of Dublin: even now the full title of the Metropolitan is Archbishop of Dublin and Glendalough.

The ruins are remarkable, and have been the subject of much inquiry. We cannot afford space to enter





8.—GLENDALOUGH.



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into an examination of them,—and indeed to attempt to do so would involve an amount of antiquarian detail that would be quite out of place here. We may just notice in a few words the Round Tower, as that is a kind of structure always regarded with curiosity. This tower is fifteen feet in diameter at the base, and tapers very gradually to the summit; it is 110 feet high. Originally it was crowned by a conical roof, but that is gone. The entrance is by a narrow arched doorway, the bottom of which is eleven feet from the ground. The upper windows are very narrow. It is constructed of rubble stones of different sizes, but arranged in regular courses. The question, What could these towers have been intended for? has always been a hard problem for antiquaries. Many solutions have been proposed, but none is yet admitted as demonstrable. It has been suggested that they were beacons, dwelling-places for anchorites, sepulchres, and many other things even stranger than these, till some were ready to believe, as an Irishman hinted, that they were just built “to puzzle posterity.” The opinion that seemed most to prevail among the learned was, that they were ‘Fire-towers,’ where the sacred fire was kept alive: and it has been said that this opinion is countenanced by vague traditions still existing among the peasantry. But since the publication of Mr. Petrie’s Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland, that hypothesis is less stoutly maintained, and there is a growing belief that they were erected by the Christian ecclesiastics who were settled in Ireland at a very early period. Mr. Petrie thinks they were intended to serve at once for keeps, or places of security from marauders, and for belfries. That they were meant to serve as strongholds we have very little doubt. Their position, too, always in connection with an ecclesiastical establishment, would seem to indicate that they were used as places of refuge by the ecclesiastics. The character and style of construction of the buildings prove, as we think, that they are of a later date than the worship of Baal. In a word, we believe that they were certainly the keeps of religious establishments; but of their other use or uses we are not so well satisfied. Mr. Petrie has laboriously and with great acumen investigated the matter, and he is convinced that they are belfries; and his opinion is entitled to the greatest respect.

If the visitor is disposed to stay here a day or two to examine these various objects at leisure, and to explore the neighbourhood (which is very grand), he will find decent accommodation at the little inn just by the church. It is well to spend a night here. The gloomy lake, grand as it appears in the day, becomes infinitely more so as the sun is sinking behind the hills, just glancing upon their summits, and leaving in deepest gloom the glen and the lakes. Having stayed at night in the glen as long as we could discern an object, we resolved to see it by the earliest dawn in the morning. Long before the sun we were there, and truly the spectacle that greeted us was a glorious one. The atmosphere was charged with a heavy mist, which settled low and thick in the glen; but by-and-by the

sun began to touch with a straggling ray upon the loftiest points, and then as the effect of his beams became felt, the mists seemed to sink into the gloomy hollow, a darker and heavier shadow settled on the valley, the mists steamed upwards, just catching as they ascended a momentary glance of the sun, and then vanishing; the tops of the precipices became tenderly illuminated—and suddenly the glen was spanned by a rainbow that seemed melting into the tinted haze that clung about it. All the forms of the hills and cliffs and lakes were there, but all evanescent. It was one of the marvellous pictures of Turner changed into reality. The visitor may not see it thus, but he may see it under some equally grand effect of sun and shadow. .

Lough Dan and Lough Tay, two of the largest of the Wicklow lakes, are usually visited from the Roundwood Inn at Togher,—a house much frequented by tourists, on account of its serving as a convenient centre from which to visit, besides Luggala and the Loughs, the Devil’s Glen and the Seven Churches. But we may proceed to the Loughs direct from Glendalough. The way thither is by the rough mountain road which at Laragh turns northward behind the barracks. As there is a meeting of roads at Laragh, the pedestrian must be careful not to take the wrong, which it is very easy to do, as the right one hardly looks like a road, and one or two of the others seem to lie nearly in the required direction. Laragh, we may remark in passing, is a rude, poor village, but not unpicturesque; and its cabins and their inhabitants would supply some good studies to a sketcher.

At Oldbridge, just at the foot of Lough Dan, will be seen a small farm-house with an uncommon cheerful English ‘well-to-do’ aspect; here a boat may be hired to carry you over the Lough: it is only by means of a boat that Lough Dan can be properly seen. Lough Dan is not very large, being only a mile and three quarters long, and nowhere half-a-mile across: but it is set within a frame of rugged mountains, which impart to it a sufficiently wild character. Slieve Bukh is its boundary on the eastern side, the Sear Mountain on the west, while directly in front rises the broken peak of the lofty Knocknacloghole. From the comparative narrowness of the Lough and its winding course, it has somewhat the character of a broad, still river. The sides of the mountains, except at the Oldbridge end, are bare, rugged, and steep. Masses of blue crag project boldly from among the furze-clad wastes and the broken and scattered grassy slopes, where a few sheep find scanty pasturage. As you sail in the morning over the black water, while the mists are slowly breaking away from the mountain sides, all seems to wear an air of desolate majesty.

In order to visit Luggala you land where the Avonmore enters the Lough; but you should not land without first rowing to the head of the lake, as that is perhaps, the very finest part of it. Let us add, for the sake of Waltonian tourists, that although the trout are not large, there are plenty of them in Lough Dan, and some good fishing may be had there. A narrow wind-



ing valley, about two miles long, with the Avonmore flowing through it, lies between Lough Dan and Lough Tay. We will not stay to describe this pleasant vale, but we must, in passing, call attention to the spirited improvements that are being effected by the owner of this tract of country. The whole valley is being drained, the river turned into a more direct course, and an excellent road has been formed along the pass. Were there many such landlords in Ireland, we might hope for better days there yet.

Lough Tay (Cut, No. 9) is much smaller than Lough Dan, being less than a mile long, and nowhere half a mile across, but it is more compact and lake-like, and it is generally regarded as the more beautiful. We confess to not sharing in this opinion. But Lough Tay is certainly very beautiful. It is encircled by lofty mountains, which in places rise almost precipitously from the water. The extensive plantations however take off much of the natural grandeur it would otherwise possess; and the prevalence of spiry firs not only destroys the beauty which foliage might impart, but very materially injures the picturesqueness of the scene. Lough Tay lies wholly within the extensive and beautiful demesne of Luggala, of which it is of course the chief feature.

From Luggala, the Military Road will lead, by way of Sally Gap, to a couple more of the Loughs that are among the notabilities of Wicklow: they are well worth visiting. The road will afford some noble mountain views. From some of the heights on either hand, which may easily be ascended, will be seen a long range of

mountain summits, their peaks rising in grand perspective behind each other, and displaying as they recede the richest aerial effects. These mountains are entirely desolate. In the maps they are marked as the "uninhabited mountains." So wild, desolate, and little known were they, that after the rebellion in 1798 a number of the rebels were able to maintain themselves among them for some years, under the leadership of one Dwyer. It was not till the Military Road was constructed through the district, after the outbreak in 1803, that there could be said to be any road over these mountains. This wild pass of Sally Gap, where we now are, Wicklow Gap, and Glenmalure, were the only practicable entrances.

The Lough Brays (or Breagh) lie both of them high up among the mountains, the one being 1,423 and the other 1,225 feet above the sea. Both lie in deep glens, and both are very fine. Upper Lough Bray is the lonelier, and perhaps the grander; the Lower Lough is the more cheerful. The scenery around both is exceedingly beautiful. After visiting the Loughs, the pretty village of Enniskerry will be the object to be attained; and Glencree might be seen on the way. Then from Enniskerry, by the Scalp, to Dublin.

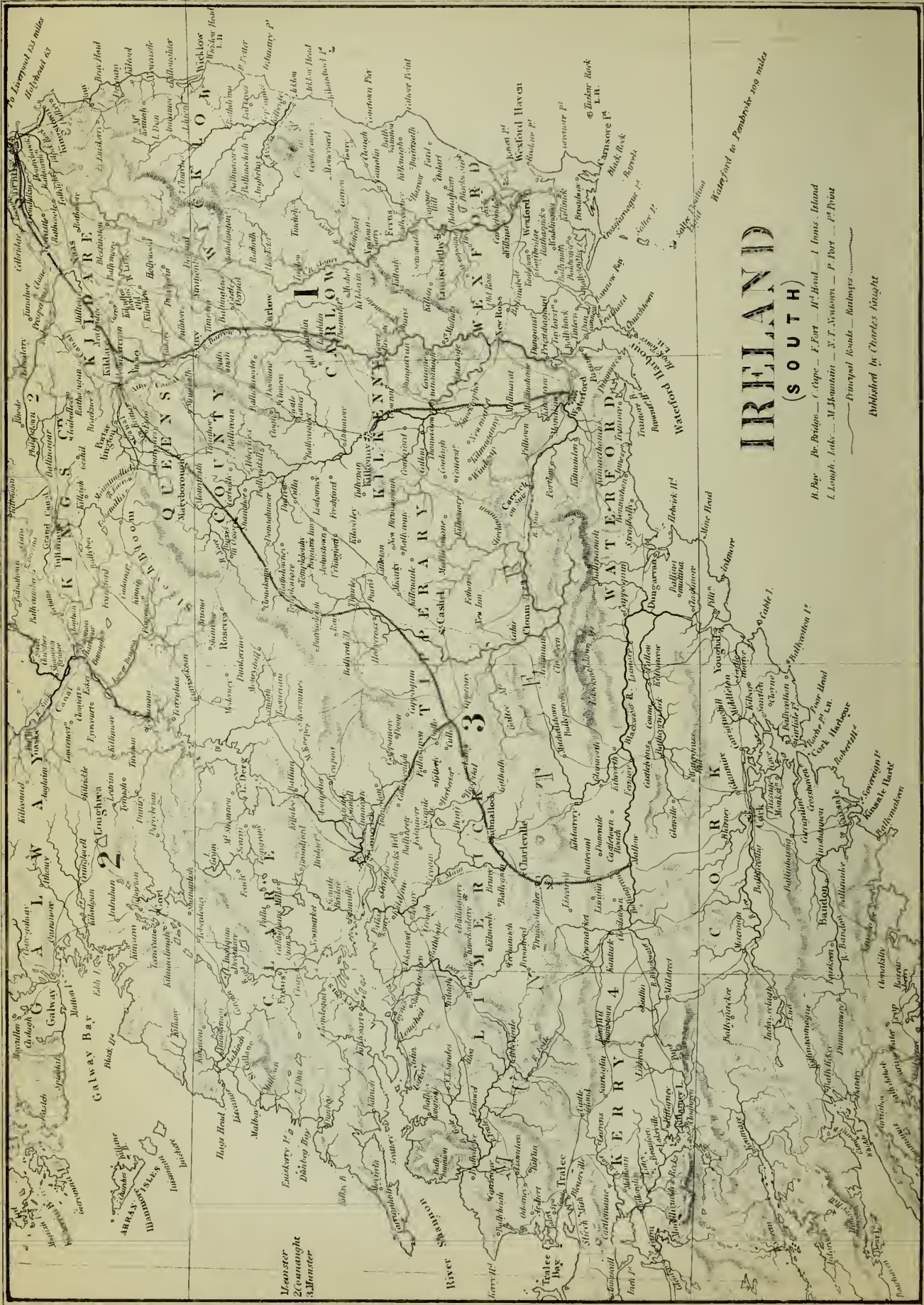
There is another route through which we intended to lead the tourist. That, namely, from Laragh or Glendalough up Glendassan, by Wicklow Gap, and along the desolate mountain roads to Polaphuca Waterfall, and thence to Blessington, returning in another direction. But we do not recommend it unless our wayfarer have a superabundance of time on hand.



9.—LOUGH TAY.

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## THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

Two months are past since we saw Killarney ; but every succeeding day and night brings it more distinctly to our vision. We looked upon those lakes and mountains with slight book-knowledge of them ; we lost no enjoyment in the dreary labour of note-taking ; we made no passing thoughts (sweet or bitter) prosaic, by attempting their registry. But Killarney, in its graceful and solemn aspects, in sunshine or in mist, will be to us "a joy for ever."

"Ah ! that such beauty, varying in the light  
Of living nature, cannot be pourtray'd  
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill ;  
But is the property of him alone  
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,  
And in his mind recorded it with love."

We have not alluded to "bitter" thoughts unadvisedly. An eloquent and philosophic French writer has described the *physical* contrasts which the neighbourhood of Killarney presents :—"On approaching the Lakes of Killarney, and halting near the Abbey of Mucruss, we look upon two scenes essentially different. On one side, uncultivated fields, sterile bogs, monotonous plains, where feeble rushes and consumptive pines gloomily vegetate, wide stretches of heath, intersected here and there by low rocks,—this unvarying aspect, destitute of all beauty in its wildness, proclaims only the poverty of Nature. It is impossible to imagine a more barren and desolate tract. But on the other side, a totally different prospect bursts on the view. At the foot of a chain of mountains, of gracefully varied outline, separated from each other by a succession of charming lakes, are spread rich and fertile plains, green and smiling meadows, forests, gay with ferns and verdant undergrowth ; here, cool shades, secret grottos, mysterious caverns,—there, wide vistas, bold summits, an unbounded horizon ;—the margin of the silver streams covered with luxuriant shrubs,—everywhere, abundance, richness, grace,—everywhere the extraordinary accident of Nature at once most beautiful and most fruitful. Thus, at one and the same time, two aspects present themselves to the eye which are absolutely opposed—here the perfection of abundance, there the extremity of barrenness."

But the "bitter" thoughts have their source in feelings kindred to the analogy which M. Gustave de Beaumont sees in this his picture of Killarney. He says, "IT IS THE IMAGE OF IRELAND." The physical contrasts are here somewhat overcharged ; but the contrast that forces itself upon our mind, between the exquisite loveliness of the inanimate creation and the debased condition of a portion of the noblest of God's works that we trace here and all around, mixes up the people mournfully in all remembrances of the scenery. The great question of the condition of Ireland is not to be under-

stood in a rapid transit through a small portion of the country ; but he that has looked upon any of the more afflicted districts of that land with his own eyes, however imperfectly, is in a better position than before to weigh the mass of evidence, embarrassing and contradictory as it is, as to the extent, and causes, and possible remedies, of Ireland's great social disease. He will have learned one thing at least,—that the word 'famine' is not a metaphorical expression which means considerable distress, but the term which alone conveys the real state of human beings who would die for want of food, if help were not bestowed upon them. Good God ! that there should be the bulk of a nation that cannot say, in holy trust, "Give us this day our daily bread !"

The journey from Dublin to Killarney is accomplished in less than thirteen hours. The Great Southern and Western Railway carries you a hundred and forty-five miles, from Dublin to Mallow, in seven hours and a half. This steady progress of twenty miles an hour enables the traveller to see the country more advantageously than in an English express-train. Yet what can we see worth recording in the rapid and monotonous transit by the iron road ? We first roll on through a tolerably fertile country, not badly cultivated, but presenting few remarkable objects. The Wicklow mountains linger in our view, with no rivals to break the monotony of the level. We pass through the Curragh of Kildare, and then gaze upon the ruined Cathedral and the mysterious Round Tower by its side. Now and then we descry a mansion on a hill slope, with fair plantations and smiling meadows, and a hamlet at its feet that we might fancy the abode of peace, did we not know what Irish hamlets for the most part are. In the distance is the famous Rock of Dunamase, crowned with the ruins of the castle of Strongbow, the great English earl, who won the fortress, not by the strength of his arm, but by marriage with the daughter of Mac Murrough, king of Leinster. It is strange that, with these marriages and intermarriages, in the early times of the conquest, there should have been six centuries of hatred between the Celt and the Saxon. Saxons and Normans became one race in a century or two. But the Rock of Dunamase may solve the mystery. The wars of conquest were succeeded by the wars of religion ; the castle of Strongbow was battered into ruin by the cannon of Cromwell. We ride on, through large tracts of peat moss ; but the distance is varied by the bold outlines of the Slieve-bloom and the Devil's-Bit mountains. It is a bleak country, with occasional patches of fertility. There are towns about the line,—most with small trade, some dilapidated, all somnolent. They have to be awakened by the inevitable course of agricultural improvement,



when thousands of acres shall no longer be untilled, while Labour folds her hands and starves. At a hundred and seven miles from Dublin we reach the Limerick junction. Some twenty miles beyond is Kilmallock, the stronghold of the great Desmonds. Thirteen miles further, and we are near Buttevant, the land in which dwelt Edmund Spenser,—where

“Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep,”

still flows,—where the Castle of Kilcoleman still exhibits a blackened ruin, telling of fire and slaughter rather than of the immortal ‘Faery Queen.’ We have sad thoughts; and they are not brightened by the portentous beggary that we encounter when the train rests at Mallow.

We have now forty miles to travel over by coach or car. In the immediate neighbourhood of Mallow the road is very beautiful, running by “hedge-rows green,” with occasional glimpses of the Blackwater river. About eight or ten miles beyond Mallow we enter the mountainous district. The only stage between Mallow and Killarney is Millstreet; and here the coach stops for a quarter of an hour, while the famished passengers groan over chops unrivalled in their grease and toughness, and ham that has been metamorphosed into solid salt. A dreary quarter of an hour!—disappointment within—an army of mendicants without! However hungry, we have consolation in the mountains before us; and soon the Paps lift their conical heads; and then the Reeks tower over the plain in solemn grandeur; and we fancy that the Lakes are at hand. But we

have still some miles of dreary bog to pass through, till at length the road is bounded by branching trees, and there are signs of opulence around us. But as yet we see no Lakes. At a turn of the road we are in a long street, filled with gaping and importunate crowds:—it is Killarney. Here is want, and the simulation of want. According to Colonel Clarke, an Inspector of Unions in the West of Ireland, the beggars or Killarney have the faculty of thriving anyhow: “There is a regular class of professionals at Killarney, who have been supported by the public visiting there for many years: they prefer begging to going into the workhouse, or receiving out-door relief; their condition has not materially deteriorated since the period of the distress; they pick up sufficient from a certain number of people about the country. A kind of freemasonry has always existed among the beggars of Killarney; they do not allow interlopers.” In five minutes we are out of the hubbub, galloping on a real rickety Irish car towards the Victoria Hotel. The gates of an avenue fly open,—the Lake is at our feet. The most charming of inns is before us,—and the kindest of hostesses accords us a welcome that makes us at home in a moment. And now for dinner in right earnest.

A gray evening. In the constant twilight of June we can dimly trace the outlines of the mountains long after sunset. Thin clouds float slowly beneath their heads, and seem almost to kiss the lake. The moon is climbing the sky, “with how sad steps.” Ever and anon the quiet water is bright with one long silver



1.—AGHADOE.



2.—INNISFALLEN.



streak. But how small the lake looks; how close seem the mountains. Islands! they appear no bigger than buoys! Will the morning light give breadth and grandeur to the scene?

Sleep—the sleep of fatigue for a few hours—and then reveries and sorrowful remembrances. Faces, such as we never saw till this day, array themselves before us. Sounds, such as we have heard in the solitary wail of some one of the unhappy, but never before in the fearful clamour of a multitude, ring in our ears. There is speechless gesticulation, too, more dread to recall than any sound. We used to read of Irish beggary as a compound of misery and fun. At Mallow, and Millstreet, and Killarney, there were professional beggars in abundance; but even with them the fun was gone. There were other beggars—pallid girls, boys prematurely old, tall skeletons of men bending with inanition and not with years, mothers with unsmiling infants vainly stretching towards the fevered breast. And yet the workhouses, we were told, were open to all, and they were not filled. Many

of the beings that we saw would have been in their graves but for the pound of Indian meal a day that a humane law was allowing them during the terrible season of scarcity that precedes the harvest. It is a mystery. There is grievous error somewhere—perchance guilt. We fear that the bulk of happier English are not wholly guiltless. We have not denied our purses, but we have not probed the evil. We have shut our eyes. We have dozed over the thrice-told tale. It is time we were awake, and searching into the root of the matter.

Broad day. We look out upon the Lake in its beautiful repose beneath the shadows of the mountains, and the distempered dreams are fled, to suggest serious and abiding thoughts.

At some half mile from the Victoria Inn there is a considerable hill, upon which stand the remains of the church of Aghadoe. (Cut, No. 1.) It is the most accessible eminence from which we can obtain an adequate view of the Lower Lake. At the corner of the lane which leads to the hill, a guide presented himself—a sorrow-



3.—WATER-CARRIERS.



stricken man. This was not a man of song and legend, of mirth and obsequiousness. He lived in a hovel, at the foot of the hill: he clung to his potato-holding—his potatoes had failed—and the dole of Indian meal was therefore withheld from him, under the clause of the Poor-Law Extension Act, which requires that no occupier of more than a quarter of an acre shall obtain outdoor relief. He was a fitting guide to a deserted church and a populous cemetery, where skulls and coffin-planks are scattered about in wild confusion,—one tenant of “the house appointed for all living” evicting another, as if the land-struggle were never to end. Within that mouldering doorway, the sole monument of the elaborate architecture of the old abbey, all is now a scene of desecration. The peasant kneels in pious agony at the head-stone of his father’s grave;—in a few years his father’s bones are bleaching in the mountain wind.

Yes! Killarney is magnificent!

“In the distance Heaven is blue above  
Mountains where sleep the unsunn’d tarns.”

On the opposite shore of the lake beneath us, gigantic hills, clothed with magnificent timber to the water’s edge, with “cloud-capp’d” heads, Toomies and Glenea; rising over these, the glowing Purple Mountain and the mighty Reeks; the Lake studded with green islands; every variety of outline—every combination of colour. Let us away, and look into the inmost bosom of this enchanting region! A boat!—a boat!

This is, indeed, a “trim-built wherry,” and a fitting crew—four “boys,” with frank Irish faces, that will light up under a joke. They have had a hard time, poor fellows! Colonel Clarke, in his examination before the Lords’ Committee of the present year, on the operation of the Irish Poor-Law, told a sad tale:—“This last summer the unfortunate state of the country entirely deterred persons from visiting Killarney; and so far from benefit being derived there, I was informed that the proprietor of the Victoria Hotel was a dead loser of £1000 by the season. . . . I believe there were a great many boatmen thrown out of business. The visitors were so few at Killarney last summer, that, in fact, there was nothing doing of any sort.” Out of their privations, past and present, may they learn the rare virtue of prudence. Gerald Griffin has described them, in ‘The Collegians’:—“Them boatmen arn’t allowed to dhrink anything while they’re upon the lake, except at the *stations*: but then, to make up for that, they all meet at night at a hall in town, where they stay dancing and dhrinking all night, till they spend whatever the quollity gives ’em in the day. Luke Kennedy (that’s this boy) would like to save, if he could; but the rest wouldn’t pull an oar with him, if he didn’t do as they do. So that’s the way of it. And sometimes afther being up all night a’most, you’ll see ’em out again at the first light in the mornin’.”

At the helm of our boat sits what is here termed “a bugle.” John Spillane, one of the sons of a famous sirc, was our musician and our steersman. He

quietly told us what we were going to see; and when we saw it had no superfluous raptures to bestow upon the “*genius loci*,”—an excellent fellow, from the beginning to the end of our four days’ experience. Our crew, till we became better acquainted, were silent and reserved. We had a very light infliction, throughout our stay, of what Gerald Griffin describes as “the teasing of the guides, and the lies of the boatmen.” Innisfallen! Coleridge says, “Expectation is far higher than surprise;” and who has not had “expectation” raised by the name of Innisfallen? We pulled through a heavy swell from the west, which gave us some faint notion of the occasional dangers of the Lower Lake, and soon neared the famous islet. There it rests—one mass of brilliant green on the bosom of the dark wave. As we come nearer and nearer we trace the exquisite forms of its woods, in all their wondrous variety of foliage, dropping to the water’s edge. One gleam of sun to light up the brilliant mass,—and then a mist creeps down from the mountains, and Innisfallen is in her tearful mood. (Cut No. 2.) Half an hour’s ramble, in spite of mist or shower, o’ercanopied by elm and ash as we tread the dewy greensward, or looking out from some little bay, bright with holly and arbutus, over the bright lake—and we leave Innisfallen—happily without knowing that some of the trees have been cut down since a lady tourist first visited it, and that she last saw it “with soreness of spirit:”

“Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well!

May calm and sunshine long be thine:

How fair thou wert let others tell,

While but to feel how fair is mine!”

And now our little craft is steered across the Lake, that we may land at O’Sullivan’s Cascade. O’Sullivan, and more especially O’Donaghue, will soon be “familiar in our mouths,” when our boatmen become talkative—but not as yet. We land at a little cove, and find ourselves in a thick covert, treading upon soft moss, as we ascend a gentle hill. Gradually the path grows narrower—the splash of waters fall on the ear—a rapid rivulet is beneath, dashing through the under-wood—and at length we stand before the solitary Fall. Here is no basin where the troubled waters may rest in their course, as at the Lower Fall of Rydal. The torrent rushes on, hiding itself in the green banks, as if glad to escape from noise and light, into silence and mystery. This is indeed a charming Fall—severe in its beauty—unspoiled by art—especially solemn now the mist is on the hill. Here the botanist may revel in the search for plants which belong only to the West—mosses and ferns little known in our southern woods and water-courses. Bree’s Fern (*Lastræa Recurva*), according to Mr. Newman, is the admiration of botanists in the neighbourhood of Killarney; and at O’Sullivan’s Cascade he observed it in the most graceful and beautiful luxuriance. To the unscientific eye, the prodigality of growth exhibited by these feathery forms—dark purple stems, contrasting

with the brightest green of the crisped leaves—is sufficiently striking. The foliage around us is quivering with approaching steps. We look about expectingly. But no

“Satyrs and sylvan boys are seen,  
Peeping from forth their alleys green.”

Two emaciated little girls, preternaturally pallid, have watched the arrival of the stranger, and are come to offer their gleanings of the woods—a hart’s horn—a wild nosegay. Poor wretched children—all mirth of childhood is vanished from their faces. In the mountain-hovel where they crouch, there has been grievous want. They have become acquainted with the bitterness of life very early. And we are pleasure seeking! We are surrendering ourselves to all sweet thoughts and influences! “The sunshine of the breast” is driving out all remembrances of fear and trouble. But *now*, when we think of that quiet place in the luxuriant woods, the faces of these poor children still haunt the spot, and make us sad. We understand now, when we read the evidence of a resident in the county of Mayo, the exact meaning of his words:

“Will you describe the condition of the infants and young children?”

“They look very bad indeed: they seem almost like animals of a lower class; they are wasted and wan.”

There is direct testimony that in the Killarney district this terrible indication of the ravages of famine is too apparent. A competent witness speaks of “the wretched emaciated appearance of the children.” Other tourists will see these very children; and, perhaps, will come home and talk of Irish beggary. “Take physic, Pomp.” May these heirs of misfortune live to see brighter days! May they, escaped from pinching want, surround the stranger, as he was wont to be surrounded, with smiling faces, unheeding of naked feet or scanty drapery—such a group as Ireland has often shown to the delighted artist—joyous and graceful in the simple labours of happy poverty! (Cut No. 3.)

We run up the Lake under the shadow of Glenna, and look back lingeringly upon Innisfallen. There is the little ruined oratory which gave us shelter from the passing shower—a relic of the abbey which existed, according to the ‘Annals of Innisfallen,’ twelve centuries ago. The material works of the monks have perished, but their higher labours tell of ancient learning and its isolated civilization. The ‘Annals’ have been translated and printed as recently as 1825;—one of the original copies is in the British Museum. No one of the population speaks of the humble labourers in the arts of peace who dwelt here for ages; and whose records, combined with those of their country, come down to the fourteenth century. But the memories of the barbarous chieftains who once ruled over these lakes and mountains in devastating power, linger still in music and legend. One of the records in the ‘Annals’ is to this effect:—“Anno, 1180; this abbey of Innisfallen being ever esteemed a paradise and a secure sanctuary, the treasure and the most valuable effects of the whole country were deposited in the

hands of the clergy; notwithstanding which, we find the abbey was plundered in this year by Maolduin, son of Daniel O’Donaghue. Many of the clergy were slain, and even in their cemetery, by the Mac Carthys.” But the O’Donaghue, whose legends are associated with every island of these lakes, and of whom we are now beginning to hear unceasingly, was (at some dateless period) the lord of Ross—brave and wise, beautiful and generous. Unfortunate, of course, he was, so one of the islands is O’Donaghue’s prison;—a mighty leader of chivalry, so another is O’Donaghue’s horse;—learned, and therefore a rock must be O’Donaghue’s library;—jovial and hospitable, so a cave is O’Donaghue’s cellar. On every May morning he is seen gliding over the lake on a white steed, and he has a palace under the waters, whence he issues to gladden the eyes of many who have actually beheld him. Philosophy has discovered that the appearance of the O’Donaghue is an optical illusion, and that the boatmen do not wholly palm their stories upon the credulity of the stranger. Such an illusion, if we may venture to say so, is the spirit which is just now attempting to raise up a *nationality* out of Celtic remains, and Irish literature. The antiquities of every country are full of instruction, and Irish antiquities especially so. They tell of past ages of feudal barbarism; but these are associated with the song of the bard and the learning of the priest. On every side there are ruined castles, dilapidated abbeys, mysterious towers, cairns and cromlechs. Most wisely has the hand of taste and public spirit interfered to prevent the lamentable desecration of all these objects which had been going on for many a year. Translate the old popular songs, cherish the native music, search into the ancient annals of the country—but let not the men of ability and various knowledge who are labouring at this good work believe that a true nationality is to be founded upon the memories of the times which preceded the English conquest. We may be prejudiced; but to us it appears little better than the weakness of a false enthusiasm to lament over the decay of the Irish language; and to stigmatize the efforts to disseminate the use of English, as a tyrannous and selfish policy. Upon what do we Englishmen found our nationality? Not upon the legends of Arthur, or the victories of Athelstan—the learning of Eadmer or the verses of Cædmon. We read the Saxon war-song of the battle of Brunanburgh with antiquarian delight,—but when we hope to be “free or die” we think of “the tongue which Shakspeare spake.” In our view, the true Irish nationality had better be raised upon the great names in literature of Swift, and Berkeley, and Burke, and Goldsmith, and Edgeworth, and Moore, and a hundred other illustrious, than upon the relics of the old bards, pagan or Christian;—and one lesson from the real civilizer, “the man who makes two blades of corn grow where one grew before,” is to our minds more precious than all the dreams of the barbaric splendour of the Mac Murroughs and O’Neals, and all the glories of the hill of Tara.

The shower is of short duration. We have seen



the mountains in their misty sublimity, and now the woods are glittering in the passing sun-light, and towering to the soft blue sky in their unrivalled verdure. We are near enough to the base of the mountain to see distinctly the character of that sea of woodland which stretches up to its gray summit. It is not composed of tiny shrubs, but of tall trees, infinitely varied in their summer tints—and at the water's edge is the bright arbutus, itself a tree in these regions. We are steering towards the little cove, at the head of the Lake—and now we land at the loveliest of pleasure houses, planted under these embosoming woods in a garden rich with "flowers of all hues." There is another cottage, too, where the stranger will find a welcome. Provident has the good hostess of the Victoria been for our comforts—and there is a piece of epicurism to be gone through, for which even the best sauce of Soyer would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess"—salmon fresh from the lake, broiled upon arbutus skewers before a peat-fire. Charming Glena! We must come again to loiter in thy quiet walks. We can never be sated with thy peacefulness. We have no tourist's desire to be moving on and seeing more. We envy the statesman of whom they told us, that, coming here in an autumn afternoon, and lingering too long, the lake was suddenly lashed into fury by the rising wind, and he was compelled to stay all night in the sheltered cottage. But we must go. The bugle summons us from our reveries. We have the Torc Lake to explore, before the sun sinks behind the Purple mountain.

Look, reader, upon the map of the Lakes, and trace

our course, for it is scarcely to be made intelligible without such help. Starting from the bay at Glena, there is a narrow inlet to the Torc Lake between Dinis Island and the Peninsula of Mucruss. But there is another way by which that Lake is entered—the broader channel on the west side of the island. The continuation of that channel leads to the Upper Lake—a river scene, five miles in extent. The passage round Dinis Island into the Torc Lake is something so peculiar in its beauty, that we scarcely know how to convey a notion of its characteristics. Some of the creeks of the Thames above Windsor, and more especially a close passage between Henley and Marlow, are eminently beautiful. There the osiers lose their formality amidst banks of sedge and beds of water lilies—and the unpollarded willow drops gracefully into the silent stream, unruffled except by the leap of the chub or the plunge of the kingfisher. But here the common river-trees are scarcely to be recognized in their exceeding verdure. The channel is not difficult because of rush or weed,—but huge masses of rock form narrow eddies where the boat can scarcely glide, and then shelve off into sheltering basins for the lilies. But the ferns! It is impossible to conceive of the beauty of a close river whose banks are completely fringed by the noble Flowering Fern, the *Osmunda Regalis*—(a latinized Saxon name, of which *mund* signifies strength)—a fern exquisite in its grace, and gigantic in its proportions. Those formal rushes of our southern streams, how can we tolerate them, when we have seen the immense ferns of Dinis o'erarching the little river with their pendulous heads,—sheltering



4.—TORC LAKE.



legions of water-fowl who seem to be fearless under their emerald canopies. Scott, it is said, had no word of praise for these Lakes and Mountains, he was thinking of Loch Lomond and Loch Awe. But when he was here he exclaimed, "*This* is worth coming to see!"

The sun is westering as we enter the Torc Lake. We are in the most profound solitude. Scarcely a breath of wind creeps over the waters. We gaze in silence on the noble mountain from which the lake derives its name; when the mellow notes of Spillane's bugle for the first time soothe and gladden us. Over the water floats the tender air of 'Eileen a Roon'—the gem of Irish music five centuries ago—plagiarized into 'Robin Adair' in Scotland—naturalized in France, by Boieldieu. Ever and anon a slight echo returns some emphatic note. And then, with a natural courtesy, one of our boatmen sings an Irish air at our request: it was a pastoral song, wild and melancholy. A writer of taste, Mr. Edward Walsh, has translated many of these popular ballads, which appear to have been chiefly produced in the last century. Many of their favourite images seem to be derived from the scenery of these regions: "The enamoured poet will lead his love over the green-topped hills of the South

or West, will show her ships and sails through the vistas of the forest, as they seek their retreat by the shore of the broad lake. They shall dine on the venison of the hills, the trout of the lake, and the honey of the hollow oak. Their couch shall be the purple-blossomed heath, the soft moss of the rock, or the green rushes strewn with creamy agrimony, and the early call of the heath-cock alone shall break their slumber of love." We go coasting round the Lake; we see the distant Torc Waterfall—a pencil of light; we listen to other songs and other bugle-notes; and, steered into one of the caverns of the rock, learn that we are in O'Donaghue's wine-cellar,—a fitting place for one "cup of kindness" with old and new friends. And now for a long pull homeward. (Cut No. 4.)

A brilliant morning! Away with the libellers of Killarney—the praters about perpetual showers! Could it be the Irish *LOVER* who wrote these vile unpatriotic lines on his country's climate?

"The rain comes down  
The leaves to drown,  
Not a gleam of sun to alloy it;  
From my heart I wish  
I was but a fish,  
What a glorious place to enjoy it.



5.—THE GAP OF DUNLOE.



"No light is on  
Old Mangerton,  
And Tore I cannot make out, sir;  
What need to roam,  
When, nearer home,  
You've a fine cascade from the spout, sir?"

At any rate *we* are lucky. Here is a glorious morning for a ride through the Gap of Dunloe, and the boat to meet us at the head of the Upper Lake.

The road which leads along the northern bank of the Lower Lake, till it falls into the Laune river, is a quiet and picturesque road, with few traces of extreme poverty. The little fields are well cultivated, and the wretched hovel is seldom seen. We reach the Laune Bridge; below us is a rapid stream, very tempting to the angler; before us the Gap opens its ponderous jaws. Through a wild and boggy country we gradually ascend a mountain road. We have to pass round the shoulder of a rock, and at the angle stands a tidy woman, waiting for the travellers, with her jug of goats'-milk. We turn the rock, and ascend the Gap:

"The abrupt mountain breaks,  
And seems, with its accumulated crags,  
To overhang the world."

It is curious how tourists differ in their estimation of particular scenes. Inglis says, "The Gap of Dunloe did not seem to me to be worthy of its reputation: it is merely a deep valley; but the rocks which flank the valley are neither very lofty, nor very remarkable in their form; and although, therefore, the Gap presents many features of the picturesque, its approaches to sublimity are very distant." Mrs. Hall calls it, "a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence; the singular character of the deep ravine would seem to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains, and left them apart for ever. Its deep gloom oppresses the spirits with exceeding melancholy." These wide differences of opinion probably proceed from the different aspects under which a scene is viewed, and the varying moods of mind produced by those varying aspects. What is beautiful in the noonday sun is solemn in the misty evening. We passed through this chasm in a bright July morning; the Loe was rushing down its rocky bed; on the right the Reeks lifted up their heads to the blue sky,—even the topmost peak; on the left, the Purple Mountain blushed in the glowing light. We halted at a spot where Spillane vanished into a deep dell, and then rose such a wild bugle strain repeated in the most delicious softness by the rocks around, that the whole scene was one of enchantment. We thought of Shelley's noble translation of Faust, in which the images of beauty and sublimity are so gloriously mingled:

"But see, how swift advance and shift  
Trees behind trees, row by row,—  
How, cliff by cliff, rocks bend and lift  
Their frowning foreheads as we go.

The giant-snouted crags, ho! ho!  
How they snort, and how they blow!  
Through the mossy sods and stones,  
Stream and streamlet hurry down,  
A rushing throng! A sound of song  
Beneath the vault of Heaven is blown!  
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones  
Of this bright day, sent down to say  
That Paradise in Earth is known,  
Resound around, beneath, above  
All we hope and all we love  
Finds a voice in this blithe strain,  
Which wakens hill, and wood, and rill,  
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,  
And which Echo, like the tale  
Of old times, repeats again."

There is a charming description in 'The Collegians' of the view looking down the Gap, from the Purple Mountain. We would rather trust it than our own rapid impressions:—"Although the day was fine, and sometimes cheered with sunshine near the base of the mountain, its summit was wrapped in mist, and wet with incessant showers. The scenery around was solitary, gigantic, and sternly barren. The figure of some wonder-hunting tourist, with a guide-boy bearing his portfolio and umbrella, appeared at long intervals, among the lesser undulations of the mountain side; and the long road which traversed the gloomy valley dwindled to the width of a meadow foot-path. On the opposite side of the enormous ravine, the gray and misty Reeks still raised their crumbling summits far above him. Masses of white mist gathered in sullen congress between their peaks, and, sometimes floating upward in large volumes, were borne majestically onward, catching a thousand tints of gold and purple from the declining sun. Sometimes a trailing shower, of mingled mist and rain, would sweep across the intervening chasm, like the sheeted spectre of a giant, and present to the eye of the spectator that appearance which supplied the imagination of Ossian with its romantic images. The mighty gorge itself, at one end, appeared to be lost and divided amid a host of mountains tossed together in provoking gloom and misery. Lower down, it opened upon a wide and cultivated champaign, which, at this altitude, presented the resemblance of a rich mosaic of a thousand colours, and afforded a bright contrast to the barren and shrubless gloom of the solitary vale itself." (Cut. No. 5.)

Echoes again! but not the echoes of music. There is a poor man with a cannon, who produces mimic thunder at a shilling a shot. We would rather he would have the shilling, and save the powder. It is a failure. We ride on till we cross the lonely bridge over the Loe, and ascend to the extremity of the gorge. And now there is indeed a scene. We look over "The Black Valley" through which lies our road; the Upper Lake is beneath us—a basin amongst the mountains. All around us is unmistakeably grand. The long valley of mingled rocks and greensward—the stream which flows through it into the Lake,—mountains which shut out the world—one way to

enter, the gorge which we have left,—one to retreat, the Lake which seems to have no outlet. At the top of the Pass we came up with two Englishmen. They were millwrights from Newcastle who had been working in the interior, and had come a long distance to see Killarney on their way homeward. Honoured be their noble curiosity. A great Poet—one we must all reverence—has argued that the love of fine scenery is an acquired taste, and belongs only to highly cultivated minds;—and so Grasmere is no proper place for a Manchester weaver. Such notions come of seclusion from the world. It is the privilege of the times in which we live that the glories of our own land are rendered accessible to those of very humble means; and the interchange of thoughts between the artisans of one district and another, would do far more to destroy prejudices and cultivate good will, than the confined observations of the rich pleasure-seekers, who seldom come in contact with the people. These worthy men went home, we have no doubt, with improved hearts and understandings;—better satisfied with their own lot, and more ready to make some sacrifices for relieving the wants of others.

As we approach the Lake the road becomes more difficult; but the sure-footed ponies step briskly amongst the stony lumps that lie in the path, and instinctively avoid the frequent bogs. We come to an iron grating, in a rude wall, which turns on its rusty hinges, and admits us into a smiling demesne. Here the river runs between gentle banks, in flowery meadows:

“Cultured slopes,  
Wild tracts of forest ground, and scattered groves,  
And mountains bare, or clothed with ancient woods,  
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way  
Along the level of the glassy flood,  
They ceased not to surround us; change of place,  
From kindred features diversely combined,  
Producing change of beauty ever new.”

The Poet of ‘The Excursion’ from whom we quote, has done so much to make us all love his Lakes and Mountains, that, for his sake, we might wish that the railway whistle should never sound over Windermere: but for the sake of our fellows we heartily rejoice that it does so sound; and more especially glad are we that Killarney can now be reached by common men. There is nothing grander in these kingdoms than the Upper Lake, over which our boat is now gliding. The mountains seem to have their feet in the deep waters;—they rise sheer up on every side. Gray islands spring abruptly from the bosom of the deep. Then, again, there are island rocks surmounted with the greenest of trees,—and on some the arbutus attains a size that is altogether wondrous. (Cut No. 6.) But we must see this Upper Lake again:

“Too solemn for day, too sweet for night.”

We are now in “The Long Range”—that beautiful channel which terminates at Glenna. We are nearing

the far-famed ‘Eagle’s Nest.’ But before we make a sudden turn round the point of the channel at its base, we must land, while the most marvellous echo of Killarney is awakened. The bugle calls. One echo, full,—another, faint;—another, fainter;—another, imperfect;—another, *bothered*;—original echo;—repeat, imperfect. This is Mr. Crofton Croker’s catalogue, accompanying his musical notation, of the echoes of the Eagle’s Nest. The day was not quite favourable to the effect, so we lost some of this wonder. But the cannon! Alpine thunder could not be more sublime: one crash,—a peal,—another—and another—silence—then, far away, a solemn roll,—dying into low murmurings in the extreme distance. Inglis has truly and beautifully said of these startling effects, “our imagination endues the mountains with life; and to their attributes of magnitude, and silence, and solitude, we, for a moment, add the power of listening, and a voice.”

The Eagle’s Nest is a pyramidal rock, rising without a break from its base. At a distance, with the giant mountains hanging over it, the Eagle’s Nest appears of no marvellous elevation. Even when we float beneath its shadow, it is difficult to imagine that it is three times the height of Saint Paul’s. We have been surrounded with none but large objects, and the eye has lost its accustomed sense of height and distance. The pencil cannot make such proportions intelligible. (Cut No. 7.)

Below the Eagle’s Nest is a passage through which a laden boat is not very safe to pass, according to the boatmen. To shoot the Old Weir Bridge is a feat, and it is quite proper to keep tourists out of the way of danger. We land, therefore, and let the boat glide through “at its own sweet will,” bearing only our fair companion, who, with all womanly sympathies and refinements, has too high a mind to fear imaginary dangers. Once more on the lovely Dinis River, and then into the Lower Lake, and across to Ross island.

Our space is too limited to allow us to digress much into history, or the history of Ross Castle would be worth relating. Erected by one of the early Donaghues, it was the last stronghold in Munster which defied the cannon of the Parliamentary Ironsides. Ludlow laid siege to it in 1652; and by some wondrous exertion conveyed boats to the Lake with the intention of attacking it on the side where an enemy could scarcely be expected. The garrison surrendered with little resistance—alarmed, it is said, by the remembrance of a prophecy, that Ross should fall, when war-ships should sail upon the Lake. As Innisfallen is associated with the ancient religion of these beautiful regions, Ross is in the same way allied to all records and legends of the feudal power, which once held undivided sway over these waters. Beneath this embattled tower the spirit-stirring bagpipe once summoned the mountaineers together at the call of ‘The Eagle’s Whistle,’ and ‘The Step of the Glens,’—the marches of the O’Donaghues, which still may be heard in hall or bower, “stirring the heart as with a trumpet.” Froissart has a striking picture of such chieftains as those who sat five centuries





6.—UPPER LAKE.

ago in the halls of Ross. It is the narrative of Sir Henry Christall, who was taken prisoner by the Irish in the time of Richard II.—married the daughter of his captor—and coming back after many years to English society, was sent to attend upon the kings who had submitted themselves to England, and were detained in a sort of honourable captivity in Dublin :

“The king my sovereign lord’s intent was, that in manner, countenance, and apparel of clothing, they should use according to the manner of England ; for the king thought to make them all four knights : they had a fair house to lodge in in Dublin, and I was charged to abide still with them and not to depart ; and so two or three days I suffered them to do as they list, and said nothing to them, but followed their own appetites. They would sit at the table and make countenance neither good nor fair. Then I thought I should cause them to change that manner. They would cause their minstrels, their servants, and varlets, to sit with them and to eat in their own dish, and to drink of their cups ; and they showed me that the usage of their country was good, for they said, in all things (except their beds), they were and lived as common. So the fourth day I ordained other tables to be covered in the hall, after the usage of England, and I made these four kings to sit at the high table, and their minstrels at another board, and their servants and varlets at another beneath them, whereof by seeming they were displeased, and beheld each other and

would not eat, and said how I would take from them their good usage, wherein they had been nourished. Then I answered them, smiling to appease them, that it was not honourable for their estates to do as they did before, and that they must leave it and use the custom of England, and that it was the king’s pleasure they should do so, and how he was charged so to order them. When they heard that they suffered it, because they had put themselves under the obeisance of the king of England, and persevered in the same as long as I was with them ; yet they had one use which I knew well was used in their country, and that was, they did wear no breeches ; I caused breeches of linen cloth to be made for them. While I was with them I caused them to leave many rude things, as well in clothing as in other causes. Much ado I had at first to cause them to wear gowns of silk furred with minever and gray ; for before these kings thought themselves well apparelled when they had on a mantle. They rode always without saddles and stirrups, and with great pain I made them to ride after our usage.”

It is pleasant to contrast the frank fellowship of the native kings towards their minstrels and servants, with the formal etiquette of the Anglo-Norman court. There were nobler feelings in these despisers of “gowns of silk furred with minever,” than in the luxurious Richard. Two centuries after, Sir John Harrington saw the great rebel, Hugh Tyrone, and wondered at the love of his retainers. If the old brotherhood were kept up, there



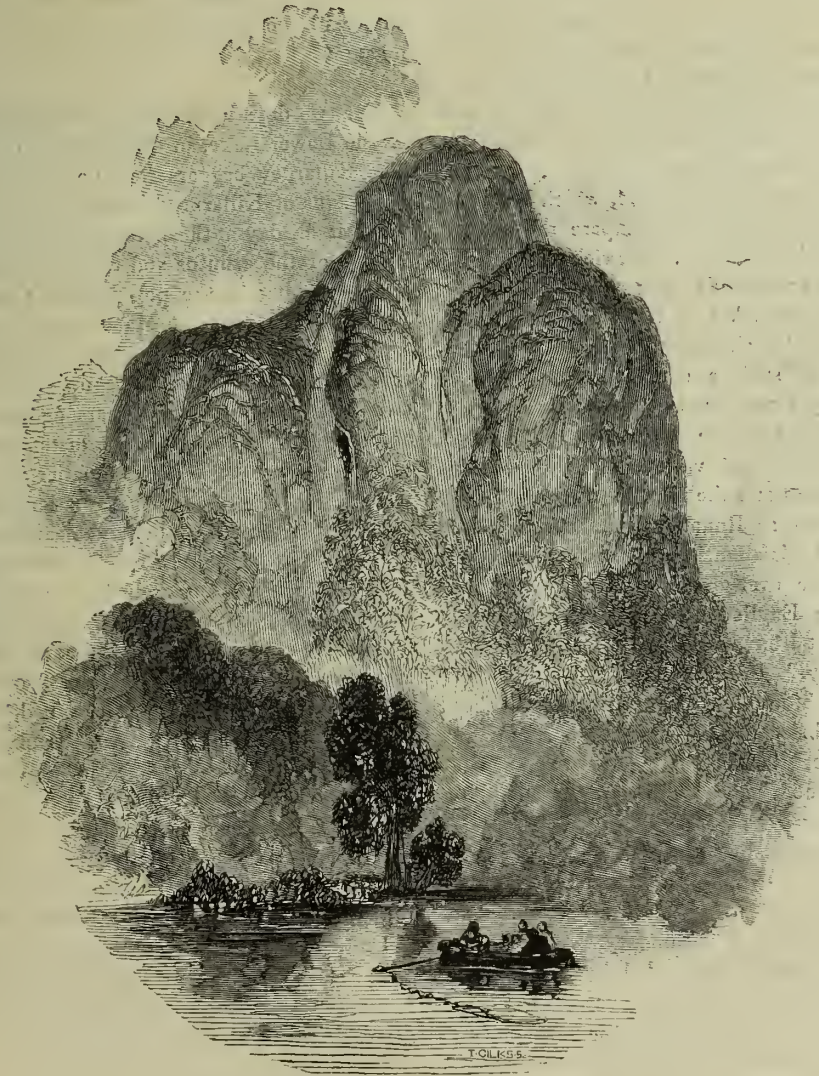
is no mystery in the matter. The young O'Neals, the sons of Tyrone, wore velvet jerkins and gold lace, and the father made the "witty godson" of Elizabeth read him some cantos of his translation of Ariosto; but the followers of the earl were unspoiled in their fidelity by any refinements of luxury or knowledge:

"The earl," says Sir John Harrington, "began by debasing his own manner of hard life, comparing himself to wolves, that fill their bellies sometime, and fast as long for it. \* \* \* Other pleasant and idle tales were needless and impertinent, or to describe his fern-table and fern-forms, spread under the stately canopy of heaven. His guard, for the most part, were beardless boys without shirts; who, in the frost, wade as familiarly through rivers as water-spaniels. With what charm such a master makes them love him I know not, but if he bid come, they come; if go, they do go; if he say do this, they do it."

But we are lingering too long amongst the traces of old manners, as we lingered, till the sun was setting,

in the exquisite gardens of Ross Island,—looking out from paths beauteous with every shrub and flower that art has here acclimated or nature strown, upon the mountains on which the mists are gathering, and driving fast before a gusty wind. Our steersman is impatient,—and he has cause. "The boys" pull with a will through the waves, which now heave like a troubled sea. We have passed in a quarter of an hour from serene beauty into stern grandeur. How solemnly now sleeps Innisfallen in her watery bed; Glenna looks frowning; the Lake is black, beyond all imaginable blackness of water—black in its vast depth, and beneath the gloom of the gathering clouds. Welcome the friendly shallow of the point on which our boat at last is stranded.

Now, that we have seen these Lakes under very favourable circumstances, and can judge in some degree of their claims to surpassing beauty, let us compare our own impressions with those of two very competent but essentially different observers. Inglis, acute, cau-



7.—EAGLE'S NEST.



tious, rarely elevated beyond the point of calm satisfaction; Wilson, the most tasteful and discriminating of enthusiasts. It is true that we have been only two days, as yet, amongst these wondrous scenes;—but we have had rare opportunities of weather—all appliances at hand—and not an hour lost. We agree to the utmost extent of admiration with our two authorities.

And first Inglis:—"Although the lakes of Killarney are three in number, yet they are all contained in one mountain hollow; and certainly there is not, within the same compass, anything in England presenting the same concentration of charms. There is infinitely greater variety at Killarney. In form, and in the outline of its mountain boundaries, the lower lake of Killarney is decidedly superior to Winandermere: and though the head of Ulleswater presents a bolder outline than is anywhere to be found in Killarney, yet it is upon this outline alone that the reputation of Ulleswater depends. Elsewhere than at Patterdale, the lake scenery is tame; and the same may be said of Winandermere, which, towards the lower extremity, is almost devoid of attraction. On the contrary, throughout the whole chain of lakes, there is a variety at Killarney; tameness is nowhere to be found: and I cannot think that the somewhat nearer approach to sublimity, which is found at the head of Ulleswater, can weigh in the balance against the far greater variety in the picturesque and the beautiful, which Killarney affords. It would be unfair to compare the lakes of Killarney, with Winandermere, Keswick, and Ulleswater; for these are spread over a great extent of country; whereas, the lakes of Killarney are all contained within a smaller circumference than Winandermere: but even if such a comparison were to be admitted, Killarney would outvie the English lakes in one charm, in which they are essentially deficient. I mean the exuberance and variety of foliage which adorns both the banks and the islands of the Killarney lakes. Such islands as Ronan's Island, Oak Island, Dinis Island, and Innisfallen, covered with magnificent timber and gigantic ever-greens, are nowhere to be found amongst the English lakes. I think it will be gathered from what I have said, that I accord the preference to Killarney."

Christopher North, in the passage which we are about to quote, is more brief than in his previous summing up of the characteristics of the English and Scotch Lakes; but he is not in the slightest degree less emphatic when he thus bursts out. He is looking from Mangerton, whither we shall lead our reader before we part:

"What a panorama! Our first feeling was one of grief that we were not an Irishman. We knew not where to fix our gaze. Surrounded by the dazzling bewilderment of all that multitudinous magnificence, the eye, as if afraid to grapple with the near glory—for such another day never shone from heaven—sought elief in the remote distance, and slid along the beautiful river Kenmare, insinuating itself among the recesses

of the mountains, till it rested on the green glimmer of the far-off sea. The grandeur was felt, far off as it was, of that iron-bound coast. Coming round with an easy sweep, as the eye of an eagle may do, when hanging motionless aloft he but turns his head, our eyes took in all the mighty range of the Reeks, and rested in awe on Carran-Tual. Wild yet gentle was the blue ærial haze over the glimpses of the Upper Lake, where soft and sweet, in a girdle of rocks, seemed to be hanging, now in air and now in water—for all was strangely indistinct in the dim confusion—masses of green light, that might be islands with their lovely trees. But suddenly tipt with fire shone out the golden pinnacles of the Eagle's Nest; and as again they were tamed by cloud-shadow, the glow of Purple Mountain for a while enchained our vision, and then left it free to feast on the forest of Glena, till, wandering at the capricious will of fancy, it floated in delight over the woods of Mucruss, and long lost among the trembling imagery of the water, found lasting repose in the steadfast beauty of the sylvan isle of Innisfallen."

With this passage in our minds we close our second day, with hopes of a bright sky for Mangerton tomorrow.

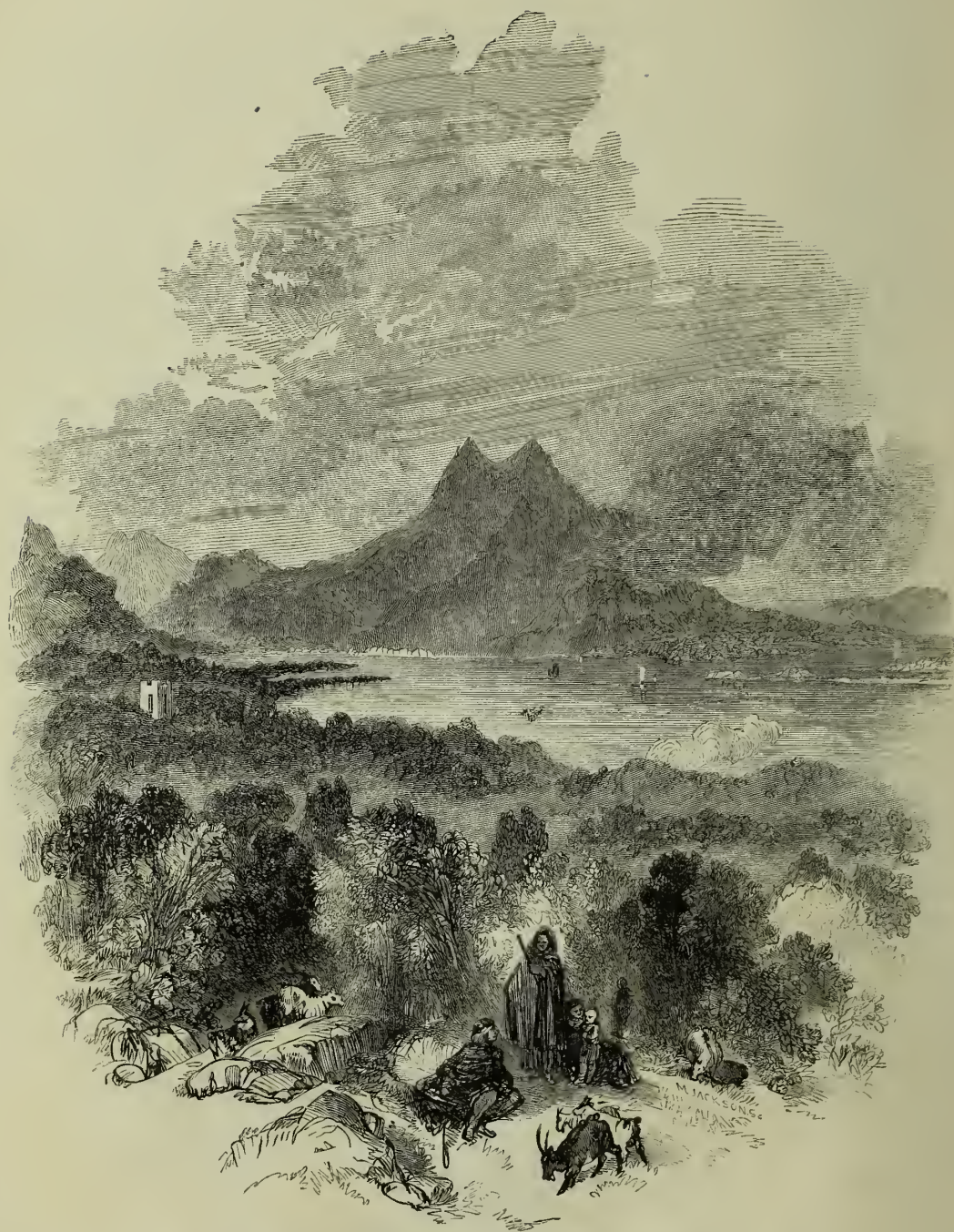
For two days we have been sequestered on the bank of the Lower Lake, in the profound quiet of our hotel. The Killarney beggars find no admission here. The only signs of Killarney life are the two patient women who sit all day at the hotel-door, offering their knick-knacks of the arbutus and the bog-oak. It is time we saw something of the population; so we will walk to Mucruss on our way to Mangerton.

A pretty road of a mile leads to Killarney. We pass the unfinished cathedral, begun, from the design of Pugin, some four or five years ago, and left as it is through failing means. At a distance on the hill is a noble asylum for pauper lunatics,—and, somewhat nearer, the Union Workhouse—a large fabric. Within this Workhouse all is order and cleanliness. At the time of our visit to Killarney the Guardians had additional buildings for in-door relief,—the whole capable of accommodating 2,800 persons. The Union, it appears, is admirably managed; the Guardians have had no assistance from Government; out-door relief has been administered, not to the able-bodied, but in extreme cases of widows and children. And yet, although a stern necessity was driving the able-bodied fast into the Workhouse, there were causes in operation which kept out many even when famine was at their door. The children are the first victims. The parents will not come into the Workhouse with their families till the last moment. Are they badly fed? Are they cruelly treated? Quite the contrary. Discipline, order, regularity, cleanliness, deter them from seeking this relief. A witness before the Lords' Committee says, "It is the dread of cold water being applied to them, and clean clothing."

Another witness says, that they would infinitely prefer privations of food and clothing, and insufficiency

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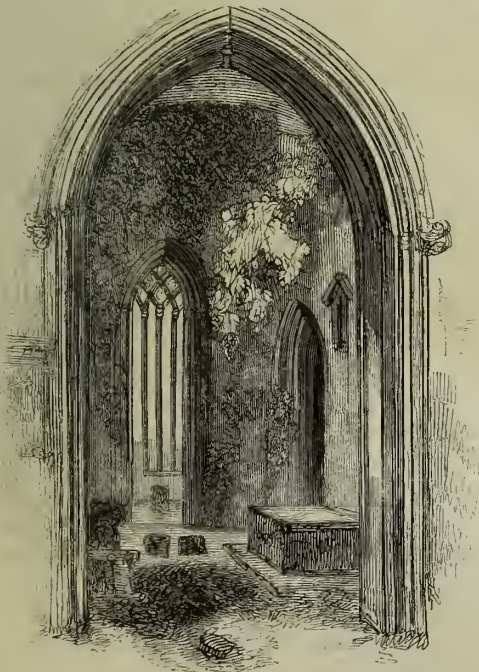
8.—LOWER LAKE, LOOKING OVER MUCRUSS DEMESNE.



of fuel, in a badly-managed workhouse, to abundance and regularity in a workhouse like that of Killarney. Crouched under a gateway as we passed through the street, we saw such a being as poets have imagined—Spenser in his Hag, Shakspeare in his Syceorax,—but such a being as never before shocked our eyes—an old woman in whom all semblance of humanity had perished. She was there to mutter and beg in her horrible filth and rags: she might have been in the workhouse. It is useless reasoning about all this. The habits of centuries are not only second nature but nature itself. Gradually, however, will the Union Workhouse eradicate these habits. At Killarney there are workshops preparing, where labour may be given to the able-bodied. Under a recent Act the Guardians are empowered to provide agricultural instruction for their young inmates; and in some Unions they have many acres under cultivation, where farm-servants are being formed who will bring skilled labour to the agricultural revolution that must take place in Ireland. Again; the girls in some of the workhouses, in Galway especially, are trained for domestic labours, and fitted to become the wives of colonists, by learning all the industrial resources of good housewifery. These Workhouses, then, which at first sight strike the traveller in Ireland as indications of misery, are likely to become great instruments of real education. The wretched hovel, dark, filthy, damp, and smoky, cannot exist for ever by the side of a well-regulated Union Workhouse. At the entrance of Killarney, as in most Irish towns, there are such hovels. Some have been pulled down, and the tenants evicted; but enough remain to show us how the mass of Irish cottiers have been living, time out of mind. Miss Edgeworth long ago described these dens of wretchedness, in an Irish

town (village), under an absentee landlord:—"This town consisted of one row of miserable huts, sunk beneath the side of the road, the mud walls crooked in every direction; some of them opening in wide cracks, or zigzag fissures, from top to bottom, as if there had just been an earthquake—all the roofs sunk in various places—thatch off, or overgrown with grass—no chimneys, the smoke making its way through a hole in the roof, or rising in clouds from the top of the open door—dunghills before the doors, and green standing puddles—squalid children, with scarcely rags to cover them, gazing at the carriage. \* \* \* \* As they drove by, some men and women put their heads through the smoke out of the cabins; pale women, with long black or yellow locks—men with countenances and figures bereft of hope and energy." (Cuts 11 to 14.)

Not the slightest change in a quarter of a century. The famine has made the matter, as far as external appearances go, not a bit the worse. The deserted cabins that we see in every part of the country tell us that evictions are going on. We have seen with our own eyes what eviction means. There is a padlock on the frail door of a mud-cabin;—the ground about is choked with weeds;—the potato-crop has failed;—the tenant can pay no rent;—he is fled, or has perished. This is a short and sad tale; and we jump too hastily to a conclusion if we think that the evil is to be remedied by banishing the potato, as well as its cultivator. Unquestionably the famine was the result of the almost exclusive potato-cultivation, in the small holdings;—and it is very easy to say that the small holdings should be turned into large farms;—corn should be grown instead of potatoes;—and the wretched cottiers become farm-labourers. The people themselves know better than superficial political econo-



9.—MUCRUSS ABBEY.



10.—TORC WATERFALL.



mists, how utterly impracticable this is ; and at Killarney, this year, the potato-cultivation was increasing instead of diminishing. A practical philanthropist, Mr. Nicholls, has made the matter very intelligible to those who will think. He is asked :

"Taking those parts of Ireland where the population is in excess, do you think it will be possible to introduce such improved agriculture as will support the people upon corn, their numbers having been created by living upon potatoes, without diminishing their numbers ?

"I think not ; I could not hope to effect such improvement in cultivation as would enable the same number of persons to obtain subsistence from corn crops as is obtained from potato culture."

Hear, again, Colonel Clarke, the Inspector of Unions in the West :

"Without contemplating the fearful alternative of a decrease of population by death, or the extreme suffering of the population, which may show itself in the diminution of births, and the power of rearing children, are there not along those shores with which you are familiar, districts in which it is difficult to anticipate that a population bred upon the potato food, can, within their own district, find the means of support upon cereal food ?

"They cannot.

"It is impossible ?

"Totally impossible, unless a greater quantity of land be brought under cultivation."

The question of transforming the Irish cottier population into labourers at wages, by a sudden movement, is very quickly disposed of by a few figures :—The gross number of holdings, as shown by agricultural returns, in 1847, was 935,939 ; of these 135,341 were under one acre ; 50,355, of from one to two acres ; 121,595, of from two to five acres. Here, then, are about 500,000 acres maintaining, wretchedly enough, about 300,000 families. In England, one labourer is employed to about fifteen acres of arable land. If the process of converting small holdings into large could be suddenly effected by any supernatural power, there would be supported about 35,000 labourers at wages, instead of 300,000 cottier tenants, upon these 500,000 acres. What is to become of the superfluous 265,000 cottier tenants and their families, amounting to a million of people, at the least ? This is a grave question, which we fear is not speedily to be solved.

But there is one view of the condition of Ireland which admits a ray of hope. The Irish are beginning to understand their real position ; and Englishmen, slowly and doggedly, are looking into causes below the surface for that misery and degradation which for ages has been indirectly coming home to ourselves. It was an opinion in Spenser's time, that Ireland remained wretched and disturbed, "for some secret scourge which shall by her come unto England ;" and some, in their ignorant impatience (as too many of us have done), "wished that all that land were a sea-pool." Truly does Spenser say of such impious desires, "this kind of speech is the manner rather of desperate men, far

driven to wish the utter ruin of that which they cannot redress, than of grave counsellors, which ought to think nothing so hard but that through wisdom it may be mastered and subdued." More religiously, and therefore more wisely, do the Society of Friends in Ireland say—"It is not for us to attempt to penetrate the secret designs of the Most High ; but we may without presumption regard the mysterious dispensation with which we have been visited, in the blight of the potato, as *a means permitted by an all-wise Providence to exhibit more strikingly the unsound state of our social condition.*"

When the history of the Famine shall be written by some one who will look upon Ireland without the prejudices of party or sect,—without an insane hatred of the England of 1849, or a stupid and base depreciation of the Irish as a race,—then will it be shown how steady has been the growth of that greatest of evils, *the abuse of the right of property in land*,—which rendered the condition of the Irish peasantry, long before this time, inferior to that of any other peasantry in Europe. The childish habit of too many to ascribe this inferiority to the character of the race, and of some to religion, must give place, above all things, to more just and charitable views. Hear what an eloquent foreigner, Count Strzelecki, who has been resident in Ireland for some years, says on this point :

"I saw Irishmen in the United States, in Canada, and in Australia, living as well as the Anglo-Saxons, acquiring their grumbling habits, and thus improving continually their condition. I saw many of those people who never tasted animal food in Ireland, coming to Australia, and becoming fastidious about the quality of the meat and tea which was served to them ; so that the low condition in which they are to be observed in Ireland is not to be attributed to the inherent character of the race. I do not believe that it is owing to religion, because they are professing the same religion in the country where they go to settle. This difference may, perhaps, be more successfully traced to the consequences of the transplantation from a narrow and confined moral and physical sphere of action, to a larger space, with more freedom and more cheerful prospects of life, and of which they have none at home."—(*Lords' Committee Report.*)

Hear, further, what one, amongst the soundest thinkers of our day, says of the great social curse of Ireland :

"With individual exceptions (some of them very honourable ones), the owners of Irish estates do nothing for the land but drain it of its produce. What has been epigrammatically said in the discussions on 'peculiar burthens' is literally true when applied to them ; that the greatest 'burthen on land' is the landlords. Returning nothing to the soil, they consume its whole produce, minus the potatoes strictly necessary to keep the inhabitants from dying of famine ; and when they have any notion of improvement, it usually consists in not leaving even this pittance, but turning out the people to beggary if not to starvation. When landed property has placed itself upon this footing it ceases to be defensible, and the

time has come for making some new arrangement of the matter. \* \* \* The community has too much at stake in the proper cultivation of the land, and in the conditions annexed to the occupancy of it, to leave these things to the discretion of a class of persons called landlords, when they have shown themselves unfit for the trust. The legislature, which if it pleased might convert the whole body of landlords into fundholders or pensioners, might, *à fortiori*, commute the average receipts of Irish landowners into a fixed rent-charge, and raise the tenants into proprietors; supposing always (without which these acts would be nothing better than robbery) that the full market value of the land was tendered to the landlords, in case they preferred that to accepting the conditions proposed."—*John Mill, Principles of Political Economy*. Vol. II. p. 284—286.

And now, that we have disburthened our minds of these thoughts and memories, let us surrender ourselves to the pleasant recollections of the remainder of our sojourn in this land of natural beauty.

The Mucruss Hotel, which we pass on the road to the Mangerton Mountain, is in some respects more advantageously situated than the Victoria. It commands no view of the Lakes, but it is close to the charming walks of the Mucruss Peninsula. A glance at the map will show all the advantages of this position: these walks extend for miles; and the natural beauties of this peninsula, dividing the two lakes, and commanding the finest views of the scenery of each, have been improved by admirable taste. Mucruss Abbey is a beautiful ruin: many parts are in good preservation. In the cloister is a most remarkable object—a magnificent yew-tree springing up from the centre, its spreading branches forming a graceful roof to the arched walls. The trunk of this tree rises up to a greater height, without a limb, than we have before observed in any of these vegetable memorials of long past generations. Its girth is inferior to many of our English yews. The east window, seen through the pointed arch of the chapel, is very perfect. Within are some tombs and monuments, ancient and modern. The Abbey stands amidst the most luxuriant groves—the vivifying power of nature cherishing the perishable works of man—and clothing decay with ever-springing beauty. (Cut, No. 9.) Torc Waterfall is within a walk of Mucruss, (Cut, No. 10); but we reserve that for the last look of Killarney!

We mount our ponies. The ascent to the mountain is very gradual—a bare and dreary road. On we go without any striking views for a mile or two, till the way gets steeper and more rugged. Company begin to gather about us. There is the regular Irish guide, who springs up at every turn of a road which leads to sights. We soon get rid of him. But the mountain-girls, with their goat's milk and potheen, are not so easily disposed of. The troop gathered thick and fast at every step of the ascent: no persuasions could induce them to let us proceed in peace. Squalid want was not apparent,—or it was hidden under their bright

shawls, worn as gracefully as if arranged by the most tasteful of tire-women; but unquestionably these poor girls knew the most pinching poverty. Not to give was impossible—but no bounty could shake them off. Some clung to the stirrups; some laughed and sang; and some told their sorrows with deep pathos. One and all of these poor girls had a dream of some distant land, where want should not beset them. Some had relations in the United States. New Orleans was their El Dorado. There, they fancied, they should marry, and know something of comfort. Four pounds would pay a passage. In the Evidence which we have repeatedly quoted, one witness, speaking on the subject of Emigration, says, "It is a very extraordinary thing, the quantity of single women that go off by themselves, and who seem to face the whole difficulty in the quietest way." Precisely in this spirit did these poor girls, who came out of the cabins on the side of Mangerton, speak of this great venture of life which they were anxious to make. Surely it is a terrible thing when the ties which bind women to their native soil—the ties of home which make ordinary poverty endurable—are thus snapped asunder. It is no common misery which can thus change the female character. The wanderings of men in search of better fortune may fail to move our pity;—but for a solitary woman to cast herself upon the great wave of fate, unknowing where she may drift, is the heroism of desperation.

For a mile or two in the channel of a torrent, and we at length from Mangerton look over the Lower Lake. Magnificent was the view—glorious was the day. But our trusty Spillane urged us forward, for he saw the mist gathering in the distance. We have hurriedly passed the hollow in which lies the famous tarn, "The Devil's Punch Bowl," and are nearing the summit. Severe is the cold, even in the sun of a July day. Now rest. We have given Wilson's description of the scene, and how can we attempt to embody our own impressions. For the first time we saw the Atlantic: there it sparkled, over the shoulder of one of the distant cluster of mountains. Why is it, that one glimpse of the great highway of the world raises the spirit far more than the open prospect of the narrow seas?

"There is a magnet-like attraction in  
These waters to the imaginative power  
That links the viewless with the visible,  
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond  
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies."

CAMPBELL.

But the near mountains—they lie around us. The light falls on one, the shadow on another,—they seem to heave and swell like the vexed ocean. A mist creeps over some summit far below us, and then plunges into the glen;—up another craggy steep rises the mist from the valley, and hovers about till it mingles with the upper clouds. The Lakes seem to wash the bases of these giant forms that close us in from all the outer world, except where the Kenmare river brightens to the south, and the great sea to the

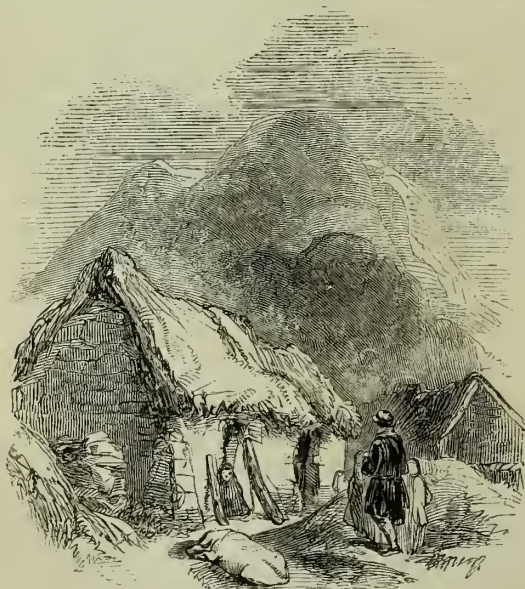




11.—BEGGAR BOYS.



12.—PEASANT.



13.—MOUNTAIN HOVEL.



14.—INTERIOR OF CABIN.



west. The monarchs of the solitude seem to look down upon the beauty at their feet, solemn and sad, whether in glimmer or in gloom. We heed not their names, as they are repeated in our ear—Carran-Tual, Purple Mountain, Toomies, Glena, Torc, Drooping Mountain, Cahirna, Ierc, Sugar-Loaf. We regard not their comparative elevations. Carran-Tual is a thousand feet higher than Toomies, and six hundred feet above where we stand. They all seem to dwell close together in glorious companionship, and the equality of brotherhood. And yet Carran-Tual is eight miles away; though it seems as if the eagle could wing his flight from one top to another as easily as the swallow skims from Innisfallen to Ross. But the mist is gathering, and we must descend. We send our ponies down before us;—for we have a path to tread in which our own feet will best serve us.

We descend not far. We have crossed the sinking bog on the crest of Mangerton, and look down a steep declivity into the glen in which lies the Devil's Punch Bowl. It is a melancholy place, amidst high rocks—the tarn “which never plummet sounded,” dark as

winter; cold as ice, they say, though Charles Fox swam across it. We sit down under the shelter of a rude stone wall. We have sandwiches and potheen—and there are clear springs not far off. One of the women that followed us up the mountain suddenly appears at our side. She sits down. With a mournful cadence she sings one of her native songs. “Her voice is sweet, is soft, is low.” Another, and another. Her store is exhaustless. She gave us some little argument to explain her ditties. They were unquestionably the pastoral ballads of a mountain peasantry. One was a dialogue, similar, perhaps, to that which Mr. Walsh has given in his “Irish Popular Songs:”

“Oh! if thou come to Leitrim, sure nought can us sever,  
A phlur na m-ban doun óg! \*  
Wild honey and the mead-cup shall feast us for ever,  
A phlur na m-ban doun óg!  
I'll show thee ships and sails, through the vistas grand,  
As we seek our green retreat by the broad lake's strand,  
And grief would never reach us within that happy land,  
A phlur na m-ban doun óg!

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\* Flower of brown-hair'd maidens.





To Leitrim, to Leitrim, in vain thou wouldst lead me,  
 Duirt plúr na m-ban doun óg!  
 When pale hunger comes, can thy melodies feed me?  
 Duirt plúr na m-ban doun óg!  
 Sooner would I live, and sooner die a maid,  
 Than wander with thee through the dewy forest glade,  
 That thou art my beloved, this bosom never said,  
 Duirt plúr na m-ban doun óg!"

We again mount our ponies. A ride of two hours brings us back to the Victoria.

A night is before us, such as we cannot forget. Gansey, the famous piper of Killarney, gives us the pleasure of his company. A venerable man, blind;—a man of real genius—a gentleman. All the old traditionary music of Ireland is familiar to him. He has his modern ballads for those who want an ordinary pleasure: but if he have "audience fit though few," he will pour out strain after strain, wild and solemn, gay or pathetic, with a power that seems like inspiration. Never heard we such effects from one instrument, since the days of Paganini's violin. Midnight was passed before we ceased to listen, enraptured, to

"Many a bout  
 Of linked sweetness, long drawn out."

One more day at Killarney—and then, farewell! How shall that day be passed by us? In perfect repose. One of our companions has gone to perform the difficult feat of ascending Carran-Tual. We are to meet him with the boat long before sun-down, at the head of the Upper Lake. We are true to the appointment. There is one with us watching for him with some anxiety; but the scene is so glorious that anxiety can scarcely find a place even in the breast of a loving wife. The mountains are lighted up with all the most gorgeous hues of heaven. The full moon is up—we wander on, far away from the lake, through the Black Valley. (Cut No. 14.) Solemn and more solemn grow the shadows of the mountains. The sun is altogether gone. Then the rocks begin to put on mysterious forms. Not a sound falls upon the hushed air. A footstep! one of our friend's guides is come to beg us yet to wait. It was a needless message. But that poor guide—he has fallen in his rough descent, and is badly wounded. Fear then begins; but at length the wished-one comes, worn out, but safe. He has beheld sights from Carran-Tual which we would see ourselves, if we were twenty years younger.

And now, one sight that all Killarney visitors should behold, if possible, at the risk of some inconvenience—a row of twelve miles, under the light of the summer moon. As we came up the Lake, four hours ago, we marked every form of hill and island. They are now all blended in one faint tint, when

"A sable cloud  
 Turns forth her silver lining on the night;"

or suddenly touched with the partial light of the full orb, which renders them even more indistinct in the unshadowy splendour. In the evening glow we saw

the heron fishing. The owl now flaps by us, startled. We rest under Glena; and there, in the deep silence of midnight, we hear the mountain echo to the bugle in a voice which seems unearthly. A night ever to be remembered.

Farewell, at last, to Killarney. The ear is ready that is to bear us to Kenmare. Our way lies by the new road—a great work, unsurpassed, perhaps, in these islands for its picturesque character. It passes close by Tore Waterfall, which we stop to view. It climbs the mountain, and cuts through the rocks, heedless of obstacles. This is the way by which tourists reached Killarney when the readiest passage was from Bristol to Cork. We are not sure that it is preferable to coming by the coach-road from Mallow, and gradually finding out the beauties of the Lakes. Here they are revealed. The first impression of the scenery at the exquisite points of view which this road offers must be ineffaceable. But we are satisfied to have won a growing delight, instead of being struck mute with a first admiration.

Such an admiration—speechless wonder—is the view of Glengarriff and the great arm of Bantry Bay, which presents itself from the grand road recently completed from Kenmare. We passed through that town; saw the improvements which a benevolent landlord may effect in his district; saw dwelling after dwelling on the hill-sides, which contrasted happily with the ancient mud cabin: and passing through a long tunnel, such as railroads have made us familiar with, rapidly descended the road which leads to Glengarriff. And then that prospect!—Mountains—bays—lands—and the great Atlantic rolling placidly in to kiss a shelvy shore.

Glengarriff—the glen itself—must remain unvisited. No heavier clouds ever descended on Ireland than those which fell at Glengarriff when we rose on the morning after we left Killarney. Well, Otway has well described it; and our readers will have no regret in missing our own description:

"I do not know how to begin, or where to take up, or in what way to put forth the dioramic conception I have in my mind's recollection of this delightful glen. Mountains—why you have them of all forms, elevations, and outlines. Hungry Mountain, with its cataract of eight hundred feet falling from its side; Sugar-Loaf, so conical, so bare, so white in its quartzose formation; Slieve Goul, the pathway of the fairies; and Esk Mountain, over which I was destined to climb my toilsome way. Every hill had its peculiar interest, and each, according to the time of the day or the state of the atmosphere, presented a picture so mutable—or bright or gloomy, or near or distant—valleys laughing in sunshine, or shrouded in dark and undefined masses of shade; and so deceptive, so variable were the distances and capabilities of prospect, that in the morning you could see a hare bounding along on the ranges of those hills, that, at noonday, were lost in the gray indistinctness of distant vision. Then the glen itself, unlike other glens and valleys that interpose between

ranges of mountains, was not flat, or soft, or smooth—no meadow, no morass, no bog—but the most apparently-tumultuous, yet actually regular, congeries of rocks that ever was seen. Suppose yon the Bay of Biscay in a hurricane, from the west—suppose yon the tremendous swell, when the top-gallant mast of a ship would be hid within the trough of its waves—and now suppose that by some Almighty fiat all this vexed ocean was arrested in an instant, and there fixed as a specimen of God's wonders in the deep. Such you may suppose Glengariff. It appears as if the stratifications of the rock were forced up by some uniform power from the central abyss, and there left to stand at a certain and defined angle, a solidified storm. And now suppose, that in every indenture, hole, crevice, and inflexion of those rocks, grew a yew or holly; there the yew, with its yellow tinge; and here the arbutus, with its red stem and leaf of brighter green, and its rough, wild, uncontrolled growth, adorning, and at the same time disclosing the romantic singularity of the scene. I know not that ever I read of such a place, so wild and so beautiful." (Cut No. 15.)

In that morning of tremendous rain we take our seats in a covered car, to pursue our journey towards Cork, by Macroom. Not one feature of the scenery to be descried except the river, by the side of which the road for some time runs. But after two hours' travel we at length come to a wonder, which such a day as this raises into sublimity. The Pass of Camineagh has been described by Otway, as it appeared to him under brighter circumstances:

"This deep and extraordinary chasm which Nature has excavated through these mountains, and which, within these last ten years has been taken advantage of in order to make an excellent road between Macroom and Bantry, is really one of the most picturesque things in Ireland. It is well worth a journey to see its rocks and precipices—its cliffs clothed with ivy, and, here and there, interspersed through the masses of rocks, old holly and yew-trees, and occasionally an arbutus; and then its strange and sudden windings—you look back, and you cannot find out how you got in—before you, and you cannot imagine how you are to get forward. You might imagine that the Spirit of the Mountains had got you into his stronghold, and here you were impounded by everlasting enchantment. Then! the surpassing loneliness of the place,—

‘I never  
So deeply felt the force of solitude.  
High over-head the eagle soared serene,  
And the gray lizard in the rocks below  
Basked in the sun.’ ”

But when we were hemmed in, for about a mile, by the mighty chasm, we saw neither the yew, nor the holly,

nor the bright arbutus;—no cliffs clothed with ivy looked smilingly down upon us. We saw only a double wall of rocks, down whose sides torrents were dashing at every step,—cataracts that hissed and foamed as they rushed over the steep, whose tops were one a sea of mist. This Pass of Camineagh was the scene of a strange affair in 1822, when the Rockites were in insurrection. As the soldiery passed through the defile, the “boys,” who were hidden amidst the rocks, suddenly loosened an enormous mass which they had quietly undermined, and down it came into the glen—blocking up the defile. They were a moment too late. The soldiery had gone by; and their plan of overwhelming the loyalists by superior numbers was effectually frustrated by their own act. The rock which had fallen was an impassable barrier.

As we emerge out of the Pass we see a strange procession before us—laden carts, followed by crowds of women shrouded in their dark blue cloaks from the falling torrent. The whole scene was eminently picturesque. But the picturesque was soon forgotten in the stern reality which belonged to this sight. The carts were bearing Indian meal from Bantry, for distribution at various stations along this road. We soon reached one of these. There, in small shelter, sat a hundred or more of patient women, waiting for the dole that was to avert starvation for another week. Those who have clamoured against the temporary out-door relief that Ireland's poor have required, and were more especially needing when we saw them, should have witnessed this Indian meal procession, and have seen the unhappy women staggering under their loaded bags to the cabins in the hills; and, we believe, they would have come to feel how just are the words which Mr. Nicholls uttered—(Mr. Nicholls, who introduced the Workhouse Test for Ireland, but was too wise and humane not to know that a Famine made an exception to his system)—memorable words,—“The preservation of human life is a paramount duty.”

And here we quit these remembrances of a week which opened to us new sources of pleasure, and unwonted experiences. We saw this portion of Ireland at a period of great depression. Better prospects are arising in a season of abundance; but let it not be thought in England that any amount of abundance will cure the social miseries of the land. We have our work to do; and we cannot set about it more effectually than now, when angry passions are still, and the people are hopeful:

“There is a vision in the heart of each,  
Of justice, mercy, wisdom; tenderness  
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its cure—  
And these, embodied in a woman's form,  
That best transmits them, pure as first received  
From God above her, to mankind below.”

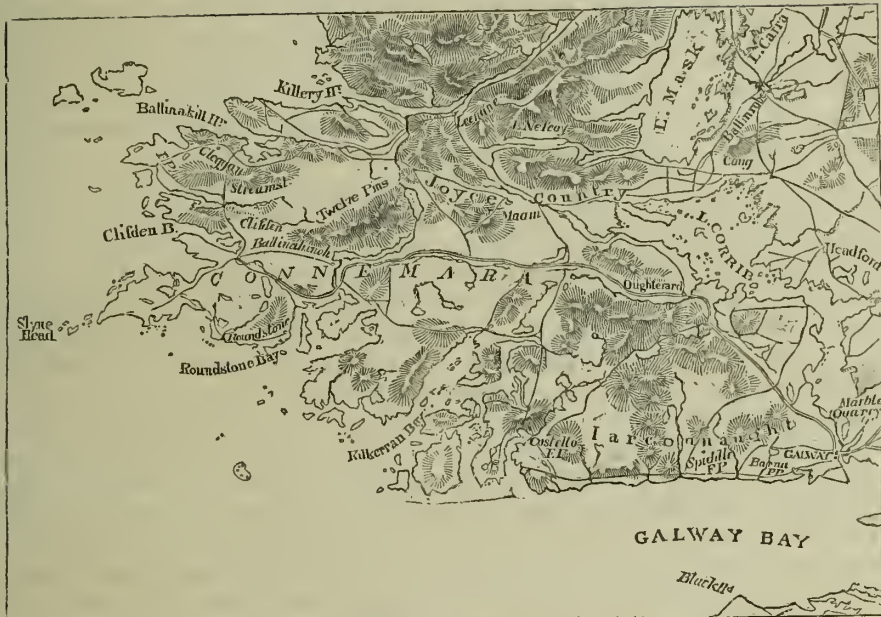
BROWNING.





16.—GLENARIFF.

## CONNAMARA.



WE have grouped Connemara with Killarney in the same section of 'The Land we Live in,' for two reasons. In the first place, it appears to us that there is great hope for Ireland in the development of the vast resources of this district. Connaught, in the times of religious persecution, was assigned as the place of banishment for the non-conforming Catholics—a place which was profanely associated by the intolerance of puritanism with that more desolate region to which fanaticism would consign all those who differ in points of belief. It would accord well with the better spirit of our own times, if Connaught were to become a place in which capital might find its employment, and labour its refuge from the worst of tyrannies—the land tyranny. To plant Connaught is the ambition of a great statesman; and it will be planted,—whether by individuals or corporations, is little matter. Secondly, Connemara is full of glorious scenery; and now that Ireland is again claiming her proper share of a laudable curiosity, Connemara will open her noble bays, and lakes, and mountains, to the gaze of the stranger.

No one, accustomed to the associations which group themselves around commercial and maritime affairs, can look at the Shannon and the portion of Ireland spread out beyond it, without a desire to penetrate the future, and see what Providence holds in store for this remarkable country. The noble river acts as a line of separation, extending nearly north and south, through so long a distance as to form a very significant boundary

between Connaught and the other provinces. This has been regarded, however, by the rulers of Ireland, in past times, as a boundary in a sense which we may hope will now pass away. "It is singularly illustrative," says Sir Robert Kane, in his 'Industrial Resources of Ireland' (a work replete with valuable information), "of how little reflection was devoted to Irish subjects—of how slightly the true and only means of consolidating a people by giving them common habits of industry, of sociality, and of traffic, was thought about in relation to this country, that the Shannon was for so many generations looked upon as a useful barrier and defence against the uncivilized tribes who dwelt beyond its boundary. The cost of maintaining in good repair the various fortifications at what were called the passes of the Shannon, was defrayed with pleasure; but the idea of rendering fortifications useless, of erecting the bulwarks of the state in the hearts of the inhabitants by fostering their industry, by encouraging their commerce and agriculture, and promoting their education, did not occur to the statesmen of that epoch."

The counties which are cut off from the rest of Ireland by the Shannon—Clare, Galway, Mayo, Roscommon, Sligo, and Leitrim—are among those whose misery has most frequently been brought under the notice of England and Englishmen during the last few years. A portion of Galway is that to which we are about to call the reader's attention.



It is impossible to glance over the wonderful maps of the Ordnance Survey of this part of Ireland, without a saddened feeling for the present and a hopeful one for the future. We say *wonderful* maps; for seldom has there been such another display of mapping as this celebrated Survey presents. Take the county of Galway, for instance—the one which contains the Connamara district. Here we find no less than 137 large sheets devoted to this county, on a scale of six inches to a mile; while the Index Map, in which the whole county is represented in one sheet, is quite a triumph of minute engraving. Although on a scale of only one-third of an inch to a mile, this index-map presents the natural and social features with astonishing fulness.

One of the most striking entries on this map, both for its frequency and the tale which it tells, is “Castle in ruins.” This entry is not met with so repeatedly in Connamara as in the portions of Galway county farther to the east; but it is to be encountered even in that region of rugged beauty. Eastward of the town of Galway, however, the “Castle in ruins” meets the eye so frequently in the map that the attention is forcibly arrested by it. How old are these ruins? What was the state of the people when those castles were built? Was English conquest or internal discord the cause of the ruin? Such are the queries that suggest themselves to the mind. So far as the *names* are concerned, nothing can be more thoroughly Irish than these ruined castles—Kilroge, Kilcoritan, Cloghmoyle, Cloghballymore, Cloancurreen, Ballynamentragh: such names tell much more of the Celt than of the Anglo-Norman.

But when, leaving these relics of man's work, we transfer our attention to the natural features of Connamara, it is difficult to imagine that such a country will always remain as it is—a social and commercial blank. What a chain of lakes! what a coast line! A short line of about seven miles will connect the eastern extremity of Killery Harbour with the western extremity of Lough Mask; and thus we have formed a northern boundary to Connamara, all but seven miles consisting of coast-line. Then a straight line of two miles is all of land that intervenes between the south of Lough Mask and the north of Lough Corrib; and this latter noble lake stretches southward till it pours its waters into the river Corrib, which itself finds an embouchure in Galway Bay: thus is an eastern boundary given to Connamara, of which all but two miles consists of water. As to the western and southern boundaries, they are wholly formed by the sea. We may therefore say that this large district—measuring, perhaps, forty miles from east to west by twenty-five from north to south—differs from an island only by the occurrence of two isthmuses, of seven and two miles respectively: as viewed upon a map, it is a peninsula, and as a peninsula we shall treat of it. Strictly speaking, and in relation to the ancient divisions of Ireland, Connamara is comprised within narrower limits than those here

marked out; for the peninsula contains three ancient divisions—Joyce's Country in the north-east, Jar-Connaught (or West-Connaught) in the south-east, and Connamara all that lies westward of those two divisions. In this narrower sense, Connamara would be pretty accurately bounded on the east by a line drawn from the inner part of Killery Harbour to the inner part of Kilkerran Bay; and the district thus marked out would extend from twenty to twenty-four miles in each direction. But the physical and industrial features of the peninsula are independent of these local divisions; and we shall continue to give the name of Connamara to all that lies westward of the two noble lakes. These lakes, containing nearly seventy thousand acres of water-surface, and entering into the Atlantic by a river which passes through the county town—ought to effect great blessings for Ireland some day or other. Then there are in addition an almost incalculable number of smaller lakes spread over the peninsula, but more thinly in the southern than the northern half. This, too, is a district where the coast-line presents such a series of inlets and harbours as is not easily to be paralleled elsewhere. The word Connamara is said to mean “land of bays.” Beginning at Killery Harbour, with its many coves and inlets, we pass round a jetting promontory and find ourselves in Ballynakill Harbour, which throws out its manifold arms into the land in various directions. Then occur Claggan Bay, Streamstown Bay, Kingstown Bay, Clifden Bay, and Mannin Bay—all of which serrate the extreme western margin of the peninsula, and in front of which are numberless small islands washed by the Atlantic. Next, bending round south and east, we pass in succession the Bays of Bunowen, Ballyconneely, Gorteen, Roundstone, (Cut, No. 17), and Cleonile,—a series which ends in the deep inlet of Berbragh Bay. The minor bays of Ard and Mweenish, which next occur, are followed by the magnificent harbour of Kilkerran, whose deepest inlets have distinctive names of their own. From Kilkerran Bay the coast proceeds pretty regularly from west to east, ending at the town of Galway, and forming the northern side of Galway Bay; this line of coast is marked chiefly by the inlets which form Casheen Bay, Coonawilleen Bay, Kiggaul Bay, Greatman's Bay, and Cashla Bay, and by the island of Gorumna.

The best information which we possess concerning Connamara, and the source whence most subsequent writers have derived their principal details, is contained in the late Mr. Alexander Nimmo's Report on that district. Commissioners were appointed by the Crown, early in the present century, and soon after the Union of Ireland with Great Britain, to examine the bogs of Ireland, with a view to the suggestion of such plans as might facilitate their reclamation. The labours of the commission lasted several years, and did not terminate till 1814. The commissioners employed ten eminent engineers, and a large staff of surveyors, to examine and survey the bogs; and the separate reports of these engineers are full of valuable

details concerning Ireland and its latent capabilities. They minutely surveyed, examined, and measured no less than 1,013,358 acres of bog land; while there were separate examinations, not professing to enter into so much detail, of three other districts in Wicklow, Erris, and Connamara; containing together about 387,000 acres of bog, and 355,000 acres of mountain peat soil. Mr. Nimmo, Mr. Lovell Edgeworth (the father of Maria Edgeworth), and Mr. Griffith, were among the most eminent of the engineers employed.

The Connamara district—considered as including the whole of Galway county westward of Loughs Corrib and Mask—is one of the most uncultivated in the whole of Ireland. The quantity of arable land seems, at first glance, not to exceed one-twentieth of the whole area; but the process of reclamation will give a more and more favourable ratio in this respect. Where cultivation has made the greatest progress on the south shore of Lough Corrib, the arable or dry land is interspersed with extensive tracts of naked limestone rock of a most desolate aspect; and it appears to be only after incredible labour, that a few patches of soil have been torn from the general waste. Nevertheless—as if in encouragement and reward for whatever labour and capital are bestowed on this region of wildness—such is the fertility of these spots, and the value of the pasture among the limestone, that this land, even including rock, produced at the time of Mr. Nimmo's examination a rent of fifteen shillings per acre, and where tolerably cleared, was rented as high as in any part of Ireland.

The other parts of the district are principally bare moors, consisting of various depths of bog, upon a bottom of primitive rock affording little soil; but several strings or beds of limestone run through the district, and are distinguishable by the verdure and cultivation which have taken place in their vicinity.

Mr. Nimmo estimated the population at 30,000. It is now supposed that the number must have exceeded that limit; but taking the estimate as he gave it, he states that half of the inhabitants are in Connamara proper, one-third in Jar-Connaught, and one-sixth in Joyce's Country; that nine-tenths of the inhabitants of Connamara proper are settled along the sea-shore; that in Jar-Connaught the inhabitants reside either on the sea coast, or on the northern slope of the hills next to the limestone country; and that the upland part of Joyce's Country is quite uninhabited. But in these details, and in the statement of total rentals, the lapse of nearly forty years has in all probability introduced wide differences.

Before any reclamation of bog land commenced, 57 per cent. of the whole area of Connamara consisted of mountain and upland pasture, 34 per cent. of bog, 7 per cent. of arable land, and 2 per cent. of limestone-rock. A formidable picture this, with only one acre in fourteen deserving the name of arable land! Yet Mr. Nimmo was impressed with the conviction that there are certain facilities about and around Connamara which might render the improvement and cultivation

of the district more hopeful than in many other waste lands of the kingdom. These facilities presented themselves to his mind under the forms of *climate, aspect, coast-line, and geological formation.*

First for the climate. It is decidedly mild. Snow is little known even in the hardest winters. The cattle are never housed; for the mountains in the north, and the great variety of surface, afford considerable shelter. The least favourable features are wet summers and strong west winds.

Next for the aspect. Although Connamara may be deemed in some sense mountainous, it is not an upland country like Wicklow. At least three-fourths of Connamara proper is lower than 100 feet above the level of the sea; and this low level must have an undoubted influence on the prospective vegetable fertility of the district. Jar-Connaught rises from the shore of Galway Bay, in a gently sloping plain, to about 300 feet, at the upper edge of which there are some hills of about 700 feet, and beyond them a low limestone country extends to the edge of Lough Corrib. Joyce's Country is, in every respect, more mountainous and wild.

In respect to sea-coast, nothing can well (size being considered) be more magnificent than this peninsula. After reading Mr. Nimmo's remarks thereon, a reader must lack hope indeed who cannot look forward to a day of prosperity for the district—far-distant, perhaps, but not the less certain and cheering. "The district is nearly surrounded by the sea on the south and west, and by the great lakes Mask and Corrib on the east—the latter navigable into the town of Galway, and could easily be made so to the sea. Various great inlets penetrate the district, so that no part of it is distant four miles from existing navigation. There are *upwards of twenty safe and capacious harbours*, fit for vessels of any burden; about twenty-five navigable lakes in the interior, of a mile or more in length, besides hundreds smaller. The sea-coast and all these lakes abound in fish. The district, with its islands, possesses no less than 400 miles of sea-shore. On Lough Corrib it has fifty miles of shore; so that with Lough Mask, &c., there are, perhaps, *as many miles of shore of the sea or navigable lakes as there are square miles of surface.*"

In respect to the geological features, there are extensive bands of calcareous sand round the coast in almost every bay; there are numerous beds of available limestone adjacent to almost all of the navigable lakes; and there is bog-peat which will furnish an inexhaustible supply of fuel.

Taking in conjunction the above four groups of circumstances or conditions, Mr. Nimmo remarks:—"On the whole, it appears to me that the improvement of this district, so far from being difficult or hopeless, is a thing highly feasible; and if vigorously but steadily pursued, is likely to meet with fewer obstructions and greater ultimate success than, perhaps, in any other part of Ireland."

In respect to the fitness for agricultural purposes, Mr. Nimmo arranges the peninsula into four parts—



the Limestone Field, the Granite Moor, the Middle Division, and the Northern Division. The Limestone-Field lies principally between the town of Galway and Lough Corrib, and along part of the western shore of the lough. It is a triangular nook, forming the western edge of the great limestone-field of Ireland. Much of this limestone-rock is bare; but on its edges are many very fertile spots; the hollows are mostly filled with bog. Other patches of limestone are interspersed with other rocks in various parts of the peninsula. The Granite Moor forms the southern part of the peninsula; it contains no limestone, but is partially covered with bog of various depths. There is a large supply of shell or coral-sand in the bays on the coast, which might easily be applied to the manuring of this moor; and there is abundance of red sea-weed, equally applicable to such a purpose. The Northern Division contains no limestone or calcareous matter; but it is so deeply indented by Loughs Corrib and Mask, that no part of it is distant more than three miles from some spot whither lime may be brought by water-carriage. The great drawback to this division, at the time of Mr. Nimmo's examination, was, that there was neither a single road fit for a wheel-carriage, nor a single bridge over a stream or inlet, in the whole of this portion of the peninsula. The Middle Division, the last of the four portions into which Mr. Nimmo divided the peninsula in respect to agricultural capabilities, contains numerous veins or beds of limestone, so situated that almost every farm within that tract has either limestone upon it, or within half a mile of it. Many of these lime-rocks are also situated on long and deep lakes—a circumstance which gives a facility of transport that may at some future time become of the greatest importance.

The industrial processes which were carried on in Connamara at the date of Mr. Nimmo's examination, are interesting to note, because they mark the early stages of a course of labour which may, perhaps, lead to prosperous results in future years. One employment was that of cutting sea-weed for manure, or collecting that which is at every tide cast ashore. Two or three boat-loads of sea-weed, of about six tons each, were usually applied as manure over an acre of potato ground. The weed was usually sold at half-a-guinea a ton. The rotation adopted at the farms at that period was frequently as follows:—one year of potatoes raised on sea-weed; one year of oats or barley; four or five years of natural meadow; and then potatoes manured with sea-weed, as before.

Among those things which have to some extent checked the productive labours of Connamara is the decline in the use of kelp. Since the wonderful progress of chemistry, which has led to the manufacture of soda from common salt, the obtaining of the same alkali from kelp has been almost discontinued; because the lowest price which would keep the poor kelpers from starvation is still higher than that at which soda can now be purchased. Kelp used to be made by burning sea-weed, and soda by purifying the kelp.

Experience, however, has shown that it is more profitable to employ sea-weed as manure for the improvement of the wastes, than to manufacture kelp, even at remunerating prices.

The hopeful anticipations of Mr. Nimmo with respect to the harbour and water-power of Connamara have already been touched upon; and we find that he was not less hopeful with respect to its bogs:—

"I am perfectly convinced," says he, "from all that I have seen, that any species of bog is by tillage and manure capable of being converted into a soil fit for the support of plants of *every* description; and with due management, perhaps the most fertile that can be submitted to the operations of the farmer. Green crops, such as rape, cabbages, and turnips, may be raised with the greatest success on firm bog, with no other manure than the ashes of the same soil. Permanent meadows may be formed on bog, more productive than on any other soil. Timber may be raised, especially firs, larch, spruce, and all the aquatics, on deep bog; and the plantations are fenced at little expense. With a due application of manure, every description of white crops may be raised upon bog; and I know no soil from which they can be extracted without it. There is this advantage in the cultivation of bog, that any species of soil will act as a manure to it: even the siliceous sand of Renvill having that effect; but this admixture of foreign soil, though highly beneficial, is not essential to the improvement of bog; fallowing and manure, such as dung or lime, will convert the bog-stuff itself into a soil, and extract large crops from it; so that there is nothing desperate in the cultivation of bog upon a basis of rock."

Those travellers—few and far between—who have visited Connamara since the date of Mr. Nimmo's examination, are invariably struck either with the latent capabilities not yet developed, or with the fine scenery which portions of the peninsula exhibit. Sir Robert Kane, in the work before quoted, passes in review the sources of power which are presented by the rivers and lakes of that country. When he comes to speak of that province which contains the district of Connamara, he says:—"The province of Connaught is that which deserves most attention in relation to its navigable lakes. Its soil is not inferior to that of the rest of Ireland; some of the sweetest pastures and most productive lands are found within its limits. Its coasts abound with fish; its mountains are rich in ores; its people are willing to work, and travel hundreds of miles seeking for work, even at a rate which only allows them to sustain existence. Yet that province is the reproach of Ireland and the by-word of Great Britain. Its population is relieved by charitable subscription from recurrent famines. Little more than one-half of its area has been made available for cultivation; and it is but a few years since its interior was first rendered accessible to industry by the formation of proper roads."

Mr. Inglis, whose 'Tour through Ireland' about fifteen years ago, was a means of bringing many

beauties of that country before the notice of English readers, shared in the general opinion of the capabilities of the Connamara district. "At Maam," he says, "one is forcibly struck with the advantages which would be opened up to this district by the extension of the navigation of Lough Corrib to the sea. Fine slopes of reclaimable land border the deep stream that, at the distance of half a mile, flows into Lough Corrib; and the same boats that would carry to market the produce of the cultivated land, would bring from the bay of Galway sand, sea-weed, and lime to be laid upon the yet unimproved wastes." The same thought seems to have repeatedly occurred to the mind of Mr. Inglis, during his journey through Connamara. "It was impossible," he says, while progressing on foot from Maam to Clifden, "to cast the eye over the vast inclined plains of bog-land, skirted by fine water levels, which seemed to invite draining, without feeling a conviction of the immense capabilities of this part of Ireland; and seeing, in prospective, these vast tracts bearing abundant produce, and the chain of loughs carrying that produce—on the one side to Lough Corrib and Galway Bay; and on the other to Birterbuy Bay, or one of the other bays which lie to the westward." Again, the following remarks suggest irresistibly the future which *must* be destined for this remarkable peninsula. "There is perhaps no part of Ireland so well adapted for experimenting on waste lands and reclaimable bogs as Connamara. No part of Connamara is more than six

miles from some sea-bay, or lake having communication with the sea. If there were good roads in all directions, this length of land-carriage would not be great; but even this distance would be much diminished by improving and connecting the navigation of the chains of lakes which extend through every part of Connamara."

Besides the industrial associations connected with this district, there are many scenes of great beauty. The Killery, for instance, is a beautiful and remarkable boundary to Connamara on the north. It is a narrow deep inlet of the sea, extending far up into the country, and bounded on both sides throughout its whole extent by a range of mountains nearly as elevated as any in Ireland, and of very picturesque forms. The inlet is not above a mile across. In several spots the mountain boundary rises abruptly from the water; but there are many clefts and hollows which reveal more elevated peaks beyond, and show the extent of the range. Those who have visited both regions say that there is nothing in the British Isles which approaches so near to the character of the Norwegian *Fiords* as Killery—a deficiency of dark-foliaged timber being the chief drawback from the comparison.

The Rev. Cæsar Otway, who published several works relating to the topography of the north-west of Ireland, speaks of Lough Corrib as "a noble sheet of water, here and there studded with islands—some large and fertile, others rugged rocks; some embattled



17. — ROUNDSTONE BAY.



with the ruins of an old fortress ; some made holy by the crumbling remains of a still older church, where some Culdee made his desert,—a disciple of Columba, or Furse, or Fechin, his retreat. If such a lake as this were in Scotland, or indeed anywhere else in Europe, it would be covered with steam-boats and yachts, and there would be hotels and accommodations on its shores, and a county as rich if not richer than Cumberland, would be opened out, and planted, and built on."

One of the most extraordinary scenes of this extraordinary peninsula is displayed at the isthmus between Lough Mask and Corrib. The waters of the former flow into the latter at the town of Cong ; but no river or stream is to be seen in the maps, and the existence of any communication appeals rather to the ear than to the eye. The flow is in great part subterranean. The rocks have been tunnelled during the lapse of ages by the waters which came from Lough Mask and some smaller lakes towards Lough Corrib. Well may Mr. Otway, after such a description as the following, claim for Ireland the attention of those who love wild scenes of beauty and grandeur :—" Cong is certainly a rare place—it might be called the Irish Arabia Petræa ; but there is this great difference, that our place of stones is also a place of rivers of waters. For here, amongst hills of stones and valleys of stones, you hear the rustling sound of streams through a multitude of holes, and gullies, and caverns ; where waters are now appearing and then disappearing, until all at once they burst forth from under the rock, and form a rapid river, rushing to Lough Corrib, larger than the Liffey. It certainly is a singular sight. To the left of the village you see a strong and turbulent stream gushing through salmon and eel weirs, as it flows with all its turbulent eddies to the lake ; then you look to the north, south, east, and no river is seen, nothing but the great gray ridges of limestone ; you look closer, and you see enormous springs turning at once some great mill-wheels with the impetuosity and force of their waters as they rise from the earth ; and while those springs start up and boil in all directions around you, as you do not know whence they flow, so you do not understand whither they are tending."

The western districts partake less of the beautiful than the eastern ; but even here there are scenes which drew forth from Mr. Inglis no small amount of admiration. After speaking of the road from Roundstone to Clifden, which seems to be bare and desolate, he thus records his opinion of the north-western part of the peninsula :—" I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that the scenery in passing from Clifden to the Killeries and Leenane is the finest in Ireland. In boldness of character nothing in Killarney comes near to it ; and although the deficiency of wood excludes the possibility of a competition with Killarney in picturesque beauty, I am certainly of opinion that the scenery of this part of Connamara, including especially the Killeries, which is in Joyce's Country, is entitled to rank higher than the more praised (because better

known) scenery of Killarney. I would not be understood as saying one word in disparagement of Killarney, which, in the combination of forms and colours, is not to be surpassed ; but in speaking of Killarney, I think I ventured to observe that no approach to sublimity was to be found ; and as, in the part of Ireland of which I am now speaking, there are undoubted approaches to the sublime, with all of the picturesque besides that depends upon form, I think these ought to weigh heavier in the balance than that softened beauty which at Killarney is created by abundance and variety of wood, and consequent splendour of colouring. I know that a far stronger impression was made on my mind in this journey than by anything I saw at Killarney. Be it known, too, that this is a country of lakes—lakes with as fine mountain boundaries as are to be found in the three kingdoms."

Chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Nimmo, a road has been made entirely round the peninsula, beginning at Galway, and winding sufficiently near to the sea and the lakes to open up those districts to the tourist and (what is better to the capitalist. There is another road extending across the district from south-east to north-west. The road to Ballinahinch passes close by the southern slope of the remarkable group of mountains called the Twelve Pins ; and among these mountains is now quarried a green marble so beautiful, that it only waits to be better known in order to find a ready market. These Twelve Pins form a striking nucleus to a striking district. They stand in the very centre of Connamara, and occupy an area six or seven miles square. It is supposed that the name *Pin* is here a corruption of the Scottish *Ben* or mountain ; but be this as it may, the mountains, about a dozen in number, are placed in two opposite rows, inclining together at the ends so as to enclose a kind of oval valley. The chief among the mountains are Knockannahiggen, Bengower, Benlettery, Derryclare, Ben cullagh, and Benbaun ; these vary in height from 2400 to 2000 feet ; the others average about 1800 feet. (Cut No. 18.)

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their work on 'Ireland,' give the details of some information which they received concerning the Connamara marbles, from the proprietors of one of the marble works in Galway town. The quarries in question are situated on the shores of Lough Corrib ; and they were discovered in the following way :—An Englishman was exploring the country for minerals, useful rather than ornamental, when he chanced to discover a stone of fine texture, which, on being polished by a mason, was pronounced to be marble of a fine jet colour. He was unable to work the quarry for want of means ; but two brothers of the name of Ireland made an arrangement with Sir Valentine Blake, the proprietor of the estate on which the marble was found, to export some blocks of it to London. This occurred about the time when Mr. Nimmo was making his examination. The marble-merchants soon appreciated the beauty of the material ;

and ever since that time the black marble of Galway has had numerous admirers and purchasers. The entrance-hall and grand staircase of the Duke of Hamilton's palace near Glasgow, are formed of this beautiful material. The right of quarrying is at the present time leased to certain capitalists, who have extensive stone-working machines at Galway. The process of obtaining the marble is simply as follows :—The men first remove a covering of limestone, about twenty-five feet in thickness ; it lies in beds or layers from one to two feet thick, and requires blasting with gunpowder to ensure its removal. The black marble, thus exposed to view, lies as flat as a billiard-table, in successive layers varying from six to fifteen inches in thickness. There are joints or fissures in these layers, which greatly facilitate the process of quarrying ; wedges are driven into the fissures, and a few blows suffice to separate a complete block—for the different layers seem to be easily detached. Some of the blocks or slabs procured in this way are as large as twelve feet long by ten wide. The black marble here spoken of is a wholly distinct material from the green marble of the Twelve Pins. A visit to the mineralogical gallery at the British Museum will enable us to see a specimen of this beautiful green marble, in the form of a table presented by Mr. Martin, of Galway.

The family of the Martins in Connamara are said to be the owners of a greater number of acres than any other family in Ireland. If the resources of the country were fully developed, the estate would be of enormous value ; but the wealth of mountain and bog is of a prospective character. Colonel Martin, the representative of the family thirty or forty years ago, is said to have endeavoured to put the Prince Regent out of conceit with the famous "long walk" of Windsor, by saying that the avenue which led to his hall-door was thirty miles in length. The pleasantry was true to this extent, that the whole distance of thirty miles from Galway to Ballinahinch lay within the Martin estates, while the road from the one to the other stopped short of the mansion, beyond which there was little else than rugged paths. Ballinahinch is the name of a barony, a lake, a rivulet, a village, and a demesne ; and the whole form the head-quarters of a family which has possessed almost regal power in this wild region : indeed the title of "king of Connamara" has been given almost as much in seriousness as in joke to the representative of the family, by the native Irish around.

But this great estate, like many other great estates in Ireland, is in such a state of entanglement that much will have to be done before its resources can be developed. Lieutenant Colonel Archer, who was recently examined before a Committee of the House of Lords on the Irish Poor Law, gave the following evidence :—

"You have been, I think, for nearly a year, employed as an Agent by the Law Life Assurance Company, who have foreclosed their mortgage upon

the estates of Mr. Martin, in the county of Galway ?"

"I have."

"Will you state the acreage of that property ?"

"One hundred and ninety-six thousand acres."

"The property extends with some interruptions over a surface of about fifty miles ?"

"Over fifty English miles."

"From Galway to the westward of Clifden ?"

"Yes."

"By what description of persons is this estate generally tenanted ?"

"By very small holders. The great bulk of the estate is in very small holdings, the occupiers of which are at and under £4."

Another of the centres of power in this district is Clifden, the residence of the D'Arcys, one of the small number of proprietors of Connamara. Clifden is almost at the south-west corner of the district. In 1815 it consisted of one single house : it now contains several hundred. In the former year its site and a large extent of surrounding country yielded no revenues whatever to its proprietor : it now yields several thousands per annum. In 1822 roads were commenced, eastward from Clifden to Ballinahinch and Oughterard, and northward to Westport ; these were the fore-runners of the town ; and an excellent quay, built by Mr. Nimmo at the inner extremity of Ardbear Harbour, gave to the incipient town the means of exporting and importing produce. The formation of this town did not involve any actual outlay on the part of Mr. D'Arcy ; he offered leases of plots of ground on advantageous terms, to whoever was inclined to build ; many availed themselves of the opportunity, and the result has been favourable both to lessor and lessees. This town of twenty seven years' existence now boasts of its gothic Parish Church, its Roman Catholic Chapel, its two public schools, its dispensary and workhouse, its three streets of tolerable houses, its import trade from Liverpool and even from America, its trade in curing and exporting herrings, its grain market, its breweries, distilleries, and corn-mills, and its corps of fishermen. The bay on whose shore it stands is so completely landlocked as to constitute a favourite rendezvous for the government cruisers. Mr. D'Arcy has built a beautiful castle at Clifden, in the midst of a scene of natural grandeur—mountain and sea coast forming component parts—not easily surpassed in Ireland. There was one piece of flat unsightly bog ; but this has been drained and converted into a lawn in front of the castle. Clifden is in every sense a valuable example, to show what may yet be done in the industrial regeneration of Connamara.

Of Joyce's Country, it is doubtful whether so much will be made as of Connamara proper, on account of the bareness of its mountains and its lesser proportion of sea-coast. Its inhabitants are nearly all Joyces—who have the reputation of being the tallest and largest men in Ireland. "Big Jack Joyce" was for many years a well-known giant among a race of giants. Mr. Inglis



met with a young Joyce, seventeen years of age, who measured six feet three inches—not exactly “in his stockings,” for he had none. The Joyces of Joyce’s Country, and the Flynns of Connamara, have for ages had a sort of hereditary faction-feud. Will the present generation see such feuds die out?

The evidence collected by Fishery Commissioners and Inspectors at various times, shows that the coast of Connamara is abundantly supplied with fish. The whole of Galway Bay, sheltered by the Arran Isles from the Atlantic, and having a depth varying from six to thirty-five fathoms, is remarkable for the finest description of fish in their respective seasons—turbot, cod, ling, haddock, gurnet, hake, glassen, soles, plaice, dories, halibut, mackarel, herrings, &c. Off the western coast of Connamara there is a great bank, extending from the coast of Mayo to the isle of Arran, and sup-

posed by some to stretch out westward to the Great Bank of Newfoundland. Its nearest edge is about thirty miles out from the coast; and it has from thirty to sixty fathoms water on it. The bank is much frequented by cod, ling, and conger; it is, however, seldom fished on, the boats on the coast being too small to venture so far out to sea. Great quantities of fish have been taken on this bank by vessels of from twenty to forty tons burden. This bank was remarkable until within the last few years for the sunfish, many of which were taken by the boats of the coast, and produced, on an average, from five to eight barrels of the finest oil. The principal fishery near Connamara, and that of most value, is for herrings; it commences about Christmas, at which period these fish, in immense quantities, generally fall into some of the numerous bays on the coast.



18.—THE TWELVE PINS, LOOKING OVER CLIFDEN.

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THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.



## NORTH WALES.

NORTH WALES is more frequently compared with the mountain district of Westmoreland and Cumberland than with any other locality, either at home or abroad. Comparisons are proverbially odious; and, to our thinking, comparisons of scenery are almost invariably unjust. There are usually more points of distinction than of agreement; and different things cannot fairly be compared with each other. We have no intention to institute invidious comparisons between these beautiful rivals, and certainly none of awarding the palm to either. But there is a difference between them, which the visitor to each should bear in mind, and which, therefore, it may be proper to call attention to. Cumbria has few historical or romantic recollections, and possesses, consequently, hardly an historical memorial. It is a region of beauty, which owes all its charms to Nature: even the poetry that is connected with the lakes and fells is of recent date, and but a reflex of the native loveliness. With Cambria it is otherwise. Everywhere exist the monuments or the traditions of an ancient and entirely different condition of society. Throughout Wales occur places which are associated with tales of British prowess, or are celebrated in antique legend. The stories are often fabulous; and where the events they describe are real, the relations possess no very powerful attraction for 'Saxon' ears and hearts—at least, as they have been hitherto told: were there a Welsh Walter Scott to vivify his native records, and re-people his native fastnesses, they might be found to have for all nations equal interest with the history and the romance of Scotland. Still, as it is, those ancient memories serve at least to invest these scenes with that indefinite charm, which ever lingers over the spot whose name has been inscribed on the historic or poetic page. And the ruined castle and monastery, while they add something of elevation to the mind which is most susceptible to the sublimity and the grace of Nature, seldom fail to receive the homage even of those whose hearts the mountain and the cataract alike speak to in vain.

We are not going, here or hereafter, to inflict upon the reader any details of Welsh history, or to plunge into the depths of its legendary lore: all we desire is, to have it remembered that our tour lies through an historic region; and to suggest to the tourist that it will add to the charm of even Cambrian scenery, if it be kept in mind that every hill and every valley abounds with recollections and relics; and that the humble tradition of mythic hero, the incoherent tale of national glory and valour, the rude vestiges of faëry legends, and the superstitions and observances which are yet lingering on, though in the latest stages of decay, all speak of those ancient manners which were created and fostered by the peculiar insulation of the

people during so many centuries, and of that national pride, which, in early times, the example of the chief and the exhortations of the priest and the bard, made a part of the popular character and creed.

There are many ways of approach to Wales; and the chief features may, of course, be visited in various order and succession. The tourist will be guided in the selection of his route by convenience. We propose, in the first place, to look at so much of North Wales as lies along the line of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, and of the old coach-road through the Vale of Llangollen—staying by the way as we please, and making short excursions from the principal stations. In this manner we shall see the leading features of the northern coast, the district lying between it and the valleys of the Dee and the Conway, and have also a cursory view of the Isle of Anglesea. We shall then be at leisure to examine the interior of the Principality and the remainder of the coast; and thus readily visit whatever is most worth visiting in the entire district. Chester will consequently be our starting-place; our journey will terminate at Shrewsbury. Concerning the character of the country and the people, and of the main objects of interest that lie in the route, it is not necessary to make any further general remarks now: it will be as well to leave them to speak for themselves when we come upon them.

### CHESTER.

Before giving an account of North Wales itself, we must look awhile at Chester: for the old city, though it lies just outside the boundary of the Principality, always forms an essential part and main attraction of a Welsh tour. Indeed it thus becomes one of the many advantages of this tour, that not only is the tourist led to investigate a grand mountain tract, with a people in many respects so remarkable as are the Welsh, but he also has the opportunity of examining three or four old towns of almost unique character, and of singular interest.

Chester is one of the most curious cities in the kingdom, as well as one of the most ancient. Nothing can be better in its way than Thomas Fuller's notice of it: "Chester is a faire city on the north-east side of the river Dee, so ancient, that the first founder thereof is forgotten. . . . It is built in the form of a quadrant, and is almost a just square; the four cardinal streets thereof (as I may call them) meeting in the middle of the city, at a place called the Pentise, which affordeth a pleasant prospect at once into all four. Here is a property of building peculiar to the city, called the Rows, being galleries, wherein the passengers go dry, without coming into the streets, having shops on both



sides and underneath; the fashion whereof is somewhat hard to conceive. It is therefore worth their pains, who have money and leisure, to make their own eyes the expounders of the manner thereof; the like being said not to be seen in all England; no, nor in all Europe again." (*Worthies, Chester.*)

Fuller is no doubt correct in affirming that "the first founder of the city is forgotten in its antiquity:" but the citizens in former days cherished a tradition that the first founder was a very famous personage. Bradshaw, the writer of the old metrical 'Life of St. Werburgh,' the patron saint of Chester, tells, in melodious strains, what was in his day the received opinion:

"The founder of this city, as saith Polychroneon,  
Was Leon Gaur, a mighty strong giant,  
Which builded caves and dungeons many a one,  
Ne goodly building, ne proper, ne pleasant."

But Master Bradshaw is scandalized at having such a parentage affixed on his native place; and accordingly repudiates the claim of Leon Gaur to be founder of the city of Chester, notwithstanding that the original name of the city bears an affinity to that of this Patagonian. He is naturally averse to ascribe the title of founder of a city to one who merely selected the site, in order to excavate vile caves and dungeons,—not as dwellings for a peaceful sodality, but doubtless only that he might imprison in them unhappy wanderers, with a purpose, at his leisure, to pick their bones;—for we may be sure, by his name, that like one of John Bunyan's giants, "he was of the nature of flesh-eaters." Such, our poet evidently thinks, was an odd mode of founding a city. Rather, he declares,

"King Lear, a Briton stout and valiant,  
Was founder of the city by pleasant dwellings."

And it was in honour of him, he adds, that it was called Guar Lear. All that authentic history can venture to say of its foundation is, that it may have been a British town; but it was certainly an important Roman station. The plan of the city, and the arrangement of the principal streets—answering, in some measure, to those of a Roman camp—are thought to bear witness to its Roman origin. Its Roman name was Deva, or the station of the Dee. The 20th legion—the *Legio vicesima valens victrix*—had its station, according to the 'Antonine Itinerary,' on the Dee; and, in all probability, Chester was the place. The British (or Welsh) name, *Caer Leon Gawr*, the City of the Great Legion, appears plainly to bear evidence to this; and it is confirmed by the discovery at Chester of a votive altar, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was raised by an officer of the 20th legion, named the Victorious.\* Of the residence of the Romans here many vestiges of all descriptions usually classed together as 'Roman remains,' have been at different times discovered. Among others, is a tolerably

\* "It appears from the inscriptions, that the 20th legion remained here till the third century, but removed some time before the final abandonment of Britain by the Romans in the fifth."

complete hypocaust, which may be seen by the visitor at the sign of 'The Roman Bath.'

On the departure of the Romans, Chester, then the most important place in these parts, appears to have fallen into the hands of the Britons; but as the Saxon power became consolidated in England it was finally gained by that people. The reader will, doubtless, recollect the story of the Saxon monarch, Edgar,\* holding his court there, and of his boat being rowed on the Dee by six or eight tributary kings. Chester was, however, for a while wrested from the Saxons by the Danes: and Alfred was once compelled to raise the siege while it was held by the famous sea-king, Hasting. Bede, writing early in the eighth century (*Hist. Ecc.*, b. ii., c. 2), styles Chester "the city which is called by the English, *Lega Caester*, but by the British more correctly, *Carlegion*." We have here an early approach to the present name; the *lega* was dropped in the course of time, but as there were other *Caesters* or *Chesters*, this was called *West* to distinguish it from them. Richard of Cirencester wrote the name *West Chester* in the fourteenth century, and so it continued to be written down to the nineteenth by those who affected extreme precision.

Under the Normans the importance of Chester was greatly increased. William I. created his nephew Hugh, surnamed *Lupus*, Earl of Chester, granting him at the same time sovereign jurisdiction over the county of Cheshire, which he erected into a county palatine. *Lupus* made Chester his place of abode, and held there his courts and parliaments, to which he called the barons and landholders with the superiors of the religious houses of the county.† In order to secure the city from the attacks of the Welsh, *Lupus* erected a castle, and built, or rebuilt, the city walls. It was now made the head-quarters of the army which it was found necessary to maintain in order to keep in check the Welsh, against whom he was obliged on several

\* The story is differently told: in some recent descriptions of Chester we see Edwin incorrectly named as the Saxon king. William of Malmesbury's account is as follows: "Scarcely does a year pass in the Chronicles in which he did not perform something great. . . . Kinad, king of the Scots, Malcolm, of the Cumbrians, that prince of pirates, Maccus, all the Welsh kings whose names were Dufnal, Giferth, Huval, Jacob, Judethil, being summoned to his court, were bound to him by one, and that a lasting oath; so that, meeting him at Chester, he exhibited them on the river Dec in triumphal ceremony. For putting them all on board the same vessel, he compelled them to row him as he sat at the prow: thus displaying his regal magnificence, who held so many kings in subjection."—(*Gesta Rerum Ang.*, c. viii.—*Sharpe's Translation.*) The 'Saxon Chronicle' mentions (sub anno 972) the meeting of "six kings with Edgar, at Chester, to plight their troth to him;" but makes no reference to their rowing of him. Malmesbury wrote early in the twelfth century.

† The title of Earl of Chester, with all its vast privileges, remained in the descendants of *Lupus* for nearly two hundred years: it was then annexed to the crown by Henry III.; and the title has ever since been held by the eldest son of the sovereign.

occasions to lead a considerable force. Indeed, it is affirmed by Camden, that "in those early Norman times, the skirmishes between the Welsh and English were so numerous, the inroads and incursions, and the firing of the suburbs of Hanbrid beyond the bridge, so frequent, that the Welshmen called it Treboeth, that is, Burnt Town. They tell us also that there was a long wall made there of *Welshmen's skulls*." Truly a pleasant dwelling-place must Chester have been in those days!

We need not pursue the history of the city further: enough has been said to show its great antiquity and early consequence. It is foreign to the purpose of this sketch to trace its commercial prosperity and decay; or to speak of the eminent literary rank of several of its inhabitants during the period when English literature was emerging from the condition of mere monkish chronicles. Nor can we do more than refer to the Chester miracle-plays which the trades were accustomed to perform on holy days, and which have in some instances been preserved along with the still more famous Coventry mysteries, till the present time.

Chester is the only English city which retains its walls in a complete state. They are, of course, no longer of use as military works, but they afford an excellent public walk for the citizens; and for that purpose they are kept in repair. Ormerod, in his elaborate 'History of Cheshire,' (vol. i., p. 278), says of them:—"The walls enclose an oblong parallelogram, and most undoubtedly stand, for a large portion of their extent, on Roman foundations, as is indisputably proved by the remains of the ancient east gate discovered in erecting the present arch, and some relics of Roman masonry near, still existing, but concealed from public view by the houses adjoining . . . The present circuit of the walls is somewhat more than a mile and three quarters: the materials are a red stone; the exterior elevation is tolerably equal, but the interior is in some places nearly level with the ground, and in others with the tops of the houses. The entire line is guarded with a wooden rail within, and a stone parapet without; and the general line which is kept in repair as a public walk, commands interesting prospects . . . At the sides of the walls are the remains of several ancient towers, which have either been made level with the walls, been completely dismantled, or been fitted up as alcoves by the citizens. At the north-east angle is a lofty circular tower, erected in 1613, and called the Phoenix Tower, observable from the circumstance of Charles I. having witnessed a part of the battle of Rowton Heath from its leads in 1645. Another tower of higher antiquity, and the most picturesque of the military remains of Chester, projects out at the north-west angle, and is approached by a small turret, called Bonwaldesthorpe's Tower, which forms the entrance to a flight of steps leading to an open gallery embattled on each side. Below this is a circular arch, under which the tide flowed before the embankment of the Dee. At the end of the gallery is the principal tower, a massy circular building of red stone, embattled; the

principal room is an octagonal vaulted chamber, in the sides of which were pointed arches for windows. This tower, now called the Water Tower, and formerly the New Tower, was erected in 1322, for £100, at the city expense, by John Helpstone."

The stranger should let the circuit of the walls be one of his first strolls. It shows to considerable advantage the general features of the city, exhibiting it in very various aspect, and displaying alike the meaner and poorer as well as the better parts. The views too, outwards, are extensive, and some of them very fine. The prospect from the vicinity of the Water Tower may be specially noted; the eye is carried along the valley of the Dee over a fertile and diversified tract, which is bounded by the nearer Welsh mountains. The Water Tower itself will, of course, claim attention. In it is now deposited a small collection of antiquities and geological specimens—the museum of the Chester Mechanics' Institute; it will repay examination, but it might be greatly improved by the addition of *local* objects:—a good local museum ought to be found in every town in the kingdom. The tower which is passed through in order to reach the Water Tower, contains in the upper story a camera, whose vivid pictures will amuse the visitor. The Phoenix Tower is also open to inspection, being occupied during the day by a retired veteran of the histrionic art, who has a telescope pointed out of the window, wherefrom, as he tells you, the unfortunate Charles watched the defeat of his army on Rowton Heath,—a spot that now wears very little of the appearance of a battle field.

We ought to mention, that with the citizens the walk along the walls by moonlight is in high repute; and the stranger who is at Chester about the time of full moon will do well to remember this. The appearance of the old city as it is then seen, separated into masses of bold light and shadow which bring out with strong effect the peculiarities of the gable-fronted houses, with their dark line of 'Rows,' is certainly very striking; the cathedral too, (which lies close under the walls, and can only be fairly seen from them,) is never else seen to so much advantage (Cut, No. 1); and the contrast which the broad moonlit landscape, bounded by the Welsh mountains, presents to the close dark city, is as pleasing as it is uncommon.

But Chester is so remarkable a city, that at no time can it be looked on without peculiar interest by the stranger. No other city, perhaps, in the kingdom, carries so singular an air of antiquity. Unlike most of the other old towns in which the streets are narrow and irregular, the main streets are here broad and straight, and set at right angles to each other. The houses generally are of the quaint, old-fashioned, half-timber kind, with roofs of high pitch, and having the ornamented gables turned towards the street. Some of them display good examples of that kind of enriched plaster-work called pargetting, while in many the main beams of the gables are carved, and there is also a good deal of carving about the lower stories. But that which gives to them the peculiar character which





1.—CHESTER CATHEDRAL.

distinguishes the principal streets of Chester from those of every other town, is what is called the 'Rows,' which have already been referred to. These are covered galleries of unequal height and width, open towards the street, supported in front by carved wooden pillars, and having a low railing or balusters, but instead of projecting, like balconies from the houses, they are cut out from them: they are, in fact, walks along what in ordinary towns would be the first-floors of the houses. If the reader will fancy that the ground-floors remain untouched, while the front and partition-walls of the first-floors have been removed, and the space converted into a public walk, he will comprehend, by the help of the engraving which we have given of one of the streets (Cut, No. 2), the situation and external appearance of these Rows. But it will be necessary further to understand that there is a line of shops within them, at the back of the Rows (and among them are the best shops in the city), while towards the street are spaces for stalls or open shops (but which are now not so used except in the poorer parts); and at the same time the ground-floors, on the top of which the passengers along the Rows walk, are themselves shops, having their entrances as in ordinary towns, from the street pavement. Wherever the main streets are intersected by other streets, there is a flight of steps to be ascended and descended in passing along the Rows,

and these add to their general singularity of appearance. Altogether, the Rows are what mainly contribute to render Chester, what it is generally admitted to be, one of the most picturesque as well as remarkable cities in the kingdom.

There is some difference of opinion as to the origin of the Rows. Pennant and others think them to be a sort of relic of the Roman occupation of the city, they "having the form and being derived from the ancient vestibules." Others again have fancied that they were a kind of construction adopted in order to enable the citizens to attack with advantage the Welsh marauders who so frequently made incursions into the town; and it is added, that during the encounters which took place between the partizans of Charles I. and the Parliament, they were found serviceable to the party which had possession of them. It might almost as feasibly be suggested, that the old spectacle-loving inhabitants constructed them for the sake of being able to see to advantage their famous pageants! At any rate, we may well imagine that in those gay old times, Chester streets must have afforded a notable sight when old and young were congregated in the Rows on one of the high-days, to see the pageant pass along "according to ancient custom," with "the four giants and the unicorn, and the dromedary, the lucc, the camel, the ass, snap-the-dragon, the four hobby-





2.—WATERGATE-STREET, CHESTER.



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horses, and sixteen naked boys," as the Cupids and juvenile angels are somewhat irreverently styled by the dry old chronicler, who, perhaps, had in himself a spice of the spirit of that Puritan mayor who, as he tells, caused "the giants to be broken, the devil in his feathers to be sent into limbo, and the dragon and the naked boys to be whipped away."

The richness of Chester in an architectural point of view, as well as in a picturesque, consists in the abundance of its examples of early urban domestic buildings: it has very few public structures of any consequence. The chief, of course, is the Cathedral; and it is in almost every respect inferior to the greater number of English cathedrals.

Chester in very early times had splendid ecclesiastical establishments. The chief of these was the Benedictine Abbey of St. Werburgh, which was of great extent, and very wealthy: at the suppression of monasteries, its annual income was found to exceed £1000. Chester was made the seat of one of the bishop's sees, created by Henry VIII., at the dissolution of religious houses. The Abbey Church became the cathedral, and the incomes of the bishop, the dean, and six prebendaries were provided out of the abbey property. The church was enlarged and altered, to adapt it to its new purpose; but the Reformation which so speedily followed is believed to have put a stop to the completion of the works. It was evidently intended to erect a stone roof over the nave and choir, but an ordinary wooden one was substituted. The cathedral is wholly in the perpendicular style of Gothic architecture; and though the western front is rather grand, and the Lady Chapel elegant, it is, on the whole, by no means a favourable specimen of that style. Externally it is plain and heavy, and the interior, though more pleasing, is not at all striking. There is little of the religious majesty and impressiveness of some other of our glorious cathedrals: yet there is much that is interesting in the interior, especially in the choir, with its stalls and bishop's throne; and an hour will be well spent in examining it, and the conventual remains connected with it. The most noticeable point in the general external view is the unusual length of the south transept, which is nearly as long as the nave—a peculiarity, as far as we know, without parallel. The cathedral is built of the ordinary red sandstone of the neighbourhood, which is of a very friable nature, and the whole body of the edifice appears to be, in consequence, fast crumbling away. Parts of it have been of late carefully and judiciously restored.

The Chapter-house is much older than the cathedral, its builder being said to be Randal de Blundeville, who lived in the early part of the thirteenth century. It is of the early English style of architecture—and is, internally at least, the most beautiful architectural object in Chester. The form is a plain oblong, but the arrangement of the pillars in the entrance-chamber imparts something of originality to the general effect, while the details are all excellent. The ancient conventual buildings covered a very large space; and what remains of

them will repay the examination of those curious in this class of objects. There are eight or nine parish churches in Chester, and some have points of interest; we can only mention that some ruins of Norman date, attached to the Church of St. John, without the walls, are worth visiting.

Of the castle built by Hugh Lupus, hardly a fragment is left. The present Castle is of the last century. It is very large; and from its size rather imposing, but heavy. It is used as the Shire Hall, the county jail, and military barracks. To make way for it a portion of the old wall was pulled down; but the walk is continued, a new wall being carried somewhat farther out. The very handsome New Bridge which is carried across the Dee, close by the castle, must not pass unnoticed. It was erected from a design by the architect of the castle, Mr. T. Harrison, of Chester; it consists of but one arch, of 200 feet span, being the largest stone arch which had then been constructed; and it still we believe remains so, unless it has been rivalled by any of the vast structures raised by railway engineers. This bridge was opened in 1832 by her present Majesty, then Princess Victoria. In passing, we ought to mention perhaps the celebrated spot called the Roo-dee, or Chester race-course, which lies just under the wall, at no very great distance from the castle. The stranger will be sure to notice it in making the circuit of the walls, and be ready to acknowledge that the citizens are right in asserting that there is not such another convenient race-course to be found by any other English city. The Roo-dee is one of the oldest English race-courses. Strutt quotes from a native author of the time of Henry VIII., a passage to the effect, that "a bell of silver, valued at three shillings and sixpence, or more, was to be annually given by the Company of Saddlers, to him who shall run the best and the farthest on horseback." The running was to take place on Shrove-Tuesday, in the presence of the mayor, and some of the city companies, "on the Roo-dee." This was in 1540; in 1624 the silver bell was "of a good value, of eight or ten pounds or thereabout;" a striking instance of the change in the value of money in that interval.

Chester, we have mentioned, was once a place of great commercial importance. It was a considerable port when Liverpool was hardly a port at all: but as the new one rose, the old one declined; and now hardly any shipping comes to Chester. Quite remarkable is the quiet, almost listless, aspect of the city and its inhabitants, to one who has just been observing the feverish and almost preternatural activity of Liverpool. With such a neighbour, it is surprising that Chester should have gone on so long in its dull old-fashioned course. But it cannot be expected to remain much longer as it is, now that it has become the centre of a considerable railway traffic. There are, indeed, so many symptoms of what is called improvement already noticeable, that we cannot help recommending the lovers of antiquity to follow honest old Fuller's advice, "to make their own eyes the expounders" of its aspect,



and not to delay their visit long, lest they lose some characteristic feature.

While at Chester, the stranger will doubtless visit Eaton Hall, the magnificent seat of the Marquis of Westminster: it lies within a rich park, about three miles from the city, on the Shrewsbury road. It has long been one of the most celebrated of the mansions of the nobility, as well on account of its architectural claims as of its internal splendour, and the collection of pictures which it contains. For some time past it has been undergoing extensive alterations and embellishments; and, consequently, has not been open to the public: when these shall be completed, access to it will, we hope, be as liberally granted as it was during the life of the late Marquis.

#### FLINT.

Crossing the "Wizard Dee," we now enter fairly upon the Welsh country. The best plan for the tourist will be, not to loiter by the way, looking at the lesser hills and meaner streams; but to proceed directly from Chester to Holywell or Conway, by the Holyhead Railway, or to Llangollen by the Shrewsbury line, according as he may intend to pursue his journey, along the coast, or through the interior: in either case, he enters at once upon a scene of great interest, and will be able to continue his route through a tract of increasing grandeur. For us, however, it seems necessary, lest our sketch should appear too imperfect, first to glance at two or three spots that perhaps ought not to be omitted in a notice of North Wales.

Hawarden is the first of these places. The pedestrian will find the walk to it by the Dee a very pleasant one; and if he have a little leisure, the place itself will repay the visit. It is usually visited for the sake of the ruined Castle, which will be seen, just out of the road, within the grounds of Sir S. R. Glynne, close by the modern mansion, called Hawarden Castle. The ruins are now carefully preserved; but they are slight, and, though not unpicturesque, are of little interest in comparison with many of the noble castellated remains which will hereafter be met with. The castle was first erected in Norman times; it was dismantled after its capture by the Parliamentarians in 1645. From the summit of the keep there is an extensive prospect. The richly-wooded park within which it stands also affords many pleasing views. Hawarden, or, as the natives call it, Harden, is apparently a thriving little town, with very little that is Welsh in the appearance of it or of its inhabitants. But generally, it may be remarked that Flintshire is by far the most English county in North Wales.

About a couple of miles beyond Hawarden are a few ivy-covered fragments of another of those strongholds which the Norman and early English conquerors raised wherever they obtained footing in Wales. Ewloe, or Owloe Castle, however, hardly ought to be termed a castle; it is rather one of those lesser fortresses, which in the north country are called peels. It stands on the

edge of a woody glen, in a wild and picturesque spot. The glen below the castle is famed as the scene of the defeat of a branch of the army of Henry II. by the sons of Owcn Gwynedd,—a victory the more grateful to the Welsh, inasmuch as it led to one of still greater moment; for Henry, incensed at the defeat of his soldiers, led the main body of his army against Gwynedd, who was encamped a few miles farther on, at a place called Coleshill, near Flint: but the English army was again routed, and the king himself escaped with some difficulty.

Mold, which is situated four or five miles to the westward, is one of the most important towns in Flintshire. Its situation in the midst of a district rich in minerals, has caused the accumulation of a considerable population:—some 9000 persons reside within its boundaries. Little can be said for the beauty of the town, but there is a new county hall, of rather ambitious design, wherein the assizes are held; and the church is larger, and of a superior character to those generally seen in Welsh towns. The church was erected in the sixteenth century: the style is perpendicular, and it has a good tower. In the interior are a great many monuments, the most noticeable being a marble statue of a Welsh squire, hight Davies of Llanerch, who is very appropriately clad in a Roman habit. In the neighbourhood of Mold are coal and lead mines, iron-works, and the like. Celtic remains, including a gold torque, have been found here. At the village of Northop, not far from Mold, is another church, of a much better class than the ordinary parish churches in Wales.

A mile from Mold is a spot called Maes Garmon, whereon the Scots and Picts, who had invaded the land of the Britons, sustained a notable defeat: the particulars are told by venerable Bede, in his 'Ecclesiastical History,' and by other monkish chroniclers, with great unction. On the invasion of the Picts, the "fearful Britons" had assembled here in a valley surrounded by mountains: it was the holy season of Lent, which inspired in all religious thoughts; and in their distress they listened with devout attention to the teaching of the holy St. Germanus and Bishop Lupus, who had come amongst them to instruct them in the true doctrine, and who were now in the midst of the army. So efficacious did their exhortations prove, that the hardy warriors thronged in crowds to be baptized. The enemy having been duly informed by their spies of this unmartial employment of the army, hastened to the place, intending to surprise them while thus engaged; nothing doubting of an easy victory. But Germanus, aware of their approach, selected the most active of the British soldiers, and placing himself at their head, conducted them to the pass by which the heathen army must enter the valley. As the savage multitude drew near the spot where Germanus had secreted his followers, the holy man, raising the rood in his hands, thrice shouted aloud Hallelujah! The Britons, as they had been directed, repeated the cry, which the mountains on all sides re-echoed; and the enemy, struck with

dread by the sound, which appeared suddenly to peal forth, not alone from the surrounding rocks, but from the very sky itself, cast down their arms, and fled in fearful disorder. Many of them were drowned in the neighbouring river, and more slain by their relentless pursuers. Without the loss of a single man did the pious Britons thus achieve a perfect victory. In memory of so marvellous an event, the field has ever since borne the name of Maes Garmon,—the Field of Germanus. This memorable victory was gained in 429: in 1736, an Obelisk was erected by a modern Briton, Nathaniel Griffiths, of Rhual, to mark the site; and the particulars of the event are recorded upon it in sounding Latin. Mr. Griffiths, by the way, has chosen to call the vanquished “Picts and Saxons,” which is certainly not as written in the ‘Chronicles:’ he has also placed the date in 420, which is also not according to the early scribes. While speaking of monuments, we may mention that the one seen on Moel Famau, the loftiest mountain in this vicinity, being 1840 feet above the level of the sea, was erected in commemoration of the jubilee, as it was called, of George III. The monument is a pyramid, 60 feet broad at the base, and 125 feet high. From its magnitude and lofty site, it is a conspicuous object for miles around, and even from the walls of Chester. Not far from Maes Garmon, a portion of the celebrated boundary, ‘Offa’s Dyke,’ may be readily traced.

From Flint its ancient glory has entirely departed. Situated in a convenient nook at the estuary of the Dee, before the channel of that river filled with silt, Flint boasted of great commercial aptitude. The strong castle served to protect it from any sudden assault; a large and busy population filled its streets. When the navigation of the Dee was diverted, and the Mersey attracted the vessels which used to enter the wizard stream, Flint gradually declined. It still boasted itself the county town, but even that local eminence was lost

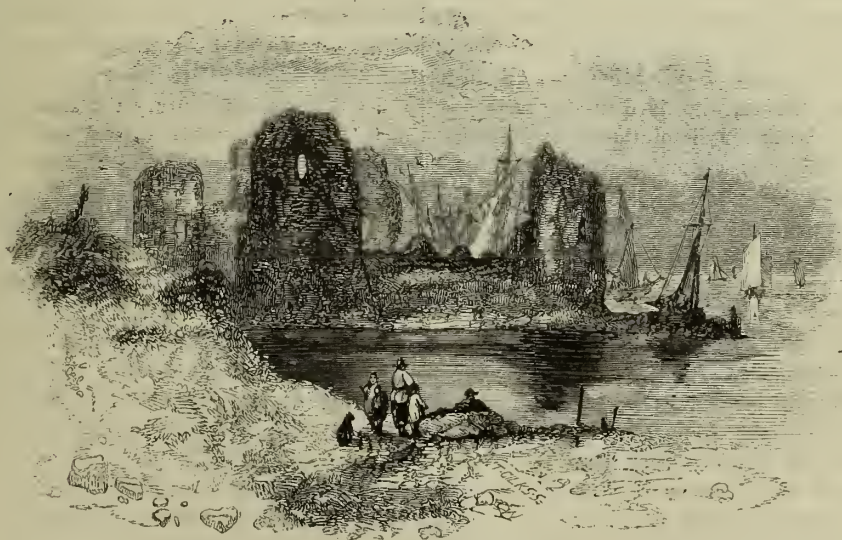
when, in the last century, the assizes were removed from it to be held in future in the rising town of Mold. Yet Flint has a strong attraction for the English visitor. In Flint Castle, “which,” says old Hall, “a man may call Dolorous Castle, because there king Richard declined from his dignity, and lost the type of his glory and pre-eminency”—in Flint Castle it was that the meeting so often related by our old historians, and immortalized by Shakspeare, took place between Richard II. and “the banished Bolingbroke.”

The castle stands on a low rock which rises bluffly from the marshy shore. The banks generally are low and bare; when the tide is out, the broad estuary—it is here three miles across—presents the appearance of a naked sandy waste. Hall states that Richard, who had wandered from Carnarvon to Conway, and even to Beaumaris, in hope of finding a fortress strong enough and sufficiently provisioned to afford a prospect of a lengthened resistance, when apprised that Bolingbroke “was coming toward the Castle of Flint, . . . departed out of the castle and took the sands by the river Dee, trusting to escape to Chester, and there to have refuge and succour; but or he had far passed, he was forelaid and taken, and brought to the duke.” Of the meeting itself—

“King Richard’s night, and Bolingbroke’s fair day”—

it behoves us not here to speak.

Flint Castle was erected by Henry II. or his successor, and must have been, for the time, a place of enormous strength; yet it is said, that it was more than once taken by the Welsh princes, and retaken by the English. During the great civil war, Flint Castle was garrisoned for Charles by Roger Mostyn. It endured a long siege by the forces of the Parliament, and only surrendered when the garrison was reduced to the extremity of famine. Flint Castle was dismantled, by order of the Parliament, at the same time as those of



F.—FLINT CASTLE.



Rhyddlan and Hawarden. It was a square castle, with large round towers at the angles; one angle having a second and larger tower, intended, no doubt, to serve as the keep. All that remains of it now are portions of several towers, and a part of the walls—all in the most ruinous condition. (Cut, No. 3.) One of the towers fell, as lately as last winter; those that remain, as well as the walls, are full of rents. The governor of Flint Castle was also mayor of the borough: and the half-civil half-military officer is still duly appointed, though the castle and the borough are alike decayed. A part of the site of the castle is occupied by the prison, a plain edifice, erected some sixty-five years back.

The town, as we have said, is now of little consequence and no comeliness: it is a very dirty sample of an inferior Welsh town. It has some fishing trade; in the neighbourhood are smelting-works; the parish contains above two thousand inhabitants, and it is resorted to by a few strangers for the benefit of bathing. A neat church has recently been erected, and also a market-house.

#### HOLYWELL.

There is little beauty in the scenery around Flint; and indeed it may be said, that the tameness extends the whole distance of the line of the railway by the Dee-side from Chester to Holywell. Between Flint and Holywell the pedestrian will find little to arrest his attention, unless it be in the dirty-looking smelting village of Bagilt. All along here, by the way, occur at intervals smoky and ungainly 'works' of one kind and another—important and interesting enough, of course, in their way, but which we gladly hasten by.

On approaching Holywell, however, the scenery improves, and there is a good deal that is observable in the vicinity. Not far from the Holywell station (and in rather too close proximity to a modern factory) are the remains of the once flourishing abbey of Basingwerk. They stand in what must once have been a very pretty spot, close by where the stream which flows from the wonder-working well falls into the estuary of the Dee. The foundation of this abbey is ascribed to Ranulph, Earl of Chester, who lived in the early part of the 12th century: at the dissolution of monasteries, the annual revenue was estimated at above £150. Close by the abbey stood Basingwerk Castle, of which however hardly a fragment is now left. This castle, it is said, was erected by Richard, son of Hugh Lupus, the first Earl of Chester. According to the tradition, or legend, Richard had been on a pilgrimage to St. Winefred's Well, and on returning from it was attacked by a body of Welshmen, too numerous for his small band of retainers to withstand. He happily succeeded in reaching Basingwerk Abbey, where he sought sanctuary. But the Welsh closely beset the abbey; and the soldiers of his father were on the opposite side of the Dee, separated from him by some miles of deep water. In his emergency he supplicated the aid of St. Winefred (or as some say of St. Werburgh, but Chester

and Holywell must settle that), when suddenly the sands were raised above the waters, and his father's troops marched over them, speedily dispersed his enemies, and released him from his dangerous position:—in commemoration whereof the sands have ever since been called the 'Constable's Sands.' The reader will see that there is a little confusion in the chronology here. If Basingwerk Abbey were founded in the 12th century, Richard could not well have taken refuge in it in the 11th; but it may have been, as was often the case, that the monastery was refounded, or rebuilt then, at the cost of Earl Ranulph, who, for his liberality, received the title of founder. Be that as it may, the story adds that Richard, in grateful recompense to the good monks, erected a castle by their house, in order henceforward to afford to them the protection which, in his emergency, they had extended to him. Not far from the castle the antiquary may discern traces of Watt's Dyke, a portion or continuation of the better known Offa's Dyke.

About a mile from the ruins of Basingwerk Abbey stands the town of Holywell, on the summit of a steep hill. On the way to it, where the hill rises abruptly, is the Well of St. Winefred, which we must turn aside to look at. The stranger is surprised by seeing a singularly graceful Gothic edifice, the purport of which he is at first at a loss to comprehend. On entering he sees that it covers a bath of goodly proportions, wherein perchance some in suitable garments are very deliberately moving about, while around it are others, halt, and lame, and withered, waiting as it should seem for some one to lift them into the water. Over head is a vaulted stone roof, of elaborate design and richly ornamented; but, among the ornaments, he observes some which, in the dim light, appear to him quite inexplicable. He looks at them with increasing wonder, till, when his eye has become accustomed to the obscurity, he discerns that they are crutches fixed in the groins, and on inquiry he is informed that they are votive offerings placed there by those who have experienced the efficacy of the waters. Altogether the scene is an unusual one:—but then the well itself is of no ordinary kind. We must relate its origin.

In the seventh century the lord of these parts was one Thewith; by his wife, Wenlo, he had an only daughter, whose name was Winefred. Now the brother of Wenlo was a man of saintly character, who had devoted his life to the service of religion. Bueno, for so he was named, had founded a monastery, and built a church at Clynoeg, in Carnarvon, and there he had dwelt as abbot till the work of his hands had become firmly established, and the monks were well grounded in doctrine and discipline. Then he removed to where his sister abode, and begged of his brother-in-law a small piece of land, at the foot of the hill on which stood his palace, and thereon he erected for himself a cell, resolving to devote the remainder of his days to pious meditation, and to the instruction of his niece. The maiden was extremely beautiful, and under his teaching she became no less remarkably devout. Attracted by her

surpassing loveliness, Caradoc, the son of king Alen, sought her hand; but Winefred had already devoted herself to a life of celibacy. Finding her unmoved by all his entreaties, Caradoc—as Welsh knights were in ancient times but too apt to do—determined on a rougher mode of courtship. The maiden, however, escaping from his hands, fled for refuge, as was natural, towards her uncle's cell. Caradoc maddened at the frustration of his purpose, drew his sword and pursued her; and having overtaken her as she was about to descend the hill, struck off her head at a blow. Her body fell where the blow was struck, but the head bounded forward till it reached the feet of the horror-stricken Bueno. In those times saints were not confounded at what would overwhelm common folk in our unbelieving days: Bueno, therefore, caught up the severed head, and hastening to the place where the body lay, he replaced it in its proper position. When a saint did such a thing, it may be supposed it was followed by the junction of the divided parts. Winefred, accordingly, to the great edification of the bystanders, arose, hale as ever, having apparently suffered no inconvenience from her decapitation;—it is not said whether the narrow crimson circlet was visible, which was the insignia of those saintly ones who had undergone this species of martyrdom. Caradoc, it may be believed, after so manifest a miracle, did not care to renew his suit, or to repeat his violence; and Winefred lived henceforward for fifteen years, in the bloom of maiden purity, and died in the odour of sanctity.

But the violence of the wicked Caradoc was the occasion of lasting good. For from the spot where the head of the holy Winefred rested, there burst forth a spring of the purest water: and the valley, which hitherto had been arid and barren, was now irrigated and fertilized by a perennial and abundant stream. And as though to proclaim wherefore the waters thus flowed, the stones which formed the channel of the stream were spotted as with blood, though the water itself was clear as crystal; and the moss which covered the sides of the fountain exhaled a grateful odour. Nor did the miracle end here. It was speedily discovered that whoever bathed in that fountain soon lost all his ailments, and became every whit whole. Wherefore, in process of time, a shrine was erected over the hallowed spring, and dedicated to the now sainted maiden to whose intercession it owed its healing properties, and a priest was maintained out of the offerings of the pilgrims who resorted thither.

So runs the legend; and doubtless it is as worthy of credence as such legends usually are. The building which now covers the well is said to have been erected by Margaret countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII.; it is light and elegant in design, and rich and tasteful in its ornamentation; altogether it is a very pleasing specimen of the early perpendicular style. (Cut, No. 4.) In the chapel over the well-room, divine service is once a week performed in the English language: it is also used as a school-room:

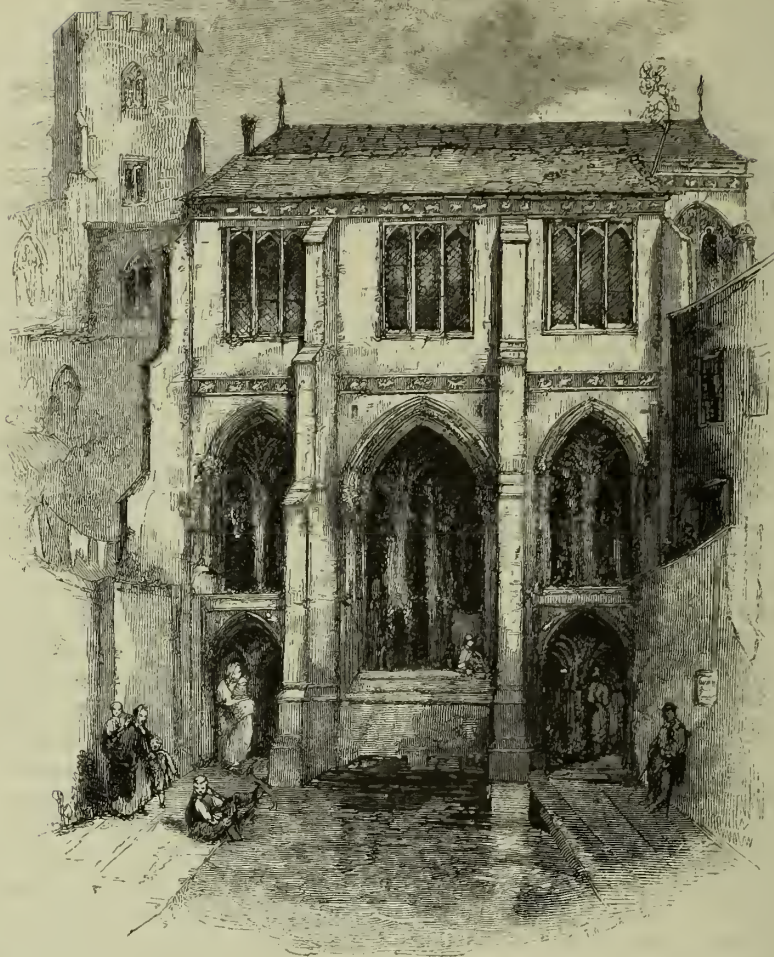
The water rises in a basin six feet deep, whence it

flows into a paved channel, wherein, as well as in the basin, the patients bathe. The water is perfectly pellucid, and flows in such abundance as to be capable of working a large mill immediately it leaves the enclosure; while during its short course of only a mile it turns several others. Pennant asserts, "that by two different trials made for his information, it was found that twenty-one tons of water rose from the spring in a minute." According to the same naturalist, the blood-spots on the stones are produced by the *Byssus Jholitus*, which produces the appearance of blood on the stones to which it adheres; while the odoriferous moss is the well-known *Jungermannia Asplenoides*.

Recently the shrine of St. Winefred has been restored, and the facilities for bathing are increased. A small well, which had long been filled up, has been re-opened: it rises near to the principal one, and is apparently connected with it. This is thought to be efficacious for ophthalmic diseases; the larger well is chiefly resorted to in cases of lameness, or rheumatism. For about a couple of hours in the morning and evening the outer doors are closed, "that strangers and visitors may bathe in private,"—the remainder of the day it is free to all comers.

Among those who have visited St. Winefred's Well, either out of devotion or curiosity, is included a long array of notable persons, ranging from William the Conqueror to the late Duchess of St. Albans. Towards the close of the last century the well appears to have attracted few pilgrims, for Warner, who visited it in 1798, says, "Much of its celebrity has long since vanished, and either from a decrease of faith in patients, or from the waters having lost their sanative powers, the saint is now sinking fast into oblivion, and her well into neglect." And again: "the resort of Roman Catholics to the well has ceased." But either the saint has recovered her fame, or the waters have regained their sanative powers, or the faith of patients has revived, or all these things have combined—but at any rate the well is not *now* neglected. We saw there this summer a goodly number of bathers—and in the roof a stock of crutches, amply sufficient to evidence that not a few were cured, or fancied they were. And certainly the resort of Roman Catholics has not yet ceased: indeed the greater number who resort here we were assured are of that faith. Many of the patients are poor Irish, who have come over mainly to visit the shrine. We saw them of both sexes and all ages—some come to bathe and some to beg. "And have you derived any benefit from the waters?" said we to a shrewd-looking 'boy' who had volunteered a long story of the mystery of the well. "Sure it's myself that have," said he, "a mighty dale—considering the time I've been here, which is only five days, more's the sorrow—or else I'd be well entirely if I'd bin long enough. But it would have done yer honour good to have seen Fin Kahil, who went home again only last Saturday that ever was. When he first came to this, it was the world and all of throuble he had to drag himself to the holy wather be his crutches; but Fin had





4.—ST. WINEFRED'S WELL, HOLYWELL.

the faith, yer honour; and Father Hale, God bless him, the good priest of Fin's own parish in Connaught, wher' he came from, sent him here, and gave him good advice, and the papers that should tell all Christen people what he came to the blessed well for—and so before he had been here for six weeks, Fin was as sound and clanc as your honour, saving your presence, is at this blessed moment—may the sweet saint be ever praised for the same. And now if ye will but just look up there for a minute, I'll show you the very sticks that Fin put up in the roof, as was only right and proper he should do, to testify to the same." Among the subscribers to the restoration of the building we noticed several Irish names—and one or two from Maynooth College: a circumstance, by the way, at which some Welshmen shake their heads rather gravely.

Close against the well—the tower of it is seen in the engraving—stands the parish church, a large plain building not at all noteworthy on its own account, but

remarkable for the singular method adopted to summon the congregation. Not having ourselves heard the church-bell rung, we shall borrow the account we find reprinted from Perry (who took it from Bingley, who took it from Warner, who took it from Pennant, who took it from et cetera,) in the circular issued by the committee of management for restoring the well: its accuracy is attested by the circumstance of its being now published by the townsmen, and it is repeated almost verbatim in all the works we can turn to from the newest to the oldest; we may say that the practice has "come down from time immemorial." "The situation of the church is so low, that the prayer-bell cannot be heard in the town; the congregation is therefore assembled by a *walking steeple*: a man has a leathern strap fastened round his neck, to the end of which is suspended a bell of tolerable weight, and over one of his knees is buckled a cushion; thus accoutred, he sets out just before the hour of prayers, and walks around the principal parts of the town, jingling the

bell every time his cushioned knee comes forward." The strange 'accoutrement' of the man, and the gravity with which he goes through his duty is said, by those who have witnessed it, to be very comical.

The town of Holywell, though it boasts itself "for population, wealth, commerce, and manufactures, . . . at present the principal town in North Wales," must be content with brief notice here. It is a straggling sort of place, seated as was said, on the slope and the summit of a hill. In 1841 it contained nearly 11,000 inhabitants. The houses are substantial; there are excellent hotels, good shops, a couple of banking establishments; a second church of recent erection; a Roman Catholic chapel, and several meeting-houses belonging to the various sects of dissenters. Altogether the place wears a more business-like and flourishing appearance than any other town in this part of the principality. In the town and its immediate vicinity are numerous mines of lead and calamine, works of copper, brass, shot, paper, zinc, and lead; and yet it is stated that the town is greatly resorted to by invalids on account of the salubrity of the air.

#### THE VALE OF CLWYD.

We might, keeping to the line of railway, continue our journey as hitherto along the coast, by Air Point and Rhyl to Conway; and in our way visit Mostyn Hall and Downing, which lie only three or four miles from Holywell—the former a baronial hall partly of the Tudor period, the latter noted as having been the residence of the literary veteran Thomas Pennant. Mostyn Hall, the seat of the noble family of the same name, is interesting on account of the collection of British antiquities which it contains, as well as for its architectural character. It has, too, some historical associations. Downing was described by its owner as being "Cowley's wish realized, a small house and a large garden." It was indeed a choice retreat for the diligent naturalist and indefatigable student. Pennant was not a man of very powerful mind, but he was a careful observer, and not apt to write for the sake of effect. Johnson went little beyond the mark when he said, "The man's a Whig, sir, a sad dog, but he's the best traveller I ever read; he observes more things than any one else does." His description of his native country ('Tour in Wales,' 1778) has served as a quarry for all his successors. Both Mostyn Hall and Downing stand in good situations. Mostyn is approached by a noble avenue of "old patrician trees," and the park affords some fine views of mingled sea and land; the grounds of Downing yield excellent prospects. They are worth visiting, therefore, by those who have leisure and feel interested in celebrated houses. It is time, however, that we turned our steps a little inland. There is a short detour which will carry us through a more beautiful country than any we have yet seen, and enable us also to visit some localities that must not be overlooked.

Our course for the present lies south-west, Caerwys

being the first town we are to halt at, and the Vale of Clwyd our day's journey. We strike right up the hills, ascending higher and higher as we pass from one summit to another till we reach the top of Pen-y-bant (or some such name), where we gain a prospect that is perfectly refreshing after having been so long confined to a comparatively low strip of land. Far away the view extends over hill and valley till it is on the one hand bounded by a bold and varied mountain-range; on the other, reaches over river and strait to the opposite coast; and again, on turning northwards, to the ocean horizon. This, as far as we know, is the finest walk out of Holywell, and though there are many far finer in Wales, we should deem him a sorry companion who under a favourable sky could gaze upon this without delight.

Caerwys is now but a poor place: once it was a town of importance. Happily it has yet a comfortable inn, where the rambler will be able to obtain a breakfast such as he will know how to appreciate after his walk over the hills from Holywell. While it is getting ready he may see all that is to be seen in the town—as it is called, but as he would style it, village. Caerwys is believed to have been a Roman station, and Roman coins are said to have been found there; and until a comparatively recent time it was a busy market and assize town. The market-place yet remains, and so too does the jail, but both are converted into dwelling-houses. Still though the market be lost and the assizes removed, Caerwys retains its fairs,—which are said to have the best display of cattle of any in the county of Flint. What most dignifies Caerwys, however, in the eyes of the natives, is that it was the theatre of the last of the royal Eisteddvodau—and that of the first of these revived national festivals. It was in the ninth year of the reign of Elizabeth that the last royal summons was issued for all those who intended to follow the profession of bard, to appear before the queen's commissioner to give proof of their skill. Fifty-five of the persons who obeyed the summons, it is said, gave satisfactory evidence of their ability, and received the official testimonial. Henceforward, if the harp was not silent, the minstrel was unhonoured. It was not till near the close of the last century that a society of Welsh gentlemen determined to endeavour to re-establish the ancient bardic meetings. They accordingly announced an Eisteddfod to be holden at Caerwys, in May, 1798, when prizes were adjudicated to the best poet, the best harper, and the best singer in the national tongue and music. Since then, these meetings have been held with tolerable regularity—but Welsh bards, like the English philosophers, are now ambulatory: the Eisteddvodau being held successively in the chief towns of ancient date. The great object now of these meetings appears to be to encourage the diligent study of the Welsh language,—and to keep alive a national Cambrian spirit.—We shall again come upon the trail of these wanderers, when we may perhaps find space for a word or two further on their doings.



The neighbourhood of *Caerwys* affords some pleasant strolls: the wooded dell, called *Maes-mynan Wort*, is a local celebrity: at the end of it the last native prince, *Llewellyn ap Gruffydd*, is said to have had a palace—the site is marked by *Pandy Mill*.

When the *Vale of Clwyd* first opens upon the eye from the heights by this its lower end, it is almost sure to extort an exclamation of surprise and delight. Exquisitely beautiful does it appear as it stretches far away rejoicing under the beams of the soft morning sun: yet travellers often declare that they are disappointed when they visit it, and many of the books assert that it scarcely deserves its fame. The complainers are in error. *Clwyd* is not less beautiful than it is pronounced to be by those who know it best, but they are estimating it by a standard which is inapplicable. Travellers must “learn to distinguish rightly:” all fine scenery is not savage—or *Claude* was but a poor judge of a landscape. *Clwyd* is an open valley, some six or seven miles across, bordered by hills that are not to be ranked as mountains, and watered by a stream which only swells into a river as it arrives towards the end of its course. But this broad valley is gently undulated in surface; fertile and well cultivated; clad in part with rich foliage; spotted over with barn and byre, humble cottage and noble mansion, rude village, castle-crowned rock, cathedral town; bare hills border it, and low craggy mountains rise like a barrier at the further end. It is possible that all this may appear tame to one who has been wandering among the majestic mountain passes farther in the principality, or is familiar with Alpine grandeur or Italian splendour. It may appear also far from striking to one who views it in dull weather, or in expectation of something ‘wonderful’ of peaked mountain-summits, foaming cataracts, and rushing streams: but let it be only looked on with a heart alive to the milder graces of Nature, and its loveliness will be felt like that of some sweet passage of poetry, into which is breathed the living spirit of humanity and civilization.

The broad open vale is above twenty miles long; the narrow part above *Ruthin* is some five or six miles more. It may be well seen by entering it, as we have done, at the lower end, and then proceeding upwards on the north side as far as *Ruthin* (or farther, if there be time); descending on the southern side,—not keeping servilely by road or river, but deviating as either stream or fell promises a fairer prospect, a kinder shade, or more grateful change.

*Ruthin* is a good object to set before you as the goal of a day’s ramble. In front, the vale seems to terminate in a bay of mountains, which serves as a back-ground to the town with its lofty castle, which

“Rests on a mount and looks o’er wood and plain.”

The town is said to owe its name to the colour of the rock on which the castle was built—*Rhudd-din* being the Welsh for the Red-fort. *Ruthin* is a very respectable town, and has some excellent buildings, among which the *Shire-hall* is prominent. The church, too,

will repay the time spent in its examination. The town contains about 4000 inhabitants, who are chiefly supported by agriculture. *Ruthin Castle* was erected by *Reginald de Grey*, in the reign of *Edward I.* In the struggle between *Charles I.* and the Parliament it was garrisoned for the king; but it was forced to yield, in 1646, to *Cromwell’s* army, though not till it had withstood a siege of two months’ duration. It was soon after dismantled. Originally it must have been a place of great strength, as well as extent; but now only a few fragments remain. *Churchyard*, who saw it before its demolition, speaks with much admiration of its design, which, he says, as here “set forth full fine by heart and hand,” shows

“A deep device did first erect the same;

It makes our world to think on elder days,

Because one work was form’d in such a frame.”

If it were to be built again, he thinks

“The work itself would shake a subject’s bag.”

Within the walls of the old fortress, but not occupying nearly the whole of the area, a modern castle has been erected, which, at a distance, has a picturesque if not a very formidable appearance. An old mill, with a cross on its gable, is thought by some to have been the chapel belonging to the *White Friars*, who are said by *Leland* to have had a cell at *Ruthin*. The river *Clwyd* is here quite a trivial stream, scarcely sufficing to turn the two or three mills which are scattered along its banks.

The head of the valley above *Ruthin* is entirely different in character to the open part below: it is greatly narrowed, and closed in by rougher hills, but is no less picturesque—or even more, according as the word be understood. The little streamlet would be found a pleasant guide to the *Bronhanog Hills*, by one who had leisure to wander among the lesser-known localities,—often the most enjoyable,—and from the source a path might be struck over the hills to *Valle Crucis* and *Llangollen*.

But we must return. As we descend the valley it gradually expands, ever presenting some new feature. Many a picturesque homestead or village, or rich prospect, tempts the wayfarer to linger. Generally, the lower ground is enclosed for the purposes of cultivation, and the views are limited; but the uplands afford sufficient recompense. The time to wander down the valley, so as to see it to most advantage, is as the evening is drawing on. Then, when the sun is sinking before you in the west, and some tall old tree rears its black head proudly against the sky, while *Denbigh Castle* on its rocky height imparts an air of grandeur to the wide vale and golden stream, the *Vale of Clwyd* might tempt even the pencil of a *Turner* or a *Claude*. There, too, as from some eminence the eye wanders from castle to castle, which, in the uncertain light, present no image of desolation, will the imagination strive to realize the *Clwyd Valley* of the fierce conqueror of France and Wales.

The town of *Denbigh* climbs up the rugged sides of

a steep insulated hill, the summit of which is crowned by the vast ruins of the castle. In itself the town is almost naught—at least in the eyes of the tourist. The castle alone will engage his attention. It is related that the builder of the castle was Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, to whom the lordship of Denbigh was granted by Edward I. He, however, left it unfinished. His son, it is said, fell into the castle well and was drowned; and the unhappy father could not afterwards endure the sight of the building which reminded him of his bereavement. Denbigh Castle has had some royal tenants in its time. Edward IV. was here besieged by the army of Henry VI. "Had he been taken there," says old Leland, rather quaintly, "*debellatum fuisset*:" fortunately, he managed to make his escape before the castle surrendered. Charles I. came here on his flight from Chester, after the battle of Rowton Heath. The governor, though a royalist, must have made, as the phrase is, a clean breast of it, if the tradition may be trusted that the unfortunate monarch exclaimed, at the close of their interview, "Never did king hear so much truth *at once*!" Fallen kings, of all kinds, do doubtless hear a quite surprising amount of this unpleasant sort of truth: the pity is, that these truth-speakers save their commodity for such seasons; to their own great discomfort, as it must be, (their consciences the while bending under such a burden,) and to no one's profit, even when they discharge themselves of it.

Denbigh Castle covers an area of great extent, and must in its perfect state have been a place of immense strength. It withstood the Parliamentarians for above two months, and then only surrendered by order of the king. For the demolition of this fortress Cromwell is not responsible. It was dismantled after the Restoration: and this was pretty much the order of things in Wales. Cromwell dismantled most of the castles which fell into his hands, but spared and garrisoned a few of the strongest—and those, when he ascended the throne, Charles II. destroyed. Owing to the excessive thickness of the walls of Denbigh Castle, they were blasted by gunpowder, and hence the shattered fragmentary condition in which it now appears. From the grandeur of its appearance, as seen from the valley below, some disappointment is felt when, close at hand, it is found to be so utterly ruinous. Still it is a noble ruin, and perhaps none the less impressive for having been so mutilated. The grand gate-house, with its massive towers, and the statue of the founder over the gateway, is the most perfect part—and the most picturesque. From it a tolerable estimate may be formed of the original magnificence of the entire structure. The walls of the citadel encompassed the old town, but the modern street has extended beyond the pale. Within the walls is a curious old chapel, dedicated to St. Hilary, which, till within the last three or four years, served as the parish church: the proper parish church—now ruinous—is at Whitechurch, a mile from the town. There will be noticed, close by the entrance to the castle, the shell of an ecclesiastical building of rather large size. It

is a church, the erection of which was commenced by Elizabeth's Earl of Leicester, to whom the queen had made a grant of Denbigh. The earl dying before the church was completed, the townsmen, for whose use it was intended, raised a sum of money sufficient to carry on the work; but the Earl of Essex called at Denbigh on his way to Ireland, and 'borrowed' the money—and the church was suffered to remain unfinished.

From the castle there is an admirable prospect of the Vale of Clwyd, and the mountain range of which Moel Famau is the chief. About twenty years ago the Eisteddfod was held in the extensive area of the castle; and the townsmen yet dwell with some pride on the memory of that day, when the whole beauty and dignity of the principality were assembled here on the summit of their own Caled-Vryn. The attraction was increased to an unusual degree by the presence of the Duke of Sussex and many other eminent persons; and we have heard the spectacle described as most brilliant.

The city of St. Asaph—less in size and population than many a village in England—consists of one street, and contains somewhat under 800 inhabitants. Especially to be admired, however, is the beauty of its situation. It stands near the lower end of the vale, on an eminence, the base of which is washed on the one side by the river Clwyd, and on the other by the Elwy. The houses are built for the most part on that side of the hill which inclines to the Elwy; abundant foliage waves at the base and on the slopes of the hill, the roofs of the houses rise picturesquely one above the other, while over all, on the brow of the hill, stands the cathedral.

The foundation of the see dates from a very early period. One of the most famous saints of the British Kalendar was St. Kentigern, the patron saint of Glasgow. Whoso lists to read the legend of his marvellous birth, and equally marvellous life and death, will find it told by Southey, in his own inimitable style, in the second volume of his 'Colloquies.' Here it must suffice to say that Kentigern, who was bishop of Glasgow and all Cumberland, being driven from his see by a barbarous prince, sought shelter in Wales. At first he dwelt with the great saint of Wales, the renowned David; but King Cadwallon, moved by the advice of St. David, gave him a piece of ground at Elwy, that he might erect a monastery thereon, and establish an episcopal see. The reputation which the northern saint had already gained, soon attracted around him a community worthy of their chief. The establishment numbered nine-hundred and sixty-five brethren. "Three hundred of these were uneducated men, whose office it was to till the lands and tend the cattle belonging to the convent; three hundred more, of the same description, were employed within the building in preparing food and other domestic concerns; the remaining three hundred and sixty-five were literates, whose business it was to perform divine service. They were divided into companies or watches; when one set had finished their service, another was ready imme-



diately to begin, so that an everlasting course of prayer and thanksgiving was kept up without intermission night and day." (*Southey*.)

Kentigern, during a sojourn of several years on this pleasant hill, brought the community into a state of the most edifying devotion, while his own fame extended far and wide. He went also seven times from hence to Rome, in order to obtain the Pope's assent to the establishment of the diocese, and confirmation of his own consecration as bishop. Among the monks of Elwy was a young man named Asaph, who was the especial disciple and favourite of Kentigern, and under his guidance was graduating with every prospect of success for the degree of saint. It happened on one occasion that, from remaining too long in the bath, the bishop became chilled, and requested Asaph to bring him some fire. Having no utensil near him, Asaph placed the live coals on his hand, and carried them, without suffering any injury, to his master. Kentigern was at length summoned back to Glasgow, in order, if possible, to reclaim the inhabitants who had relapsed into paganism, and to avert the calamities that were impending over the land on account of their wickedness. He carried with him six hundred and sixty of the monks, leaving his scholar to succeed him in his offices here. Accordingly Asaph became bishop of Elwy, and he governed the see with so much wisdom till his death, which occurred near the close of the sixth century, that both city and diocese received the name of their canonized bishop. The cathedral is dedicated (like that of Glasgow) to St. Kentigern, while the parish church is dedicated to master and pupil. The history of the early cathedrals is a history of alternate buildings and burnings, and is too long to repeat here.

This present cathedral is in part of the early English, and partly of the decorated style and period. It is cruciform, with a heavy central tower; small in size, plain (having no more "whigmaleeries and curliwurlies, and open-steek hems about it," than its namesake and kinsman at Glasgow), and while it has a nave, choir, and transept, is without any superfluous additions. It has neither crypt, cloisters, chapter-house, nor Lady Chapel: yet there is something pleasing in its simplicity and regularity, and also in its neatness. Parts of it, too, as the eastern window, are really fine. Of the interior not much must be said. Restorations in *plaster*, are hardly what we look for in a cathedral, yet it is proper to recollect that quite recently, enriched roofing has been "restored" in a wealthy English cathedral in *paper*. The choir, with its handsome window filled with coloured glass, and rich canopied stalls, certainly has a pleasing look.

The fate of the cathedral during the Commonwealth affords a curious instance of the tyranny of fanaticism. It was rented by a person who must have studied hard to convey his hatred of "superstitious uses." The choir he converted into a calf-pen, the nave served for cattle-stalls, one transept he made a stable, the other he employed for a post-office; the font he carried to his own yard, and used for a hog-trough.

Within these few years the episcopal palace and the deanery have been rebuilt at the cost of the bishop and dean, and now add considerably to the beauty of the place. Several new dwelling-houses have also been erected of a better class than are usually erected in the smaller Welsh towns.

We ought, perhaps, to have spoken of the pleasantness of the walk from Denbigh to St. Asaph; but it was hardly needful, for the whole neighbourhood affords agreeable walks. The upper valley of the Elwy is particularly pleasing. And there are objects of curiosity as well as of beauty. There are, for instance, the caverns of Cefn Meriadog, with their contents, which the geologist and palæontologist find very interesting, and the proprietor has found very profitable;—for the fossil bones in some of these caverns are so plentiful, and so fertilizing, that the gain would hardly have been greater had a bed of guano been discovered there. There are also some slight remains of small religious edifices to be found by searching for. All around here, too, are the mansions and parks of the wealthy and noble. Here, as may be remembered, was Mrs. Piozzi's house; and the neighbourhood, consequently, is associated with the memory of Johnson, who spent a week or two there, and whose visit is commemorated at one place by the preservation of the chair in which he sat, at another by a monument, and again by an inscription. Of the seats in the vicinity, among the most celebrated are Pengwern and Bodelwyddan—the latter, a modern castellated structure, having perhaps the finest grounds in this part of Wales.

Three miles below St. Asaph is seen on the right bank of the Clwyd another castle—and one which appears hardly less striking than those we have already visited. Rhyddlan Castle (pronounced Ruthlan) was an important fortress, and has a history—too long to tell. A castle or fortress of some kind appears to have existed here at a very early period. By the Welsh, Rhyddlan was regarded as one of the most important of their military stations, and its possession, therefore, was disputed with more energy than perhaps any other place in North Wales. The present castle was erected by Edward I., and formed a main link in the great chain of fortresses commenced by the first Norman invaders of Wales, and perfected by the skill and caution of Edward—the several members being so disposed as mutually to sustain and strengthen each other.

It was at Rhyddlan that Edward I., in 1283, consolidated by his policy the success of his able but merciless and remorseless campaign, by the promulgation of the celebrated 'Statute of Rhyddlan,' which while it engaged to secure the judicial rights and privileges of the principality, served effectually to subjugate it to English rule. At this parliament of Rhyddlan it was that Edward is said to have outwitted the Welsh notables by the somewhat apocryphal artifice of proposing that Wales should be governed by a native prince, whose character no one should be able to gainsay. The Welsh accepted the offer with exclamations of unbounded joy and gratitude, when the king pre-





5.— CONWAY CASTLE.



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sented to them his own infant son recently born at Carnarvon Castle, and whom he had already created Prince of Wales. Near the centre of the town is the fragment of an old house, which the inscription on a stone tablet inserted in the wall, by a late dean of St. Asaph's, states to be that in which Edward held his parliament.

Rhyddlan Castle was dismantled in 1646, by order of the Parliament: merely the shell is now standing. In form it is a quadrangle with massive towers at the angles: at two of the corners are double towers. Seen from the river, in connection with the bridge and part of the town, the appearance is highly picturesque: the effect being increased perhaps by the general flatness of the neighbourhood. The Clwyd is a tidal river up to Rhyddlan, and vessels of sixty tons ascend as far as the town, which has in consequence some little commerce. The town itself is but a poor place, without anything beside the castle to interest the stranger.

Beyond Rhyddlan is a broad marsh, known as Morva Rhyddlan, whereon was fought a battle between the Mercians and British, when the latter were defeated, and Caradoc their king with the flower of his nobility, and a vast number of the people, were slain. The memory of the battle is preserved in one of the most plaintive and beautiful of the Welsh melodies, named after the fatal field, Morva Rhyddlan.

About a couple of miles east of Rhyddlan are the ruins of Dyserth Castle. They are not very remarkable on their own account, but the situation is fine: they stand on a lofty eminence, which commands a splendid view of the Vale of Clwyd. The church lies in a hollow, and is often mentioned on account of its old yews, and some curious monuments.

The Clwyd falls into the sea at Rhyl about a couple of miles below Rhyddlan. Rhyl is a small watering-place, a good deal frequented by the people of Liverpool. A mile or so on the other side of the estuary of the Clwyd is Abergele some such another place. Tourists often visit both, but we cannot guess why.

#### CONWAY.

Many an English traveller, who has run over half the globe to see rare towns, has not deigned to visit Conway. Many another who has visited it thinks it needful to excuse or confirm his admiration of it by declaring that it bears a marked resemblance to some Syrian, or Moorish, or other foreign and far distant town. Its real attraction is its *originality*: it is unique. And it is the most romantic town in this kingdom, and, of its kind, perhaps in any other. It is idle to praise Conway in measured terms. He who does not admire it may be sure, however respectable and useful a member of society he may be, he has no eye for such objects. He who does truly admire it must admire it thoroughly.

Conway is a nearly perfect example of a walled and fortified English town of mediæval date. This is its main peculiarity. Chester is a remarkable place, and,

as we said when there, the walls are complete; but then, Chester is a good-sized city: half of it, nearly, lies outside the walls; and there are extensive suburbs; the walls and castle, too, were only intended to guard the city. Conway is a sort of garrison town; is still wholly confined within the walls; has no suburbs; and the castle was a great military station, intended to guard an important pass, and serve as a grand centre for offensive as well as defensive operations.

The situation and external appearance of Conway are very striking. The ground on which the town is built slopes up rapidly from the estuary of the Conway river, which flows around two sides of it. The walls of the town form a triangle, or, as some will have it, a Welsh harp,—a form given to it, they add, in compliment to the natives of the Principality. The broadest base of the triangle lies along the river; at one angle is the majestic castle, seated on a bold rock; while the town walls rise inland to the apex, which is on the highest point of ground, and terminates in a large round tower. Twenty other towers are placed at intervals along the walls. The entrances to the town are through rude old gatehouses. Across the river, just under the castle, is a long light suspension-bridge; and alongside that, is the tubular railway-bridge: the last structures are of course both recent, and so far interfere with the antique aspect of the town and castle. (Cut, No. 5.)

Within the walls Conway is equally noteworthy. The streets are irregular; the houses, nearly all humble in rank, are generally rude, old-fashioned, overhanging, gable-fronted, half-timber ones, for the most part differing from each other, and many of them semi-ruinous. At every turn there is some quaint old structure, or picturesque bit of a street, terminated by a tower and fragment of the walls, a portion of the castle, or one of the gatehouses: just such a picture, in short, as Prout might paint without changing a feature. Nor are fitting 'figures' wanting to give animation and completeness to the picture. Welsh peasants, countrymen from neighbouring villages, miners, or market-women with their jackets and odd tall hats, and perhaps a sailor or two, are strolling about the streets: while on a market or fairday, the lively groups in their best native costumes, talking, at the top of their voices, in their strange guttural language, increase not a little the uncommon character of the scene. Tourists and tourists' books (by which, indeed, tourists usually speak), complain generally that the town inside is "mean and rude; and, consequently, uninteresting:" but it is because it is so rude and unpretending that it is really interesting. It wears the more truly the genuine antique air. Here is no modern antique: no smooth-polished and pretty revival or imitation of what an old place might have been. It is the old place itself, decayed indeed, but still itself; not defaced by modern embellishment, nor softened into insignificance by modern taste.

Conway Castle was erected by Edward I., in 1283. Of all his Welsh castles,—except, perhaps, Carnarvon, this was the most magnificent; and hardly a finer was



there, probably, in England. Edward himself held his court here; and here, on one occasion, kept his Christmas festivities: and once, cut off from the main body of his army, was shut up in it, and had to endure a short but sharp siege, the Welsh having unexpectedly descended from the mountains in large numbers, in the hope of surprising and seizing the king. In the great civil war, Conway Castle was garrisoned for Charles; but in May, 1645, the town of Conway was stormed by a Parliamentary force, commanded by Colonel Mytton; and a few days after the castle was compelled to surrender. The Irish who were among the garrison were tied back to back and flung into the river: an instance of the furious national and religious, as well as political, animosity, which became engendered in the course of that terrible struggle. Charles II. granted the castle to the Earl of Conway. The castle was dismantled; all the timber, iron, and lead, being removed and shipped to Ireland.

The castle is in form a simple parallelogram: the walls, which are of immense thickness, are flanked by eight circular towers, some forty feet each in diameter, and carrying light turrets—of which, however, only four remain: they are machicolated, and greatly relieve the heaviness of the towers. The towers at the grand entrance, called respectively the King's and Queen's, were of richer character than the others. The great strength of the masonry is rather remarkably evinced by one of the towers. About a century ago a large portion of the lower part of the tower, which rises from a steep rock, fell down, owing to the incautious quarrying of the rock on which it rested; and yet though only supported by the adhesion of the inner wall to the main building, the upper part of the tower has remained ever since suspended far aloft unmoved. The barbicans, the outworks which were carried into the river, and the drawbridge, are gone. Although on entering it the castle is found to be very ruinous, it yet is very imposing. The remains of the grand hall attest its ancient splendour: it is a noble apartment, 130 feet long and 30 wide; some of the arches remain—but time and the negligence (or worse) of its keepers have despoiled this and the other parts of all semblance of grandeur, and hardly enough is left to enable even the antiquary to restore to the imagination the inner castle of Edward's time. From the terrace which overlooks the river, and from the towers, there are fine views of the town and vicinity. The singular figure of the town is well seen from these castle towers; and with its walls and old houses appears as remarkable seen thus under the eye as any way. When looking down from the castle upon the river, Gray's lines will be sure to recur to the memory:

"On a rock, whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood."

They describe well enough the site of the castle, which we may suppose occupies the place from which the Bard poured forth his maledictions and his prophecies; but the epithet applied to the river is so far unfortunate

that it has given the small critics occasion to point out that old Conway is here a quiet stream: in fact, it would be about as characteristic to talk of "the foaming flood of Father Thames."

The houses in the town, as we mentioned, are only individually noticeable as examples of the ordinary dwelling-houses of the olden time: but there is one exception. Near the middle of the High Street is one that cannot fail to arrest attention. It is known as the Plas Mawr, or Great Mansion, and was erected in 1576 by Robert Wynne, Esq., of Carnarvon. It is of the quaintest fashion of that time, but is handsome as well as quaint in appearance. Both externally and internally it is elaborately ornamented with figures, coats of arms, scrolls, etc. Over the chief entrance is a Greek inscription; while the initials of Elizabeth and those of the Earl of Leicester are frequently repeated. From the turret there is a capital view over the city. Plas Mawr is now the property of the Hon. — Mostyn: it is let out in humble tenements, and is in a sad condition—crumbling, in fact, to pieces. There is little observable in the church, though old, besides a monument to a worthy native, who was the forty-first child of his father; and himself the parent of twenty-seven children:

"Of a notable race was Shenkin!"

The suspension-bridge, which connects Conway with the opposite bank, is a very graceful structure. Objections have been raised against it as being too light and frail in appearance to accord with the massive form of the castle; but this is refining: in truth, there is much propriety in this characteristic. It seems as though it were just the bridge (one being requisite in such a position) which the builder of the castle might have chosen, on account of the ease with which (as would seem) it might be destroyed before an approaching foe.

But no such apology can be made for the railway-bridge which has been within the last year or two placed alongside of it. This—in itself a mass of unmitigated deformity—has at once effectually destroyed the beauty of the suspension-bridge, and also the grandest view of the castle. It is placed parallel to and in the closest proximity with the former, and runs directly in front of and under the latter. Even here the mischief perpetrated by the railway vandals does not end. The line is continued just under the broken tower, which, in consequence, is left, unsupported, to bear the constant vibrations caused by the passing trains; with what ultimate (and probably not very distant) result may be imagined. However we may, perhaps, be thankful that the railway lords contented themselves with these things, and with merely making an ugly gaping arch in the town walls. The railway was commenced while the mania was in its hottest fit, and whatever had been asked, "the houses" would doubtless have granted. Seeing that the chief aim of engineers just at that time appeared to be the doing of some strange thing, one may be glad it did not occur to the projector of this

line to plough right through the old castle. But in all seriousness, and sadness too, for every week almost some irreparable mischief is being done, how strange does it seem that there is nowhere in the Government an official conservator of our national monuments! Monuments, in the preservation of which every one has an interest, for they are an open book, a living picture, for every one's delight and instruction. Were there such an officer (or were it the duty of any particular official) the sense of individual responsibility would intervene to preserve from preventable injury what even a nation's wealth cannot replace.

As examples of engineering skill, both of these works deserve attention; and both are on a very important scale. The suspension-bridge was constructed in 1826, by Telford, and forms a portion of the great Irish line of road constructed by order of the Government. Before the erection of this bridge, the passage across here was effected by means of a ferry,—from the nature of the place always an inconvenient and often a dangerous passage. The river is here, at high-water, three quarters of a mile over; but when the tide is out, the stream is confined within a narrow channel. On the eastern side of this channel is an insulated rock, on which the farther pier of the bridge is built. The length of the bridge between the supporting piers is 327 feet: an embankment of clay, faced with stone, is carried along the sands on the eastern side for 2015 feet. The tubular railway-bridge is precisely similar in character (though, of course, of much smaller magnitude) to that which is now being carried across the Menai Straits: we may therefore defer for the present any remarks on its peculiarities. The length of the tube of the Conway Bridge is 400 feet. Trains have passed regularly through it for above a year, without producing any sensible effect: it is only by means of instruments that a slight deflection can be detected during the passage of a train. Both the tubular and suspension bridges are 18 feet above high-water mark.

While at Conway the visitor may walk over to the famous promontory of Great Orme's Head—a rock which lifts its grim black mass to a vast height from the waves. When a fierce sea is running and dashing into spray against the base, its appearance is sufficiently impressive, even from the shore; but its stern majesty is only properly understood in sailing around it when the sea is not too smooth. The riven face of the rock is the chosen home of the sea-birds, whose wild cry and ceaseless evolutions add not a little to the character of the scene. From the summit there is a fine sea-view. On the western side is a copper-mine, which employs two hundred men, and on the eastern side is the village of Llandudno, whose church serves as a valuable beacon. Orme's Head appears to have been the theatre of Druidic rites, as there are still some of the rude circles of stones usually considered to have been employed for the purpose. A rocking-stone is called Cryd Tudno—the Cradle of St. Tudno, a famous Welsh saint, who, as we might expect from such a cradling on

this bleak height, when he became a saint, proved one of no common kind. The village bears his name, Llandudno, the church of Tudno.

#### THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.

We shall now conduct the tourist to Conway by another route; and one which, though possessing few reverend castles or other objects of antiquity, is very far superior to the former in landscape beauty.

The road lies by way of the Chester and Shrewsbury Railway to the Llangollen-road station, whence there is a beautiful walk of four miles to the village; which latter may of course be saved by means of omnibus or fly. The ride by railway is very much more pleasant than such rides usually are. Every mile till Llangollen is within ken the scenery improves; and probably there is hardly another view obtainable from a railway equal to that of the Vale of Llangollen, when the train is halting on the Dee viaduct, in order to stop at the Cefn station. The beautiful vale is seen from a quite new point of view,—the spectator being placed on an elevation of 150 feet above the level of the river, with the Cysylltan aqueduct carried boldly across the valley at a short distance in front, and serving by its rigid outline to impart vigour to the foreground, and a more aërial grace to the distant mountains.

Several places that are passed in the ride to Llangollen station wear a tempting look to the tourist; and in particular the town of Wrexham will seem to deserve a visit, as the really noble tower of its church is caught sight of. But the church is almost the only thing there that is worth seeing; and it is unquestionably one of the very finest in Wales. It is of the perpendicular style, and was erected at the close of the fifteenth and commencement of the sixteenth centuries. The exterior, which is least injured, is quite florid in its ornamentation; but from a distance, sufficient to see it as a whole has an effect of exceeding richness. In the interior are very interesting monuments: among the rest is the celebrated one, by Roubiliac, of Mrs. Myddleton, in which she is represented rising from the tomb. The town is a place of considerable business, and has a rather large population.

The Vale of Llangollen is one of those places which suffer from the excessive praise which has been lavished upon them. Something more is anticipated than almost any spot will supply. Tourists who just come, take a glance, and are away again, are often, as they pretty loudly exclaim, "disappointed." So, too, are those who have been rambling among the wilder scenery of the Principality: "Llangollen," say these, "does not do after Snowdonia." But to such as come hither without expectations too highly raised, and before they have seen the wilder country, Llangollen affords a satisfying pleasure at the first, and grows more and more delightful as it is more thoroughly known. She is a fair one, fitted for daily familiar intercourse, ever pleasing to one willing to be pleased, but whose many charms unfold fully only to him who is content patiently to watch and woo.



It is, perhaps, hardly fair to set Clwyd and Llangollen in rivalry, as is constantly done: their attractions are essentially different. Clwyd is an ample open placid valley, which may occasionally rise into an almost Claudian grace or grandeur, under favouring "skyeey influences;" but which owes its chief secondary charm to the numerous ruins of castles and strongholds, and the recollections of the age to which they belong, which clothe with the purple haze of antiquity alike the hills and the valley. Llangollen has no historical relics of any importance, and no imposing associations; but it has natural charms which abundantly compensate. The valley is narrow and winding: the hills on either hand are steep and lofty: the crystal Dee, a copious stream, winds along the bottom of the vale,—now resting in a deep pool, embosomed in trees, which hardly allow the summits of the distant hills to be discerned; and presently, as it careers along a more open space, forcing its way between scattered masses of rock, or rushing over a blue ledge in sparkling waterbreaks. Thus, while Clwyd, if regarded as a landscape, must be viewed as a whole,—the interest of the parts depending rather on some ruined castle, to which the surrounding objects serve but as a foil,—Llangollen affords a continued succession of altogether independent and various scenes. From the heights, if the eye be turned westward, there are often exquisite views over a long stretch of valley, closed by a grand array of distant mountains; while, eastwards, a softer but even more extensive and delightful prospect extends. And in the valley the companionable river, differing at every turn, serves as the centre of an unfailing succession of charming pictures.

The village of Llangollen\*—the centre from which the valley must be explored—is in itself by no means attractive, though its situation is pleasing. The houses are dropped down almost at random; while the picturesqueness that might be expected to result from this chance arrangement, is prevented by their want of character. The church is an old one; but, like the generality of Welsh village churches, is quite plain and poor. It is noteworthy, however, inasmuch as it covers the remains of the saint to whom it is dedicated, and who has given his name to church, village, and valley. Llangollen is the church of Collen. Pennant says, his full name—and it is worth while having the full name of one Welsh saint—is *Saint Collen ap Gwynnawg ap Clydawg ap Cowrda ap Caradoc Freiehfras ap Lleyr Merion ap Einion Yrth ap Cunedda Wledig!*

"Bless us! what a name for a holy saint is this!"

Old Fuller, speaking of a certain Welsh gentleman of many *aps*, whose name was called at full on the panel of a jury, says that he "was advised by the judge, in the reign of King Henry VIII., for brevity sake, to contract his name;" and that he did so accordingly. "This leading case," he adds, was "precedential

\* This, in the books, is generally said to be pronounced *Thlangothlen*; but the sound is somewhat more like *Chlan-cothlen*,—the *chl* being a strong guttural.

to the practice of other gentry in Wales, who (leaving their pedigrees at home) carry only one surname abroad with them, whereby much time (especially in winter) is gained for other employment." Perhaps it was usual, once, to call Welsh demons, as well as Welsh saints and Welsh gentlemen, by their ancestral names; (on the ground that "his Honour was a gentleman!") and this may explain what Hotspur said of Owen Glendower's catalogue of serviceable spirits:

"I tell you what—  
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,  
In reckoning up the several devils' names  
That were his lackeys."

If Llangollen village be not in itself very attractive it proves a capital first station whereat the tourist may make his early essays in Welsh rambling, and obtain induction into Welsh characteristics. The people of the village talk English pretty generally, but all around the Welsh language prevails: and if he wish to hear it in continuous discourse he may do so by attending the service at either church or chapel on Sunday afternoon. The hills and the crags will serve as exercise-ground on which the incipient pedestrian may test and train his budding powers of walking and climbing. Then there are, moreover, two excellent inns, at either of which, after his day's wanderings, he may solace himself with Welsh fare—prime mountain mutton, Dee trout or salmon (which will be all the better, of course, if he catch them), and for a beverage some genuine *cwrw* (and that of mine host of the Hand is eminently *cwrw dha*): while he will be cheered during the breakfast, or dinner-hour by the melody of Welsh tunes, played on a Welsh harp, by a thoroughly Welsh harper.

This custom, by-the-way, of having a harper stationed in the hall, prevails pretty generally at the hotels through the touring districts. Of the agreeableness or otherwise of the practice, opinion seems to differ considerably among both tourists and writers. All who discourse in the high musical dialect laugh it to scorn: to the unlearned, however, while only Welsh tunes are played with merely the simple national variations, the harping is usually not merely pleasing, but the simplicity of structure and frequently plaintive tone of the airs appeal to the feelings in a way that the bewildering compositions of profound contra-puntists never do. For our part we should be very sorry to lose the harp,—but heartily glad if the harpers would give up polkas and waltzes, and stick to their national tunes. Mayfair melodies are sadly out of place among the Welsh mountains.

The harp itself, as the national instrument, claims a word of passing notice; we therefore borrow Mr. Bingley's description of it, which we hope will satisfy our musical readers, acknowledging ourselves 'ignorance itself' in the matter:—"The harp has been always esteemed the principal musical instrument among the Welsh. Anciently it was strung with hair, and this continued in use until the commencement of

the fifteenth century, up to which period it had only a single row of strings, but the performer was able to produce a flat or sharp by a peculiar arrangement of the finger and thumb; an artifice, it is believed, no longer known. The harp now in common use, is the triple harp. It extends in compass to five octaves and one note. The two outside rows of strings are the diatonics, which are both tuned in unison, and in any key that the performer means to play in. The treble row comprises twenty-seven strings, and extends from A in alt down to C in the bass; and the opposite row or unisons comprises thirty-seven strings, and extends from A in alt down as low as double G in the bass. The middle-row, which is for flats and sharps, comprises thirty-four strings."

So much for the harp. Of the music we will only further remark, that the airs so familiar in England, such as 'Of a noble race was Shenkin,' 'Jenny Jones,' (Yr Gwdlas, and Cader Idris), and the like, are very different in the Welsh version: and it is much to be regretted that some Welsh Moore does not arise to marry the music of his national melodies to verse which shall echo the original sentiment, instead of degrading it by ludicrous or puerile associations.

Llangollen, it was said, affords an abundant variety of those short loitering strolls, which are so pleasant to take in a hilly country. These the tourist will best discover for himself—he can seldom go wrong, if he direct his way to the uplands, or, with pencil or rod in hand, betake himself to the fishermen's paths beside the Dee. But two or three of the more noted spots must be mentioned. The few fragments of a building, which are seen cresting the brow of the lofty hill on the north of Llangollen, are the remains of a fortress; but when built or at what time dismantled are alike unknown. They are too much decayed to be picturesque, or even to afford much clue to their age; and they are of little interest, for, as old Leland said in the time of Henry VIII., "the castle was never big thing." Still Castell Dinas Bran should be visited. The hill stands nearly insulated, and the summit being more than 900 feet above the Dee at Llangollen bridge, there is from it a remarkably fine view of the valley; moreover, the climb will be an excellent fillip to the appetite against the hour of breakfast—for, as the hill-top is only a mile or so from the inn, and the prospect is much the finest as the mists are dispersing, the early morning is assuredly the proper time for the ascent. As far as the prospect is concerned, fine as it certainly is, it is by no means so fine as that obtained from the brow of the Eagles' Crag (Greigiau Eglwysegle), as the remarkable bare scarp is called, which a little farther north towers far above Dinas Bran. This crag consists of a vast limestone cliff, which rises in a range of irregular ledges to a great height. It is very difficult to climb directly from Dinas Bran—and to find an easy ascent will require a rather long walk; but the prospect will repay the labour. The view of the valley downwards with the stream winding through the centre, and crossed by aqueduct and viaduct, and extending

into the open plain beyond, is very fine: while upwards, reaching far away to the lofty mountains, it is really grand. The view of the village and upper Vale of Llangollen, which we have given in the steel engraving, was sketched from the hill that rises immediately behind Llangollen Church.

A day will be well spent in a ramble to Chirk and Wynnstay, returning by the aqueduct and thence along the vale.

Chirk is a neat little village, and the village church, with the solemn old yews that stand in the churchyard, has a venerable air. But it is Chirk Castle, with its magnificent park, which the stranger comes to see. The house is a modern mansion of great size and splendour, which has been formed in part out of the old castle that was dismantled by the Parliamentarians, after they had well battered it with their cannon. The interior of the house is permitted to be seen by the stranger: but as we have not seen it, we shall merely say that it is highly spoken of by those who have; and that it contains some very good pictures. One landscape—a view of the famous Montgomery Waterfall, Pistyl Rhâider—is universally popular; not on account of its faithfulness. It was painted by one of the many Dutchmen who practised their craft in England prior to the rise of the English school of landscape painters. Mynheer was commissioned to paint the cataract by one of the Middleton family, who, when the picture was brought home, sought to display his connoisseurship by proposing 'a slight alteration.' "It is very pretty indeed—but don't you think it would give it more animation if a few sheep were added?" "A few sheeps!" exclaimed the astonished artist; "a few sheeps by the waterfall!—ah well, you shall have a few sheeps if you wish for them." Accordingly the picture when sent home again, had the old rocky foreground painted out, and replaced by the sea, on which "a few ships" are sailing, and into which the cataract is made to fall.

There is something finer to be seen at Chirk Castle than the interior of the mansion, however splendid that may be. From the terracc there is a prospect of surpassing beauty and of extraordinary extent: on a clear day seventeen counties, it is said, may be seen from it. The park itself is well wooded, has a handsome lake, and affords pleasing views. The valley of the Ceiriog, (the little river which flows below, and is here the boundary between England and Wales), is a scene famous in Welsh annals: the army of Henry II. having been there defeated by the renowned Welsh prince Owen Gwynedd—to the estate of whose descendant we are now to direct our steps.

From Chirk a walk of two or three miles leads to New Bridge, near which is a lodge by which Wynnstay Park may be entered. The path leads along the beautiful glen through which the Dee here makes its way. Nant-y-Belan, or the Glen of the Marten, as it is called, is one of the loveliest in this part of the country. The steep banks are richly clad with light foliage, while the river runs along the bottom, now



foaming over broken and projecting rocks, and presently flowing smooth and noiseless, and reflecting with a softened lustre the rich tints of the pendant trees and grassy knolls. From the end of the glen a path will be found to Belen Tower, a circular building, erected by Sir Watkin Wynne to the memory of the Cambrian officers and soldiers slain in the Irish rebellion of 1798. The building is a conspicuous object for a great distance in every direction: and glorious is the view from it. The whole Vale of Llangollen stretches at your feet. Cysylltau Aqueduct gives a distinctive character to the nearer part of the landscape; Dinas Bran is an important feature in the middle distance; the Dee is traced at intervals along the valley; a lofty barrier of mountains closes the prospect. As the sun is declining in the westward sky, and clothing hill and vale with a milder radiance, the scene is one that might well inspire poet or painter, and which it is hardly possible to gaze upon unmoved. Equally delightful in its way is the prospect over the Marten's Glen. Other parts of the park yield very fine views, but none comparable with these. The park itself is of great extent, and very varied in surface. It has many grand old trees; and noteworthy are the noble avenues. There are also several monuments and buildings in the park besides that we have named. One, a column, 110 feet high, is to the memory of the mother of Sir Watkin: the summit commands a wide and splendid prospect. Another conspicuous structure is the Waterloo Tower, raised to commemorate the great victory. The mansion is very large, and the interior is befitting the position and affluence of its owner. The collection of pictures, which includes a good many capital Wilsons, is celebrated. Altogether Wynnstay is a splendid domain—almost the only drawback being that it is too closely neighboured by the mines and works, which emit enormous and everlasting volumes of smoke.

Until the last year or two the Cysylltau Aqueduct was the wonder of the lower valley of Llangollen; now it has a rival: we may as well look at them together, only giving precedence, as is fitting, to the elder. The Cysylltau Aqueduct was constructed for the purpose of carrying the Ellesmere Canal across this part of the Vale of Llangollen. Telford was the engineer. The watercourse, which is wholly of cast-iron, is 1,007 feet in length; and is supported on eighteen stone piers. Its height above the surface of the Dee is 120 feet. It was commenced in 1795, and completed in 1805, at a cost, including the embankment, of £47,000.

The other structure to which we referred is the Viaduct which carries the Chester and Shrewsbury Railway over the valley. This is of even more surprising proportions than the Aqueduct. In length it is 1,530 feet; and its height is 150 feet above the level of the Dee. Nineteen arches, each having a span of 90 feet, support the roadway. The cost of construction was upwards of £100,000. In beauty as well as in magnitude, the Aqueduct must unquestionably yield the palm. This Viaduct is in truth a noble structure. Generally the viaducts are the most successful architec-

tural objects which railway engineers erect: but this probably surpasses in elegance as well as size all that have yet been raised. It is built almost wholly of stone; the arches are circular; and while there is no unsuitable display of ornament, enough has been done to impart an appearance of architectural character and finish. It is certainly the finest viaduct we have seen, and we believe it is the finest in the kingdom. The lover of beautiful scenery will feel grateful that what might have been a grievous disfigurement is really made an additional ornament to the beautiful vale.

To perceive clearly the vast size of these two structures, the stranger should descend into the valley between them: indeed he should do so if he is regardless of that matter. It is a singular spectacle to stand by the river-side and behold far aloft in the air, on the one hand, a barge floating slowly along; and on the other, a train of carriages flying as on the wings of the wind. It is a singular spectacle, and one suggestive of many thoughts. We were struck too with the view from the towing-path of the Aqueduct: it has a curious effect to stand beside a stream on which heavily-laden vessels are floating, and at the same time see a river a hundred and twenty feet beneath you. From this aqueduct too the viaduct has a graceful appearance, seen as it is in connection with the distant landscape.

There is only one place up the vale which we need speak of: namely, Valle Crucis Abbey. (Cut, No. 6.) The ruins will be found in the Vale of Crucis, which meets the Vale of Llangollen about two miles from the village. It is one of those delicious spots the old monks knew so well how to select. Here in this secluded valley did they build their house; where, snugly embayed under sheltering mountains, with a brawling rivulet behind their dwelling, and the well-stored Dee close at hand, they needed to "fear neither winter nor rough weather." The mountain-sides and the clear stream would afford them sufficient fare, as well as walks where they might indulge in solitary meditation. Valle Crucis was a Cistercian monastery founded by Madoc-ap-Griffith, in the beginning of the twelfth century. It flourished till the spoliation of religious houses; when the annual revenues were estimated by the Royal Commissioners at upwards of £200.

The chief portions remaining of the abbey are now the east and west gables: both of which prove that when complete it must have been a handsome pile. The western end (which is shown in the engraving), as seen half-hidden by the tall ash-trees which have grown up around it, and within the walls since the desecration of the church, is remarkably pleasing and picturesque. The long lancet windows, and the tolerably-complete circular window above, are of very good design. The eastern end is not quite so picturesque, but it has some peculiarities which will render it more interesting to the architectural antiquary. The remaining transept and arches add not less to the picturesqueness than to the architectural value of the ruin. Some portions of the conventual buildings are preserved by being





6.—VALLE CRUCIS ABBEY.

included in the adjoining farm-house; but they are of little interest compared with the church and connected parts—which, let us add, are now carefully preserved.

The ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey are now merely thought of as a pleasing addition to the beauties of Llangollen: but they must once have been regarded with very different feelings by the solitary wanderer. Here on the one hand he saw a secluded dwelling, whose inmates were a band of men who had professedly devoted their days to the service of their Maker, and who lived here in the quiet performance of their religious duties, the instruction of those who sought their aid, the contemplation of Nature, and the pursuit of literature and of art—as those things were then understood and studied—and whose doors were ever open to afford shelter and refreshment to the traveller, and succour and refuge to the distressed and the oppressed. On the other hand he saw, perched on an almost inaccessible rock, a building whose approaches were guarded by every military contrivance, and whose whole appearance, as well as its history, spoke aloud of strife, and tyranny, and rapine. Every castle would not then wear so forbidding an aspect as Castell Dinas Bran, nor every monastery appear as grateful as Valle

Crucis; but with all the faults and all the shortcomings of these religious houses—and even at the best their faults and shortcomings were necessarily very many—it must have been a consolatory thought to the reflective mind, that, as the world then was, there were scattered all over the land places which gave a home to the homeless, and while they proffered to the man of fervid religious spirit a better and more humanising retreat than the solitary hermitage, afforded also to the studious man a place where, undisturbed by anxious forebodings, he might prosecute his researches for the general good. Well is it that the monastic system is with us for ever gone; but let us acknowledge that in its better day it has done our country good service.

A little beyond the ruins of the abbey is a stone cross, which is by some antiquaries thought to have given its name to the valley, and by others to the lofty crags which skirt the vale. It is now known as the Pillar of Eliseg; it is said to have been erected above a thousand years ago, in memory of a British hero, Eliseg, father of Brochwel Ysithroc, Prince of Powis, by his grandson Congen: but we do not, of course, vouch for the truth of the saying. The cross, which had



been defaced and thrown down as a popish relic, was replaced on its pedestal towards the close of the last century. It stands in a lonely spot, surrounded by a network of bare mountains; and was, in all probability, erected in commemoration of some deed of blood—either of battle fought or of prince who fell here.

When at Valle Crucis, the visitor will find it a pleasant short extension of his walk to continue along the Dee, past the Chain-bridge, to the place where the canal unites with the river. The channel of the river is filled with massive blocks of stone and slate; and indeed, the rock and river scenery is unusually bold: while the spot where the canal joins the Dee is a broad smooth semicircular bay, with a wide weir on one side of it.

#### CORWEN.

The ten miles between Llangollen and Corwen are very pleasant and very varied. For the entire distance the Dee runs beside, and generally somewhat below the road, which is carried along the base of the Moel Fema Mountains. Where the Vale of Llangollen ends—by the huge Rhisgog—the tourist will instinctively halt to take his parting glance of the famous vale. It is a view well adapted to leave on the memory a favourable impression—especially if the hill be ascended. The valley is then seen in one of its grandest as well as fairest aspects. Dinas Bran stands out majestically from the Eagle Crag;—which in their turn exhibit to perfection their bold shattered cliffs. The river glitters under the bright morning sun. The light blue smoke curls up unbroken from one homestead and another, and hangs like a vapour over the half-concealed village.

Onwards is the Valley of the Dee, Glyn Dyfrdwy. The road now keeps at some height above the stream; but it affords no very extensive prospects; for the valley makes many sharp curvatures, and on the left the hill-side rise abruptly from the road. On the right, however, owing to the many tributary dales, there are more open prospects and distant peeps. Still there is a continuous variety of scenery forwards, and no feeling of weariness is likely to creep on. The river lies in a sort of glen on the right; and, as it emerges now and then into view, or sends up a cheerful sound as it leaps along its rocky bed, it is sadly tempting to one who prefers a river side to the main road; and heartily will he repent if he be an angler that he has not brought his rod with him, that he might whip the stream to Corwen, and at the same time enjoy its delicious succession of close, quiet scenery.

This Valley of the Dee was the patrimony of the redoubted Owen Glyndwr—Shakspeare's Glendower—and with many a mountain side and summit do the natives delight to associate his name. Just beyond the seventh mile stone will be seen a kind of tumulus crested with a clump of firs; this is Glyndwr's Mount, and is, we believe, fixed on as the site of his palace,

which his bard described as “a fair timber structure on the summit of a green hill.” On the brow of the Berwyn Mountain, behind Corwen, is Owen Glyndwr's Seat, and the fine prospect from the stone chair might lead one to fancy him a lover of beautiful scenery, as well as a hardy warrior, but the prosaic guide assures you that he delighted most in the prospect, because it showed him forty square miles of his own land. On one of the walls of Corwen church they show a hole made by the fiery chief's dagger, which he flung from this chair on some occasion when the townsmen had offended him.

Before reaching Corwen the valley opens; the hills recede further apart, are less abrupt, and though not less rocky, the rocks are plumed with wood; and Dee is smooth and dull—you would hardly fancy he could be so buoyant and sprightly a mile or two lower. Just a momentary tarriance will be made at the picturesque village of Llansantffraid, and then nothing will occur to arrest the attention till Corwen be reached.

Corwen is not at all a place to interest the stranger on its own account. But it has an hotel (named after the mighty Owen) whose fame is widely spread; it is a convenient centre from which to explore some very good (though not remarkable) scenery; and it is a favourite fishing station. The town is one of the quietest of its size in Wales—at least of those which lie in a great line of road. It has no manufactures, and only the trade of an agricultural district, with that produced by a wealthy resident gentry, and the summer visitors.

A short distance beyond Corwen, the Dee bends sharply to the left, and the tourist might ascend it to Bala along the Vale of Eideyrnion—one of the loveliest in the principality. Our course however lies right forward: we must diverge little either to the right hand or to the left till we arrive at Conway.

Hardly have we parted company with the Dee when its affluent, the Alwen, comes to the road-side and gives us for some miles its pleasant company. It breaks away to the right just by its confluence with a smaller stream, the Geirw—which in its turn runs alongside the road for half a dozen miles. But Geirw provides a spectacle which the larger rivers did not offer. Close by the sixty-first milestone from Holyhead, the little stream rushes over a series of rocky slopes into a deep glen. The sides of the glen are thickly clothed with trees—too thickly perhaps, for in consequence of the narrowness of the glen and the quantity of foliage, it is difficult to see more at once than a small portion of the waterfall. High above the stream the glen is spanned by a bridge, which is named with the happy descriptiveness so often observed in Welsh nomenclature, Pont-y-Glyn, the Bridge of the Glen.

Three or four miles farther is Cerig-y-Druidon, now only noticeable as a tolerably fair example of a thoroughly Welsh village; but which in Camden's time contained two Kist-vaens, as they were called; Camden seemed to think they were “solitary prisons.” These, “and the name of the parish,” he says, “are all

the memorials left of the residence of those ancient philosophers the Druids here." These are gone now; but the tradition is preserved. There is a tumulus called Pen-y-Caer, about a mile south-east of the village, and near it is another spot bearing the same name, which we fancy to be the places Camden speaks of. Somewhere in the neighbourhood, too, is a hill of unmanageable title, whereon is said to have stood the castle at which, according to the Welsh version, Caractacus was delivered into the hands of the Romans by a Cymric Delilah.

The road here is in dull weather sufficiently dreary. The mountains lie somewhat away, and are lumpish in form. No sparkling rivulet meanders on either side; instead is a level peat-bog, unvaried by house or tree. But there is one scene which would repay thrice the extent of dreariness. You come almost suddenly, where the left-hand mountains open, upon a view of the entire range of the Snowdon Mountains. (Cut, No. 9.) Under almost any aspect it must be a grand sight, for nowhere else is the entire range so fairly seen: but it was truly a thing to remember as we beheld it at the close of a day of remarkable beauty. The sun had just descended behind the most northern of the hills, when suddenly the summits in that direction became as it were incandescent, while those at the opposite extremity, and the giant Snowdon himself, rapidly changed in hue from a blueish purple into the deepest gloom,—their bases meanwhile being concealed by a pinky vapour, out of which the mighty hills rose like islands from a foaming sea,—and over-head the fleecy clouds gathered into a canopy of crimson and gold: it was a glorious vision; but it retained only for a moment its full splendour, and then fled swiftly into the darkness.

#### THE VALLEY OF THE CONWAY.

At Pentre Voelas—where, as well as at Cernioge, which has just been passed, there is a good tourist's inn—the river Conway comes down from the mountains, and will be our guide and companion for the day's ramble. It has its source only a few miles higher, a little above Llyn Conway, and is in its early course a beautiful stream: but it is in the few miles from Pentre Voelas to Bettws-y-Coed that it appears to feel its strength, and there it exhibits best its daring and frolicsome spirit. As it advances it grows soberer, and at length settles down into a dignified gravity. Gray should not have written "*Old Conway's foaming flood*:" it would have been applicable enough to its youthful career.

The scenery as well as the river is full of beauty for all this distance: but in one part it is eminently fine. About seven miles from Capel Curig, there opens a view of an uncommon kind even in this region of splendid views. (Cut, No. 7.) The valley is bounded by lofty hills, which send their projecting roots far into the vale, where they terminate in rugged cliffs; a narrow stream plays along the bottom; groups of handsome trees are in the foreground; while the enormous form of Moel

Siabod is seen in all its vastness filling the distance. We have given an engraving of the view, but it is impossible to represent the fitful play of light and shadow along the slopes, the gloom of the hollows, and the creeping mists on which so much of the effect of such a scene depends. (Cut, No. 8.)

Immediately beyond this occurs another famous scene,—the Falls of the Conway. They will be found just out of the main road, where that to Ffestiniog is carried by a lofty arch across a chasm:—but the ear will be a sufficient guide to the spot. The Conway, a stream of considerable volume, is here pent within a narrow ravine, through which it rushes with tremendous impetuosity, and after making a short sharp turn—seeming indeed as though it burst *through* the rock—flings itself over a long slope of riven rocks into a deep pool below. The rocky banks, as well as the fallen fragments which check the progress of the stream, are of the grandest forms. The cataract altogether is of the finest kind; but there are two things which detract a good deal from its grandeur, the thick plantation of trees which has a formal air, and the proximity of the road, together banishing effectually what most befits such an object—the feeling of solitude, of standing alone in the presence of the untouched handiwork of Nature.

Not far from this cataract is another formed by the Machno river, a short distance before its junction with the Conway. The Falls of the Machno are not comparable with those of the Conway, either for magnitude or grandeur; but they are eminently picturesque and beautiful. The mass of water foams and dashes from rock to rock in every variety of form and curve, before it takes its grand plunge, and then quickly recovering from the shock starts forward again, making in its rapid way a multitude of wild waterbreaks. From every clift spring self-planted trees and shrubs. On one side is seen a pandy (or fulling) mill, sufficiently rude and informal to add to the effect as a picture.

From the Falls to Bettws-y-Coed, the Conway continues to maintain the wild beauty of its character. Now passing along a close wooded glen, again, through a more open but still wild valley, and occasionally crossed by bridges noticeable both for their fine forms and often striking positions. This part of the stream is the delight of the skilful angler, with whom the Oak at Bettws-y-Coed is a favourite little hostel. The sketch (Cut, No. 10) will show better than words the kind of scenery which the fisherman meets with in here pursuing his gentle craft along the margin of Conway. The spot represented is a wild rocky passage, about a mile above Bettws-y-Coed,—well known to artists and anglers, but from the difficulty of access not often seen by the tourist; though, as the engraving shows, well worth scrambling down to.

Bettws-y-Coed—or, as cockney tourists resolutely pronounce it, 'Betsy Code,'—is a quiet, thoroughly Welsh village (with something of English neatness superadded), seated in a beautiful neighbourhood, just by the confluence of the Llugwy with the Conway





7.—SNOWDON, FROM CAPEL CURIG.

The only thing in the village which aspires to a place in tourists' books, is the mutilated statue of Gruffydd ap Davydd Goch, a nephew of the last of the Welsh princes: it is set in a niche in the church wall. But the village itself will find a place in the tourist's memory: it is one of the spots which is not likely to be quickly forgotten. The bridge which crosses the Llugwy just before it falls into the Conway, is one of the Welsh notabilities: it is somewhat rude in form, and consists of five arches, the piers of which rest on separate rocks, which stand in the bed of the river. The river here forms a cascade, of no great height, but one that appears eminently picturesque, as seen in connection with the singular bridge and the detached masses of rock which strew the channel. When the river is in flood, and pours at once through all the arches, the effect must be very striking: ordinarily one or two arches suffice for the passage of the waters.

The road through the village soon brings the wanderer to Capel Curig, and into the heart of the mountain district;—a tempting route, but one that we must leave for a while. Our way is still beside our river. There is a road on each side of the Conway to Llanrwst; that on the right is the main road, but the other, which lies along the foot of wild craggy slopes and steep cliffs, is the quieter and the pleasanter. Just before Llanrwst is reached, is Gwydyr, the patrimony of an ancient branch of the Wynne family, now extinct. Gwydyr House, now the property of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, stands in beautiful grounds, and is permitted to be seen.

The steep bridge by which we cross the river to Llanrwst, erected by Inigo Jones, is said to have the peculiar property that "if a person thrusts himself against the large stone over the centre of the middle arch, the whole fabric will vibrate;" but we neglected to test its vibratory capabilities. The Gwydyr Chapel attached to Llanrwst Church, is also the work of Inigo, and tempts one to say of him, as did crabbed Ben Jonson, "He had a monstrous medley wit of his own." In the chapel are some interesting monuments; and both it and the old church, to which it is joined, merit attention.

Llanrwst is a town of some importance in the locality. It has considerable trade, and contains some 4000 inhabitants. The houses are small and plain; but the situation of the town renders it an important object in the landscape; and it is not an unpicturesque one. The Vale of Llanrwst, as this part of the valley of the Conway is called, is often said to be the finest in Wales—uniting in itself the beauties of the Vales of Clwyd and Llangollen; and tourists fortify the assertion by quoting from the guide-books, that "Burke declared it to be the most charming spot in Wales;" and that Windham said something to the same effect. But here is a very pretty blunder. These are not *the* Burke and Windham, but a couple of nobodies, who wrote accounts of Wales that have been forgotten long ago, and whose names would never be mentioned, but that, having once got into the guide-books, they are as a matter of course, repeated in all succeeding ones. We fancy that, if tourists knew this, "Burke and



8.—MOEL SIABOD.



9.—THE SNOWDON RANGE, FROM CERNIOGE.



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Windham" would not be rung out so authoritatively. Be it understood, however, that we say not a word in depreciation of the Valley: it is not equal to either. Clwyd or Llangollen; but it is as charming a spot as a man could wish to light upon for a few days' tarriance, or to spend the evening of his days in. The mountains which border the valley are among the loftiest in Wales—the companions, Carnedd Llewellyn and Carnedd Davyd, attaining an altitude, the one of 3469, and the other of 3427 feet above the sea. The slopes are varied; the vale is cultivated and flourishing, and thickly sprinkled over with lordly and lowly dwellings; and the river which flows through the midst is broad and shallow, and rendered more lively by the numerous coracles\* that are moving nimbly to and fro.

The Conway is navigable, for vessels of 50 or 60 tons burden, as high as Trefriw,—a village, a mile or so below Llanrwst. They bring hither coal, lime, and timber; and carry back the produce of the farm, and of the mines and quarries in the neighbourhood. Trefriw is an unpretending village, but a very pretty one. The neighbourhood, too, is rich in the kind of objects which usually find a place in the sketch-book. There is a mill close by, which is unrivalled in Wales: it stands in a most picturesque spot; and the water falls in succession over two wheels, placed one immediately above the other; while the surplus supply finds its way over a number of huge moss-covered blocks of stone. The singular-looking mill and the waterfall, together with the wild scenery around, form a noticeable scene, which has been often painted. In this vicinity are several waterfalls: the chief is the Rhaidr Porthlwyd, or Rhaidr Mawr (the Great Waterfall), as it is commonly called by the peasantry. It is situated far up in the mountains: the path to it must be taken somewhere near Porthlwyd Bridge, about seven miles from Conway. The fall is one of the largest class of Welsh cataracts, and the accompaniments are on a grand scale. Many tourists and writers pronounce it to be the finest waterfall in the principality; but it is seldom that there is a sufficient body of water to give it due importance. Another fall, about a mile from this, is formed by the Dolgarrog, a lively but not very ample stream. This, which is known as Rhaidr Dolgarrog, is on a smaller scale than the last, but is exceedingly pretty. On the mountains may be found two or three Llynys which, if there be time, will repay the labour of ascending to them,—if only by the views that will be had on the road. Llyn Geirionydd is the most celebrated, Taliesin, 'Prince of Bards,' having dwelt on its margin—as is often repeated in the Welsh bardic verse. Lord Willoughby d'Eresby has erected a column there, in memory of the famous minstrel.

About five miles from Conway is the village of Caer Rhun,—a place which is by most antiquaries fixed on

\* These are light boats, formed of skin or tarred canvas, stretched over a wicker frame in the manner described in our notice of 'The Wye,' vol. i., p. 247. They carry only one person, are moved and guided by means of a paddle, and are chiefly used by fishermen.

as the site of the Roman station, Conovium; though some think Conway the more probable locality. Certain it is, that Caer Rhun was a Roman settlement of some kind; for at various times numerous Roman remains—some of them of much interest and value—have been discovered there. Now it is merely a plain Welsh village, charmingly situated, indeed, by the river side, and "celebrated for containing three of the most magnificent yews that are now to be found in the principality."

The vale maintains its character for richness and for beauty quite up to Conway; and when, at length, the old town comes fairly into sight, it affords a noble termination to the prospect; while from the heights the backward view, extending over the valley, now changed in character by the frequent passage of boats and small craft to and fro on the smooth stream, and closed by magnificent mountains, is scarcely less interesting and more impressive. A more delightful day's ramble could hardly be found, of its kind, than this of the Vale of Conway, or a more fitting resting-place, at the close of such a day, than the fine old town.

#### BANGOR.

In the good old times, the fifteen miles from Conway to Bangor were thought rather a serious journey: one at any rate not to be undertaken without due consideration. The road lay along the brow of the precipitous Penmaen Mawr; and to traverse it was often really dangerous. The only means of avoiding this road by a land passage was to proceed along the sands, which could only be ventured upon when the tide was out. Even as late as 1774, after a better road had been constructed, it appears to have been regarded as sufficiently formidable. Dr. Johnson was here with the Thrales in that year, and he has this entry in his Diary: "Aug. 18.—We would have stayed at Conway, if we could have found entertainment; [it was race-day, and the inns were full;] for we were afraid of passing Penmaen Mawr, over which lay our way to Bangor, but by bright daylight. . . . There was no stay, however, on any other terms than of sitting up all night. . . . Our coach was at last brought, and we set out with some anxiety, but we came to Penmaen Mawr by daylight; and we found a way lately made, very easy and very safe." This road was afterwards improved, and in 1827 was re-constructed by Telford, and rendered one of the finest in the kingdom—a remark applicable, by-the-way, to the great Holyhead lines of road which that eminent engineer formed by order of the Government throughout the principality, on a scale of greatness and excellence till then unseen in this country. Even now, some portions of the road along Penmaen Mawr wear, in stormy weather, a rather startling appearance; especially where it is in part cut out of the face of the beetling cliff, with the sea at a considerable distance below, and the grim precipice towering high over head. Never for a moment, however, does a feeling of insecurity obtain: the substantial character of every part



impresses on the mind too much confidence in the skill of the engineer for that. There would, indeed, be little heed given to the sign-board advice,—did it exist now—which is said to have once been put forth at the two public-houses which then stood at either end of this formidable pass. The verses are affiliated by the guide-books on Dean Swift, who often had occasion to experience the terrors of the road in his journeys to and from Dublin. On the side of either sign-board which greeted you as you approached the dreaded road, the lines ran thus :

“Before you venture henee to pass,  
Take a good refreshing glass.”

As you escaped from it, you saw—

“Now you’re over, take another,  
Your frighten’d spirits to recover.”

And the advice was no doubt often taken on both sides. Now the railway-train whisks you by Penmaen Mawr so swiftly, that you hardly are aware of his existence.

Bangor is a more busy-looking town than Welsh towns usually are. The streets are filled with an active population; new houses are being erected and old ones altered and smartened; and, generally, there are the signs of a considerable and increasing traffic. The main street is above a mile long, and as it lies just under a steep rock, the town seems capable of little lateral extension. If the business and the population continue to increase as they are said to have done of late, the town must expand into some rather curious form; though that will be a matter of small moment if it continue to prosper. Within the town, the only building of any importance is the Cathedral. The handsomest of the public establishments is the Bank, a substantial stone building, in the Elizabethan style, as yet unfinished.

Bangor Cathedral is comparatively small in size, and of no great architectural merit. It stands, too, in a low site, and is itself so low, and altogether so unimportant in appearance, that it might almost pass unnoticed were not the attention directed to it. A cathedral existed here at an early period; but the present building is only of the sixteenth century. The choir was erected about 1500 by Bishop Dean, at his own cost: the nave and tower were added in 1532 by Bishop Thomas Skevington—as is recorded by an inscription on the tower. The entire length of the cathedral is 214 feet; the nave is 34 feet, the tower 60 feet high. If, externally, the cathedral presents no very splendid appearance, the interior will not make amends: it is bald and mean to a degree that will surprise the English visitor. The only thing to be said in its favour is, that it appears to be kept in a state of substantial repair. In the nave the English service is performed: a Welsh church occupies the chief remaining part of the cathedral; and both look pretty much as Welsh churches usually look.

Bangor is in some repute as a bathing-place, and as a summer residence; and for the latter purpose it has many advantages. The surrounding country is very

beautiful; the heights afford splendid views; there are considerable facilities for reaching almost any point; and, though last not least, there is good society. The heights around appear to be becoming sprinkled over with neat villas, wherever practicable. Bangor is a place at which tourists almost always make some stay; and it is accordingly well supplied with suitable accommodation for them. The ‘Penrhyn Arms’ is one of the largest hotels in the principality, making up, it is said, a hundred beds; and there are others of good size in the town and by the bridge.

The lion of Bangor is Penrhyn Castle, the seat of the Pennant family. It occupies the site of an old castle, but the present building is almost entirely of recent date: it stands in a commanding position, and has a striking appearance from many points of view; and there are almost matchless prospects from it. In size and splendour it is one of the chief mansions in Wales, and the interior fittings are on a magnificent scale. The owner derives a large part of his wealth from the famous slate quarries of Cae Braich-y-Cefn, four or five miles from Bangor, on the road to Nant-Franccon. These quarries are generally among the things which tourists ‘do’ in their Welsh journey:—they are well worth a visit by those who feel (as every one ought) an interest in such matters. They are of great extent, as will be supposed, when it is said that 2,000 persons are employed at them. The quarrying is conducted in ledges up the whole front of the mountain—which is carved out in an amazing manner. The scarified face of the mountain, with the multitude of men hacking away at every part of it—the many ‘shoots’ of shattered slates which seem in constant motion as fresh loads are being poured down—the enormous heaps of debris—the regular piles of trimmed slates—the incessant activity visible over the entire area—the noise of the multifarious processes, and that also of the loud talking and shouting of the workmen, which like that of all Welsh *men*—and here all the workmen are Welsh—has to a Saxon ear a sound very like that of quarrelling; all these things combined have a quite remarkable effect when the works are entered. The works are maintained in the highest state of efficiency. Every mechanical and scientific contrivance which is available is said to be employed, as well as every means of lightening the labour and lessening the danger of the workmen. From the quarries a railway has been constructed, at an expense of £170,000 for conveying the slate at once to the sea-side, where a convenient harbour and wharf have been formed. This spot, called Port Penrhyn, lies a little to the east of Bangor, just under Penrhyn Castle. Two hundred and fifty tons of slates are said to be shipped there daily. Altogether, the quarries, railway, port, and castle, to say nothing of houses and land, form a very pretty property. We are glad we can conclude by adding, that the owner of it all has the reputation of using his wealth nobly:—in the promotion of industry, the diffusion of refinement, and the encouragement of skill and art, and the improvement in all ways of his numerous dependents.

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## THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.

Bangor lies towards the northern end of the Menai Strait. Until 1826, the communication was carried on by means of ferry-boats, and in stormy weather was both uncertain and dangerous. Holyhead being the nearest point of the British coast to Dublin, and the speediest and least uncertain means of reaching Dublin, being an important object, a bridge across the Menai Strait was long desired; but the difficulty and costliness of erecting one in so exposed a situation, and at a height sufficiently great not to interfere with the navigation, prevented its erection, although many plans had at different times been proposed. When, however, the construction of the great lines of road from Shrewsbury and Chester to Holyhead were entrusted to Telford, a bridge across the Strait was considered a necessary part of the plan:—and his project of a suspension bridge was approved of.

The site he selected was about two miles and a half west of Bangor, at a place known from a rocky point on the Anglesea side as Ynys-y-Moch, “where the opposite shores are bold and rocky, and allow the roadway of the bridge to be 100 feet above high water-mark.” The first stone of the bridge was laid in August, 1819; it was opened in January, 1826. The piers which support the suspended portion of the bridge are 560 feet apart; and there are seven stone arches, each of 60 feet span; four on the Anglesea coast, and three on that of Carnarvonshire. The entire length of the bridge is 960 feet; the height above high water-mark is 102 feet. At the time of its erection this was in every way the most important bridge that had been constructed on the suspension principle, and it was justly regarded as one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering. Suspension-bridges of greater magnitude have since been built, but, all things considered, it may be doubted whether this does not maintain its first rank. It is unquestionably one of the chief monuments of the genius of Telford, and is, indeed, in every way a noble work. Noticeable it is, moreover, as an ornamental as well as a useful structure. It hangs there, in its lofty position, light and graceful almost as a living thing. So symmetrical are its proportions, that its magnitude is one of the last things thought of in looking at it: you need to sail under it to observe the scale of the surrounding objects, or to walk over it and see a goodly ship with its masts unstruck sailing beneath your feet, before fully recognising its great elevation and vast size.

From the configuration of the banks and other circumstances, the action of the wind during gales is here extremely great. Soon after its opening the Menai Bridge suffered considerably from a storm; and subsequently it was again a good deal injured. But experience has suggested some methods of in a measure obviating the peculiar evils attached to this kind of bridge—especially that of making joints in the lower part of the rods, thereby lessening the

rigidity—and it appears to be now capable of withstanding any ordinary storm.

Great as the Menai Bridge was as an engineering achievement, it must in that respect yield to the Britannia Bridge, which is in process of erection about a mile nearer Carnarvon. The problem to be solved in this case was to carry the Chester and Holyhead Railway across the Strait, at such a height as to allow of a clear way for shipping of at least 100 feet; and of course without placing piers so as to interfere with the channel. A suspension bridge will not sustain the motion and weight of a railway train: and an arch or arches would require the roadway to be 150 feet above high-water mark, in order to satisfy the requirements of the Admiralty Commissioners. The plan adopted by Mr. Stephenson was novel and simple. It was merely that of laying across the channel a covered trough or hollow beam, through which the trains should pass, letting the ends of the beam rest on piers of adequate height, and supporting it in the middle. There was a convenient site, which seemed fashioned by Nature for such a bridge,—the opposite shores being bold steep rocks, and there being just about mid-channel a rocky island which would afford a perfect foundation for the central pier.

So far all was well. But now even the rudimentary difficulties attending the erection of a bridge, so much greater both in span and bulk than any rigid bridge of iron which had yet been erected, had to be predetermined and provided against. The mechanical difficulties arising from the nature of the materials—difficulties that appeared to be almost insuperable—the necessity of providing not merely for the support of its own immense weight, and the additional weight of a train in motion, but also of increasing the strength sufficiently to withstand the action of the fiercest gales upon so vast a resisting surface; and finally floating the gigantic tubes, which were to be constructed by the shore, and lifting them, thus completed into their position, a hundred feet above the water;—these things have called into exercise a union of the highest mechanical and mathematical skill, which has not only sufficed for the immediate purpose, but will serve to facilitate considerably the labours of future engineers. An account of the elaborate experiments and investigations, which were deemed necessary in order to determine the exact form of the tubes, with a narrative of the progress of the works, has been published by Mr. Fairbairn, — to whom, with Mr. Hodgkinson, an eminent mathematician, the preliminary experiments were intrusted; and it will be read with interest and admiration by those conversant with such pursuits. A full history of the bridge, with working plates, is announced by Mr. Edwin Clark, the acting engineer; but of course it will not be published till the bridge is completed.

The few particulars we annex are taken from the semi-official ‘General Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges, by a Resident Assistant’—(Mr. Latimer Clark.) They will suffice to give some



notion of the structure; for fuller particulars the reader will do well to refer to the work itself, which is clear and brief in its explanations, and moderate in price.

And first for the general form of the bridge:

"When the whole structure is completed, it will consist of two immense wrought-iron tunnels or tubes, each considerably upwards of a quarter of a mile in length, placed side by side, through which the up and down trains respectively will pass. The ends of these tubes rest on abutments, the intermediate portions being supported across the Straits by three massive and lofty stone towers. The centre tower stands on a rock, which is covered by the tide at high water. The side towers stand on the opposite shores, each at a clear distance of four hundred and sixty feet from the centre tower. The abutments are situated inland, at a distance of two hundred and thirty feet from the side towers."

The following dimensions of the piers, or towers, as they are called, will give a tolerable idea of the amazing scale on which the whole is constructed:—"The Britannia (or central) Tower is 62 feet by 52 feet at the base; it has a gentle taper, so that where the tubes enter it is 55 feet by 45 feet. Its total height from the bottom of the foundations will be, when completed, nearly 230 feet; it contains 148,625 cubic feet of limestone, and 144,625 of sandstone, weighing very nearly 20,000 tons, and there are 387 tons of cast-iron built into it in the shape of beams and girders. The land towers are each 62 feet by 52 feet at the base, tapering to 55 feet by 32 feet at the level of the bottom of the tubes; their height is 190 feet from high water; they contain 210 tons of cast-iron in beams and girders." In other words, each of the land towers is nearly as high as the London Monument, and much larger; while the central tower is higher as well as larger.\*

We may now let Mr. Clark describe the tubes which these vast piles of masonry are intended to support:

"The bridge, as we have seen, is divided into four spans—viz., the two small spans at each end, which are over the land, and are each 230 feet wide; and the two principal spans which are over the water, and are each 460 feet wide. The small tubes, as they are termed, or those which cross the land, being constructed on the platforms, at their ultimate level, do not require any removal. Although called the 'small tubes,' their span is vastly greater than that of any other railway bridge in existence, the Conway tubes alone excepted. But the large tubes, which are to cross the water, are constructed on timber platforms along the beach, on the Carnarvon shore, just above the level of high water. These have consequently to be removed, and elevated to their final position on the towers; and to these the principal interest attaches.

"The length of one of these tubes, as constructed on the platform, is 472 feet; this additional length is

\* The height of the monument is 202 feet; the pedestal is 20 feet square: the diameter of the column is 15 feet at the base.

intended to afford a temporary bearing of six feet at each end, after they are raised into their places, until there is time to form the connection between them across the towers. Our London readers will better appreciate the great length of these tubes by remembering that if one of them were placed on end in St. Paul's Church-yard, it would reach 107 feet higher than the top of the cross!"

Plain tubes of this size could not sustain the pressure of their own weight: an extremely ingenious modification of the form, and distribution of the materials was therefore ultimately adopted, which, strange as it may appear to those unacquainted with mechanics, necessitated a great increase of both size and weight—the additional weight being accumulated at top and bottom, but most on the top. For the full particulars and explanation of this we must refer the reader to the work from which we have quoted, or to the lively description of the bridge in the recent number (170) of the 'Quarterly Review'—no doubt by the skilful hand of the author of 'Stokers and Pokers'—here it must suffice to say, that the tube is strengthened by having six smaller tubes constructed along the bottom of the main tube, and eight along the top. Another important point consists in making the height of the tubes increase towards the centre. "It is greatest at the centre, in the Britannia Tower, where it is 30 feet outside, and diminishes gradually towards the ends, at which, in the abutments, the external height is only 22 feet 9 inches; the top forms a regular arch (a true parabolic curve), and the bottom is quite straight and horizontal. The clear internal height is, on account of the double top and bottom, less by four feet than the external. . . . The internal width from side to side is 14 feet.

"The general method of the construction of the tubes is readily seen. They consist of sides, top, and bottom; all formed of long narrow wrought-iron plates, varying in length from twelve feet downwards, and in width from two feet four inches to one foot nine inches. The direction in which these plates are laid is not, as may at first sight be supposed, arbitrary or immaterial, but is governed by the directions of the strains in the different parts of the tube." The iron plates are fastened together by iron rivets, each rather more than an inch in diameter; about 2,000,000 of them will be employed in the bridge.

"The plates are joined together (at the sides), and greatly strengthened and stiffened at the joints by T shaped irons both inside and out, reaching from top to bottom, and forming a complete pillar at every two feet." Of this T iron and of angle iron there are about sixty-five miles in the whole bridge. "The weight of the wrought-iron in one of the large tubes is estimated at about 1,600 tons; of which 500 are in the bottom, 600 in the sides, and 500 in the top." (Clark.)

But amazing as the separate portions of the tubes seem, it is only when they are regarded in their united form that the stupendous mass which the piers have to

sustain is properly comprehended. "When all the tubes have been raised, and the small ones completed, their ends will be joined . . . The exact length of each of the two tubes will then be one thousand five hundred and thirteen feet, and the weight *five thousand* *ons*,—in size far surpassing any piece of wrought iron-work ever before put together, and in weight nearly double that of a hundred and twenty gun ship ready for sea." And these two prodigious 'tubes,' be it remembered, are to be suspended aloft a hundred and two feet above high water. Provision is made for the expansion and contraction of these enormous masses of metal from changes of temperature by *fixing* the middle of each tube in the Britannia Tower, and leaving the ends free to travel to and fro upon rollers inserted in the land towers. The variation in length of one of the tubes between summer and winter is nearly twelve inches.

It is almost needless to mention, what every one is familiar with from the ample accounts which have been published in the newspapers, that the first of the great tubes was, in June last, safely floated on pontoons to its position at the foot of the towers, whence it was to be raised by means of hydraulic presses. The temporary suspension of the 'lifting,' owing to the breaking of the case of the large hydraulic press, is also well known; as well as the resumption of the proceedings. The press (in itself a wonder) lifts six feet at each stroke, when the masonry is built up under the tube, the end of which lies within a groove in the tower. The tube is thus raised six feet in the morning, and the remainder of the day is occupied in building up to it. The first tube is now raised to its proper place, and ships are probably sailing beneath it.

While the works connected with the bridge were in their greatest activity—that is while the construction of the tubes and of the towers was advancing simultaneously—the Carnarvon shore presented a remarkable scene. Along the bank stretched a strong wooden platform half a mile in length, upon which the tubes were constructed. A large area was covered with long lines of workshops, for the masons and the workers in iron; those belonging to the latter exhibiting, in constant and noisy action, some of the most ponderous and some most complicated machinery. Fifteen hundred workmen were employed while the works were in full operation. The quartering of such an army in the neighbouring towns and villages, if even they had been sufficiently near, would have been impracticable. A temporary village was therefore built, consisting of rows of wooden cottages. Suttlers followed the camp, and shops of course were opened, at which provisions might be purchased; and it is said that all kinds of provisions rose considerably in price in this part of Carnarvon subsequently to the irruption of this army of artisans. A medical man was resident, to afford immediate assistance in case of accidents—which happily have been far from numerous considering the magnitude and nature of the undertaking. A chaplain was found to minister to the religious wants

of the community.\* A school was established for the children. Occasionally, at least, the mental culture of the adults was sought to be advanced by an itinerant lecturer: their amusement by the visit of a travelling show. Altogether the village, regarded in itself, and surrounded as it was by the symptoms of a recent clearance, in the midst of a wild mountain tract, and beside a bold rapid river—for such the Strait appears to be—appeared to us to wear some such strange aspect, as one might expect to witness in the incipient town of an American settlement.

"What will the bridge look like when complete?" is a question commonly asked: the answer, though unsatisfactory, is not difficult. The tube itself is quite unornamented. It will appear exactly like a gigantic rectangular-covered trough made of iron plates, fastened together by rivets in the manner of steam-engine boilers, and supported on piers or towers; which themselves are nearly plain masses of masonry carried to a considerable height above the trough. The land towers are surmounted each by two couchant lions, of colossal size, and "in the Egyptian style;" that is, with big ears, and a close-cropped judge's wig. The central tower was intended, originally, to have been surmounted with a statue of Britannia some sixty feet high; but that is abandoned. In all this it will be seen that there is very little of what can be called 'art' in the design; and, in truth, not much beauty. We have seen and heard it gravely spoken of as "light and graceful in appearance," and its "elegance" even has been eulogised. It is really too bad. To praise too highly the engineering skill displayed on the bridge is perhaps impossible, but in the name of all the Muses let us hear nothing of its beauty. In sad verity, we must confess it to be our conviction that, when finished, the Britannia Bridge will be certainly the most wonderful bridge in the world, and probably the ugliest.

#### ANGLESEA.

The Isle of Anglesea need not detain us long. For one who can make a leisurely survey of it, there is a good deal that will be found of interest:—the antiquities, the mines, the scenery of the coast, well deserve investigation. For one who is willing to connect the present with the past, the Sacred Isle of the Druids,—the Mona of the Romans,—the residence and the seat of government of the native Princes of Wales,—the battle-field of the Britons with Romans, Picts, and Saxons,—could not be a barren ground. Where, however, only a general glance over the entire district of Cambria can be taken, it is a different matter. Few tourists spend more than an exceedingly brief time in Anglesea; and certainly, if they have come to Wales for the enjoyment of mountain scenery, they do well

\* It deserves mention, that the masons have erected a small stone obelisk on the Anglesea coast, "to the memory of those of their companions who have been killed during the progress of the undertaking."



to devote their time almost or altogether to the really mountainous region. Anglesea is not by any means a level country, especially northwards; but its hills—though some of them are called mountains—are comparatively low, and characterized neither by majesty nor beauty; while the general face of the country is seldom interesting.

A journey is almost always made from Bangor to Beaumaris. The sail thither along the Strait is a delightful one. The Carnarvon coast, with Penmaen Mawr, and the lofty mountains of Snowdonia—though the giant himself is hardly seen, if seen at all—form a grateful addition to the delight which the sail along a bold river or arm of the sea is sure in itself to excite. The enjoyment derivable from the sail will be much increased, if it be continued to Great Orme's Head, and around the rough wild rock. Priestholme, or Puffin's Island—the little island situated at the eastern extremity of Anglesea, should also, if possible, be thus visited. It abounds, during the summer, with the bird from which it has received its local name, and with vast numbers of other aquatic birds, which give to its bluff black cliffs a singularly wild appearance. But the distance between Bangor and Beaumaris should also be gone over by land. The road lies along the top of a high bank, from which there is a noble prospect across the Strait; and the mountains beyond, from Penmaen and Llewellyn to Snowdon, are seen to great advantage. Indeed it may be said, generally, that the finest views in Anglesea are views *from* it.

Beaumaris is a fashionable and thriving watering-place, with an excellent pier, terraces of large and handsome houses, hotels of more than common size and style, good shops, and all the appliances of a well-frequented bathing-town. The streets, too, are more regular, and neater and better kept, than those in most Welsh towns. The town itself is pleasantly situated in the hollow of Beaumaris Bay; and there are beautiful rides and walks in the vicinity. The steamer which plies between the Menai Bridge and Liverpool calls at Beaumaris, so that a constant and easy intercourse is kept up with the great northern port; from which a large proportion of its summer residents come.

The town appears to owe its origin to the Castle, which was erected by Edward I., in 1295. From its dilapidated condition, and the lowness of the site—it having been built on a marsh, partly, no doubt, for the convenience of surrounding it with a moat—Beaumaris Castle by no means presents so imposing an appearance as either Carnarvon or Conway Castle. It is of considerable size: when it was in a perfect state it consisted of an outer ballium, or envelope, surrounded by a moat, and flanked with ten circular bastion-towers, of which those at the angles are the largest; and it had on the east side an advanced work, called the 'Gunner's Walk.' Within this fortified enclosure was the body of the castle, which was nearly square, with a round tower at each angle, and another in the centre of each face. This inner castle rose much above the ballium, and must, before the building was dismantled,

have had a grand effect from a distance, appearing, as it did, to rise from so broad a base. Now Beaumaris Castle is chiefly interesting to examine in detail. The grand entrance, which is still in tolerable preservation, is between two massive round towers; and forms perhaps the most "picturesque bit" remaining of the entire building. But the grandest portion is the Great Hall—a spacious apartment, 70 feet long by 23 feet wide. The front, which is turned towards the inner area of the castle, has five handsome windows; and the hall must once have been a splendid structure. The most curious remaining portion of the castle is the chapel; and it is also the most perfect. It is very small in size, with a handsome groined roof, supported by attached pillars: at the eastern end are three lancet-windows, so narrow and oilet-like, as to give to the gloomy little edifice quite a military character. Around the entire area are carried narrow galleries, cut out, as it were, from the walls of the ballium.

Beaumaris Castle has not a very important history. In the great civil war, it was taken, after a short siege, by Colonel Mytton, the Parliamentary general, and was not long after dismantled. The castle is the property of the crown; and some use is found for a part of it: opposite the Great Hall is a tennis-court, for the recreation of the lord of Baron Hill. This abomination has been permitted for many years, in spite of the continued remonstrances of the books; and it is likely to be continued much longer: for when we were there, two or three months back, it was being carefully repaired and strengthened. One might have hoped that a little more respect would be shown in the present day for the grand old pile.

On the eminence behind Beaumaris is Baron Hill, the seat of Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley: the mansion is of no mark; but it commands an almost unrivalled view over the Strait and the Snowdon mountain chain beyond. It has also a noble sea-view.

Plas Newydd is another mansion, which is frequently visited from Bangor. It lies in the opposite direction to Beaumaris, being situated a mile or so beyond the foot of Britannia Bridge. The chief objects of interest here are two cromlechs, which stand just behind the house. The top stone of the larger one is a block, 12 feet long, 10 feet broad, and 4 feet thick: it was supported by seven upright stones; but two of them have fallen. The smaller cromlech adjoins the larger. Of these strange objects there still remain twenty-eight in Anglesea: there were once many more. Four or five hundred yards from the cromlechs, at Plas Newydd, is a *earnedd*, or tumulus, covered with loose irregular stones: it was opened in the last century; but "being found to contain human bones, the workmen were ordered to desist." In the present day, the greatest inducement to open it would be the hope of finding human bones. Of this kind of tumulus there are a great many in North Wales; and generally, we believe, they are found on the heights.

On an eminence just above the Britannia Bridge stands the Anglesea Column, a pillar erected in com-

memoration of the military exploits of the Marquis of Anglesea: the first stone was laid on the first anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The pillar is 100 feet high; the hill on which it stands is 260 feet above the sea—so that it is a conspicuous object for a considerable distance.

Holyhead is a small island, divided by a narrow strait from the western extremity of Anglesea. It is generally believed that Anglesea once formed a portion of the mainland; and Holyhead was doubtless in the same way united with Anglesea: and as the larger island, though cut off by Nature from the parent land, has been again united with it by the hand of man, so has Holyhead been joined to Anglesea; being connected with it by the embankments and bridges of the great Irish coach-road and of the Chester and Holyhead Railway.

The chief interest attaching to Holyhead arises from its being the station for the Dublin mail packets. For the use chiefly of the packets, there have been constructed a harbour-pier and graving-dock, with all suitable appliances, at a cost of upwards of £140,000. They were designed by the late Mr. Rennie. The pier is nearly a thousand feet in length; at the extremity of it is a lighthouse; at the commencement is an arch of 'Mona marble,' erected to commemorate the visit of George IV. in 1821. The harbour, though sufficient for the purpose of a packet-station, and though it has been of much service to shipping, is far from answering the end of a harbour of refuge. One more sheltered and of greater area was needed for this dangerous coast, into which it would be comparatively easy for a ship of the largest size to run in any weather, and to ride at anchor in any state of the tide. A site adapted for such a harbour was found somewhat to the westward of the present one; and the construction of it was commenced some time back. But the progress of the works has been very irregular.

The town of Holyhead is a straggling collection of streets, rows, and single houses. It has not much trade, and ordinarily has little to interest the stranger. But one who is there on a Saturday morning may find some amusement in strolling through the principal street. It is the market-day, and Holyhead is the market-town which supplies all this part of Anglesea. Every variety of article for domestic use is displayed on the stalls, as well as all the ordinary articles of food; and stalls with gilt gingerbread and toys are there also. Towards noon, the open space where the market-cross stands begins to be thronged with farmers and farmers' wives and daughters, and the wives and daughters of the peasantry, who bring for sale their baskets of butter and eggs, and so forth, or come to purchase their stores for the ensuing week. Then the market-place presents a curious sight. On the steps of the cross are seated a dozen very old and (according to Price's reading of the phrase) very picturesque women, dressed in the quaintest of Welsh costumes, with their several stores at their feet. Of the fair ones who crowd the market-place, many are very young,

and, as Welsh maidens often are, very pretty. These all talk Welsh—and Welsh never sounds so well as from feminine lips—but do not by any means all dress Welsh; and the mingling of costume increases the liveliness of the scene. It is, like almost every Welsh market, worth seeing; and, to our fancy, Holyhead appears quite another and more likeable place on Saturday than any other day.

It will not be expected that a little out-of-the-way town like Holyhead will have any buildings of much importance. The church, however, is not uninteresting. It is of the perpendicular style, and has been a good deal enriched with carvings on the exterior; but these being executed in soft stone, and exposed to the sea, are almost mouldered away; under the porch, however, where sheltered from the weather, they are much more perfect. They are rude, but curious; and the church altogether will repay the time spent in its examination.

The same, indeed, may be said of the whole island of Holyhead. There are yet remaining in it a cromlech, and some other vestiges of British antiquities; Roman remains have at different times been found here; and there are fragments still existing of a 'capel' or two of mediæval date; the rocky shores will furnish employment for the naturalist: while, as far as we have seen, the most striking scenery of Anglesea may be found in this its satellite. Holyhead Mountain, a bare, craggy hill, two or three miles from the town, affords some glorious sea views. Far and wide in every direction stretches away the bright blue ocean; mingling near at hand with the broken coast of Anglesea, and bounded by the mountains of Snowdonia; while in the dim distance may be discerned Ireland, and sometimes even Scotland. We saw from it, on a clear morning of June, the Wicklow Mountains quite distinctly. From the mountain you may descend to the shore, or to the South Stack Lighthouse, which stands on a detached fragment of rock, or islet, and is reached by a suspension-bridge that has been thrown across the dark narrow chasm. When the light-house was first erected, the only means of access to it from the land was by a basket and rope; afterwards a rope-bridge was made; but this, though less hazardous than the former rude contrivance, was found to be unsafe, and about twenty years ago the present neat chain-bridge was constructed. As it is, the approach is not very tempting; you have to descend nearly four hundred steps before reaching the foot of the bridge: it is said that this step-road is three-quarters of a mile long; but the wearisomeness of the way is relieved by the fine rock scenery that opens to you in winding down it. A strange wild spot is this South Stack. The sea beats heavily against it, and against the cliffs which tower up behind it grim, black, and all over deeply riven. On every ledge, and in every rent, are numerous auks and gulls and divers, and other aquatic birds; while the entire surface of the Stack Rock is literally whitened with them. The black rocks rise grandly from the sea, which, incessantly





11.—NEAR SOUTH STACK, ANGLESEA.

beating against them, has hollowed out their bases into deep caverns, and appears to be eating away the whole coast. Hardly elsewhere will a more impressive or romantic piece of rocky coast scenery be found, than this deeply-indented and shattered promontory, with its lonely lighthouse, fairy-like bridge, and the countless multitudes of sea-fowl which are mocking the eye with their rapid and ceaseless evolutions, and mingling their plaintive wild cry with the regular sullen beat of the waves upon the rocky cliffs.

The entire coast of Anglesea is studded with islets. The most important, after Holyhead, are those to the north-east, called the Skerries. Upon the largest of these there is a lighthouse, which, with that of the South Stack, guides the packets to Holyhead Harbour, and warns the mariner of the dangers of the coast. But, notwithstanding the light, the Skerries are often fatal to the seaman.

To one desirous of witnessing mining operations, the neighbourhood of Amlwch may be attractive. The town of Amlwch is situated on the north-eastern coast: it is of modern growth, having been almost entirely built since the opening of the mines in 1768. The only noticeable thing about it is the harbour, which was cut entirely out of the solid rock: it is of ample size, and capable of containing vessels of 200 tons burden. Parys Mountain, in which are the famous copper-mines, is situated about two miles south of the town. The Parys mine was opened, as was said, in 1768; and with the Mona mine, which was opened two or three years later, in the same mountain, at one time produced annually from 60,000 to 80,000 tons of copper ore—a quantity greater than was at any time obtained elsewhere, and equal, it is believed, to the amount raised from all the Cornish mines at the same period. But this extraordinary productiveness has

long ceased, and for some years the Parys Mountain has yielded but a small amount of mineral wealth.

A pedestrian, who had sufficient time, might find it a not uninteresting, though somewhat rough walk, to proceed from Holyhead by the west coast of Anglesea to the Carnarvon ferry. The coast along this part of the great Carnarvon Bay is indented with numerous lesser bays, some of which, with the distant Carnarvon mountains, are singularly beautiful. The engraving (Cut, No. 11) will serve to impart a notion of the character of the scenery of these lesser bays. The small lonely farm-houses and scattered cottages are rude and humble, but frequently picturesque—though the common habit of lime-washing the exterior (often roofs and all) is somewhat annoying to an artistic eye.

Aberffraw, three or four miles from Carnarvon, is the only place on the way that calls for particular notice—and that only for what it was. In the days of Welsh independence, it was there that the princes of Wales had their palace and held their court. Of course, upon the conquest of Wales by the first Edward, its importance passed away, and now nothing remains but the memory of its ancient glory. This present year, however, it received the greatest dignity which the Welsh notables could confer, it having been selected as the theatre for holding the Eisteddvod of 1849, which was celebrated there with all the honours.

#### CARNARVON.

The site of the old town of Carnarvon, a sort of peninsula just by the confluence of the river Seiont and the Cadnant brook with the Menai Strait, might seem to have been chosen as well for its commercial as its military convenience. Yet the original town, the Segontium of the Romans, the Caer Segont of the





12.—EAGLE TOWER, CARNARVON CASTLE. °



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Britons, was seated at least half a mile inland. The present Carnarvon was founded by the conqueror of Wales, who, in 1286, caused walls to be constructed around the town that was growing into existence under the shadow of the castle which he had built a year or two before. Carnarvon was the first town in Wales to which Edward I. granted a charter of incorporation: it bears date, September, 1286. It is therefore an old town; and yet in itself—apart, that is, from the walls and the castle—it has preserved little of its antique character. Straight streets and plain houses are all it can show, and these are not particularly interesting to a stranger. In its way, however, it is an important place, being the second if not the first town for extent and population in North Wales. At the census of 1841, the inhabitants of Carnarvon numbered 7,356: but that number must be taken with some allowance; for that is the census of the parish, which, as is usual in Wales, is much more extensive than the town; a circumstance that somewhat “extenuates the populousness,” as Gibbon said of ancient Rome. Carnarvon has considerable trade. The shipping of slates is largely carried on; the slate-wharfs under the castle, to which the slates are brought by railway direct from the quarries, are generally an active scene, and afford a lively contrast to the old castle, which frowns grimly above.

It was in 1283 that Edward I. commenced the erection of the castle of Carnarvon, the largest and fairest of all his Welsh castles; but, though it was soon, perhaps, completed for all military purposes, it was many years before the more ornamental parts were finished. Only the year after the commencement of the works, the wife of Edward gave birth, within the walls of Carnarvon Castle, to the son who succeeded him—the first prince of Wales—the miserable Edward II. In 1294, the Welsh, under Madoc, seized and burnt the town; and having forced the castle to surrender, put the whole of the garrison to death. Twice (in 1402 and 1403) did the “renowned Glendower” besiege Carnarvon; but both times without success, though on the last occasion he had the aid of some French auxiliaries. It is not worth while to notice how often it changed masters during the war of the roses; in the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, it was three or four times assaulted by the two parties, and thrice taken. It was dismantled in 1660, by order of Charles II.

Fallen as is Carnarvon Castle from its high estate, it is yet magnificent in its decay. Among the ruined castles of our land it holds a high rank. Whether for size or grandeur, few can compare with it. “I did not think there had been such buildings,” wrote Johnson, in his ‘Diary,’ on the day of his visit to Carnarvon: “it surpassed my ideas:” and few who survey it for the first time will wonder at the unusually warm terms in which he speaks of “the stupendous magnitude and strength of this edifice.” One is half inclined to fancy, by the way, that this visit of Johnson to it is not the least pleasing association connected with the grand

old pile. It is a picture worth recalling to the imagination—that of the sturdy moralist, attended by Paoli and the Thrale, exploring with unchecked amazement the “mighty ruin,” as he styles it,—mounting the Eagle Tower, and carefully numbering, as he mounts, the “one hundred and sixty-nine steps, each of ten inches,” by which it is ascended,—listening, too, all the while with respectful heed to the explanations of “one Troughton, an intelligent and loquacious wanderer,” who, though on half-pay, has donned his uniform as lieutenant of the navy, that he may the more fitly do the honours to such a visitor.\*

The external walls of the castle form an irregular oblong, and enclose an area of three acres. Originally it was surrounded by a moat, but that has been long filled in, and is now not even traceable. The walls are nine or ten feet thick; and within their thickness, as at Beaumaris, runs a gallery or covered-way, which is at intervals pierced with loop-holes for the discharge of arrows. The castle walls were connected with those of the town; and strong outworks were thrown forward to strengthen the fortifications. The approaches to the castle were by two grand entrances; there was also a small postern, which led from the Eagle Tower by a flight of stairs to the strand. Along the walls are many stout and lofty towers—hexagonal, octagonal, and pentagonal, with tall light turrets rising above them. Many of these towers, with their turrets, appear to be tolerably perfect, till you see them close at hand. Altogether the old ruin looks best at a distance. From the Strait, where you can take in the whole building at a glance, it has yet a tolerably complete and very noble aspect. The recent repairs add somewhat, no doubt, to the perfectness of its appearance. The red bands which relieve the gray stone, of which it is mainly built, add somewhat more. From the opposite side of the Seiont, the grand Eagle Tower rising boldly from the water appears very striking. (Cut, No. 12.) Enter the gates, however, and the desolation is at once perceived. Only the walls and the towers remain. Both the buildings of state and the apartments for ordinary use are destroyed, or only exist as a few crumbling ruins. The towers and the grand entrances alone are left to attest the magnificence, as the walls declare the extent of the edifice. Some of the towers are mere shells; the stairs have long been destroyed, but the case has, in consequence, generally escaped with less mutilation. In the Eagle Tower, however, the stairs remain, and the summit may be ascended. There is a splendid prospect from it of the country around: moreover, the general plan of the castle, and the town walls, may thence be readily comprehended. This is called the Eagle Tower, from a carved figure of an eagle that once was fixed upon it,—if Pennant may be believed, a real Roman eagle, brought from the ancient Segontium; but the fact may be doubted. There were also other eagles on the battlements. The fragments are now quite indistinguishable. Tradition asserts

\* See ‘Boswell’s Johnson,’ v., p. 208, ed. 1835.



that in this tower Edward II. was born; and a small rude room is pointed out as his birth-place: but it is certain that this tower was erected several years after his birth. A room in another tower is shown as that in which the stout-hearted William Prynne—the persecuted alike of churchman and independent, of Land and of Cromwell—was imprisoned till the number of sympathizers who resorted to Carnarvon in order to catch sight of him caused his removal to a less accessible spot. The grand entrances are the most perfect portions of the castle. The King's Gate, on the northern side, with its barbicans and portcullises, must once have been of great strength: over the doorway is a seated figure of the mighty founder—too much defaced now, however, to be at all decypherable. The Queen's Gate, on the eastern side, is chiefly remarkable for its extraordinary height and apparently inaccessible situation. It is not easy to see where the roadway could have gone, even when the moat was undrained and the drawbridge was standing. Probably there were considerable outworks, a long inclined road, and a steep flight of steps.

As was said, it is the interior that proclaims the work of the destroyer. Gloomy, desolate, and solitary, are the broken walls and mouldering fragments; harsh-voiced ravens are the only occupants; ruin, in its sternest form, broods over all. Strangely irksome and depressing is it to wander alone about the crumbling pile: you hasten to the mountains for relief from the crowd of sombre phantasies that seize hold upon you.

The stranger who is of an antiquarian turn will, however, hardly leave the neighbourhood of Carnarvon without visiting the site of Segontium,—according to local imagination, or tradition, the birthplace of Constantine the Great, and the burial-place of his father, and also the theatre of other memorable circumstances. These are wild fancies, but Segontium was unquestionably a rather important Roman station. The road to Llanbeblig traverses the site. Some fragments of a wall, and rather extensive remains of a fort, are the visible relics of the Roman station; but underground, the relics are more numerous. At the depth of a few feet occur foundations of buildings, broken pottery, ashes, and so forth; while numerous coins, personal ornaments (some of them of gold), and other Roman remains, have, at various times, been exhumed. An account of the more important discoveries may be seen in the '*Archæologia Cambrensis*,' the repository of much valuable information concerning the antiquities of the principality. The name of the old town is preserved in that of the river which flows at the base of the hill—the Seiont.

#### SNOWDONIA.

There are excellent mountain rambles within easy reach from Carnarvon; but it is better to quit the town, and go at once to some quiet mountain home for a few days,—or weeks, if practicable,—and thence explore at leisure the heights and the fastnesses of Snowdonia. Llanberris is almost always made a rest-

ing-place and a centre of exploration by tourists, for whom a couple of good hotels—one of large and another of smaller size—are provided. Thither let us turn our steps.

The road from Carnarvon to Llanberris is of increasing grandeur; and when the lower lake is reached, a magnificent prospect bursts on the eye. Lofty hills are on either hand; a broad sheet of water, black with the shadows of the neighbouring crags and fells, stretches at your feet, and a grand array of huge mountains rise up and encompass the head of the lake. These are the Snowdon mountains; but the patriarch himself is not seen from the road. A good view of him, as well as of the juniors that surround him, is obtained from the bridge at the foot of the lake; but a far finer prospect, embracing, perhaps, the finest view of Snowdon, with the Llanberris lakes and Dolbadern Castle, can be had from the slopes beyond, on the north side of the lake. Thence was taken the sketch from which the steel engraving was made. In continuing along the road to Llanberris, the tourist will not fail to halt on the eminence called Cwm-y-clo, from which another of the more celebrated of the views of the lakes and mountains is obtained. On Cwm-y-clo was a British fortress; and in the days when roads were not it must have been a commanding one.

The Vale of Llanberris is of some half-dozen miles length, and nowhere of very great breadth. The Seiont flows through it—a wild streamlet, gliding quickly but quietly in its channel, or foaming over the rocks which impede its way; till where the valley opens the little river expands into a couple of lakes, which, at some distant day, have doubtless formed but one: they are now divided from each other by a narrow neck of land. The upper lake, Llyn Peris, is less than a mile in length; the lower, Llyn Padern, is nearly a mile and a half long; neither is, in any part, half a mile wide. On the northern side are steep slate rocks, which are the roots of the Glydyr Fawr mountains, while on the south are the lower slopes of the Snowdon giants. The village of Llanberris—a rude rustic gathering of cottages—is at the upper end of the valley; nestled there, in a most romantic (but rather uncomfortable) situation, near the mouth of the Cwm-Glas, the famous Pass of Llanberris. The tourists' resting-place is a mile or so lower, by Dolbadern Castle.

And a thoroughly enjoyable resting-place it is. Commend us, after all, to a good inn, on the evening (or even morning) of a stiff mountain ramble. A rough hostel and rude fare are what a hardy tourist ought to be able not merely to endure, but to enjoy; but when he can have a snug home, an ample repast, and perhaps meet a pleasant and social stranger or two—and we have met such assembled here at the same time from Kent and Cornwall, from Warwick and Wexford, from Germany and from America,—if he is not ready then to make the most of the passing hour, take his ease in his inn, and felicitate himself on his good fortune, he is a very poor traveller, if not a very dull fellow.

This Llanberris itself is a place not soon to tire of. There are short walks for showery days, and long ones for fine: the lakes, as well as the mountains, change their hue with every change of weather as well as hour of the day. Light, gay, and cheerful are they, as the noontide sun plays over them, and the green slopes, and the gray tower are reflected in the tremulous water, while the mountains stand out with a firm outline against the deep azure of the sky. Illumined by the rising or touched by the sinking sun, they rise into exceeding beauty. In the evening, when white mists are creeping along the valley, and the summits of the mighty mountains are crested with clouds, while the sides are of a deep brownish purple hue, except where gilded by the last rays of the sun, and the water lies still and gloomy, or curls in sullen black waves,—then it wears an aspect of sombre grandeur that might almost be called sublime. But if the tourist hesitate to apply that epithet then, he will no longer doubt of its appropriateness, if he be fortunate enough to be at the lower end of the Vale as night is drawing on, and a storm is gathering and ready to burst over the mountains. We have seen only a 'little' storm here, and can only imagine what must be the effect of a great one; but for it we could be content to endure a good deal. It is hardly necessary to say that the lakes and the valley will be but imperfectly seen, if not seen from the lake as well as from the shore; or that the mountain slopes should also be ascended, or some of the choicest scenes will be missed. On the effect of moonlight, too, we will be silent.

The steep high crags on the northern side of the lake are peopled during the day with a busy army of quarrymen, whose works add to the wild look, though but little to the beauty, of the place. There are here very extensive slate-quarries, and a rail-road winds along the side of the lake, and down the valley of the Seiont, to the wharf under Carnarvon Castle. Only at intervals is anything seen of this railway, unless you are close to it; but it is not a little curious, while you are gazing over the seemingly solitary landscape, to hear the puffing of a locomotive engine, and then to behold it, with its train of heavily-laden wagons, emerge from behind some huge crag, and come panting along the edge of the lake. On the opposite side of the lake is another but less extensive slate-quarry; there are also two or three copper-mines in the valley. These works together give employment to some two thousand workmen. A large proportion of them live at a distance; and it is amusing to watch them, after work is done, returning to their homes in the evening. Many, to save the labour of walking, skim rapidly along the railway by means of machines which run on the rails, and are propelled by the action of the feet upon treadles; while others descend the lake in boats, forming quite a little procession. The large hotel, by the way, was built by the owner of the chief slate-quarry, and, somewhat characteristically, is built of slate.

Dolbadern Castle, which has been mentioned more

than once already, is a round tower, or peel, which stands on a rock between the two lakes: its date is not known; it has no history; and not even a tradition that is worth repeating, or that may not be easily surpassed by the invention of any tourist who likes the occupation of tradition making. However, it is a very picturesque object standing just where it does; and there is, moreover, a capital view from it of the two lakes and the surrounding mountains. It therefore deserves the place it invariably finds in the sketch-books of lady sketchers.

About three-quarters of a mile from the hotel, in a deliciously cool and secluded spot, is a waterfall, that it is quite a pleasure to stroll to on a sunny afternoon. Caunant Mawr is the name of it, which is, being interpreted, "the cataract of the great chasm:" the name pretty well expresses the character of it; but it is hardly so grand an affair as it is sometimes described to be. The water breaks through the rocks, and then rushes down a long diagonal ledge into the deep chasm; it has a somewhat peculiar and certainly a very beautiful effect, when there is a good deal of water, and the slanting rays of the sun are glancing upon it. The rocks are lofty and wild; abundant foliage starts from the crevices, and overhangs the noisy current. This is one of the pleasant short strolls: others may be found wherever there is an opening in the mountains; and especially wherever there is a streamlet, though of the smallest size. From some of the narrow openings on the north side of the upper part of the valley there are glorious views of Snowdon. But the grandest feature of this neighbourhood, apart of course from Snowdon, is the Pass of Llanberris. It is an extremely narrow pass, above three miles long, between lofty and precipitous mountains. Huge masses of rock have fallen, and others are threatening to fall. The rocks are black, bare, and deeply shattered. A narrow brook forces its way along the gloomy bottom. Not very many years ago there was only a rough horse-road through the Pass; and travellers described it as "a tremendous hollow," and with one voice pronounced it "sublime." Now that an excellent carriage-road is carried through it, it has lost somewhat of its terrors and of its sublimity: it needs to be traversed at night-fall to realize its former grandeur; yet is it at all times a most impressive scene; more impressive, perhaps, than any similar spot in this region of grandeur. The look-out from the Pass upon Dolbadern Castle and the lakes—a peep singularly beautiful in itself—is quite a relief when first beheld. It will remind the tourist (though a far grander scene) of the Winnats of the Derbyshire Peak. Here, up the openings on either hand, may be found walks impossible to enumerate, but many of them far finer than those along which ordinary tourists follow each other, sheep-like.

Snowdon—the chief mountain of Wales, the highest mountain south of the Forth—will of course be ascended. There are several points from which the ascent may be made; and either may be chosen, as best suits the convenience of the visitor: neither of



them is very difficult; that from Dolbadern is the easiest. The tourist must not reckon on a perfectly clear day; for Snowdon might, in Homeric phrase, be styled the cloud-former: but if one does occur while anywhere in the neighbourhood, the tourist should on no account neglect to avail himself of it; another may not offer. Yet a dull day need not deter any one. If a guide be employed—and, unless accustomed to the mountains, it is scarcely prudent to go without one—his judgment as to the fitness of the day may be trusted: a wet or cloudy morning often clears off, so as to afford the most brilliant prospects. The road commences near the hotel by Dolbadern Castle, and is, for the better part of the way, a well-beaten one. Horses ascend to within three-quarters of a mile of the summit: and they will of course be used by ladies and dandies; but men, who can climb a mountain, will not require their assistance. There is a perennial spring some distance short of the summit, where the thirsty climber may refresh himself.

The prospects on this side of Snowdon are not considered equal to those met with in ascending from Beddgelert; but there are some glorious views notwithstanding. Exquisite prospects are occasionally obtained of the lakes and valley of Llanberis; and, presently, noble ones of Glydyr Fawr, and the vales beyond. Snowdon himself, with his enormous buttresses, is often a magnificent object: and as one and another of the shadowy cwms opens with an inky tarn lying in its bosom, and a far-reaching glimpse of distant country is caught sight of, you are tempted to wonder what the finer prospects on the other side can possibly be.

The summit of Snowdon—Yr Wyddfa, the Conspicuous, is the name of the highest peak—is 3,571 feet above the sea. The view from it embraces the Ingleborough mountains in Yorkshire; the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland; the Highlands of Scotland; the Isle of Man; the mountains of Wicklow, and a good deal of the Irish coast; a large part of the principality, with the sea of mountains, and five-and-twenty llynns; and a wide range of country besides. All, of course, cannot be seen at any one time while the sun is above the horizon; but a large portion may be seen on a clear, calm day. We have not been fortunate enough to be on the summit on a clear day, yet the views from Snowdon will dwell in our memory among the most cherished of our recollections of mountain prospects. Marvellously beautiful is the scene, when, in a moment, the clouds are rent asunder, and let in the view of a wide stretch of distant country smiling softly in the gentle sunshine: it is like the revelation of a new land. Then, too, what a magnificent gathering of majestic mountains are around you, the clouds rolling away one after another, and displaying ever new wonders—peaks and chasms and glassy lakes! Again, as the shadows fly swiftly over the seemingly level champaign, how does one and another mountain appear to rise into existence, as a shadow rests upon it, while all around is vivid light—

or a gleam of sunshine touches it, and causes it to start forth from the neighbouring gloom! And then the soft, almost invisible distance—the glittering sea—the placid llynns—no, we do not envy those who have only been here on a clear day.

It is said to be a noble spectacle to behold the sunrise from Snowdon: and so doubtless it is. But we never saw Snowdon clear of clouds in the morning, and are a little sceptical whether it ever has been seen, though we once met one person who vowed he saw a glorious sunrise from the summit. The tourist may try his fortune. There are a couple of huts on the summit, erected especially for the accommodation of wanderers, wherein all plain provision is made for their comfort. And there may be compensation found, if the sunrise be not witnessed; for it is affirmed that the Druids proclaimed that the man who stayed all night on Yr Wyddfa would certainly become, for the nonce, inspired. These huts are really pleasant things to find in this bleak spot, even in the day-time. A snug fire-side, with a cigar and a noggin of whisky, if that way inclined; or a cup of coffee, if it be preferred, is a real luxury, while the mountain-top is wrapped in a dense damp cloud. We will whisper to the traveller, however, that he had better carry his own cigars; for the host's are of detestable flavour, and—sixpence a piece.

The descent from Snowdon may be very well made to Beddgelert, if it be desired to visit that place. The views in that direction are very different from those on the side by which we ascended, and exceedingly fine. You have to pass over on one side of what Mr. Bingley describes as “a tremendous ridge of rock, called Clawdd Coch, the Red Ridge. This narrow pass,” he continues, “not more than ten or twelve feet across, and two or three hundred yards in length, was so steep that the eyes reached, on each side, down the whole extent of the mountain. And I am persuaded that in some parts of it, if a person held a large stone in each hand, and let them fall both at once, each might roll above a quarter of a mile; and thus, when they stopped, they might be more than half a mile asunder.” Clawdd Coch is certainly a rough bit, but far less “tremendous” than Striding Edge on Helvellyn. And as for what is said of the falling stones, we carried some with us—good rollers—and hurled them with all our might;—and though not so strong or so skilful as in our younger days, our arm has not quite lost its cunning;—yet we could not induce them to go, even one at a time, within a mortifying distance of a quarter of a mile: and we are constrained to say that this is, like the difficulties and dangers of the way, much magnified.

We have two or three times spoken of Snowdonia: it may be as well to explain the term. What is generally known as Snowdonia is the mountain district, of which Snowdon is the highest point and leading feature. Its boundaries are not very precisely defined; for our purpose it may be enough to say that it includes the whole of the mountains of Carnarvonshire, from Penmaen

Mawr on the north to Moel Hebog on the south,—or from sea to sea. In this range are the highest and the most magnificent mountains of Wales: it is a tract of wild rocky passes and ravines, of lofty precipices, deep chasms, foaming rivers, bold waterfalls, numerous llynns, gloomy and gay vallies. Now it is traversed in every direction by good roads, though between them lie yet many secluded and seldom-visited spots. Once a vast and thick forest spread over a considerable portion of the district, and the whole was a savage and unreclaimed region. Snowdonia was the last stronghold of the Britons. To its fastnesses, inaccessible to the foe, the princes and the warriors of Wales retreated, and there held out, long after the open country was wrested from them. Every pass was fortified; and it was a difficult undertaking to beard the native lion in such a den: but Edward united caution and perseverance with military skill. The stronghold of the Britons was rather blockaded than forced, and the last Prince of Wales was at length compelled to submit. When Snowdonia was gained, Edward felt that his conquest was assured. He celebrated his victory by gathering here the chivalry of Europe to a magnificent tournament.

It was only in comparatively recent times that strangers penetrated into the district—if they could keep out of it. Old Speed shows pretty plainly in what light it was regarded in his day: "But for the heart of Carnarvonshire," he says, "it is altogether mountainous, as if Nature had a purpose here, by rearing up these craggy hills so thick together, strongly to compact the joints of this our island, and to frame the inland part thereof for a fit place of refuge to the Britons, against those times of adversity which afterwards did fall upon them; for no army, though never so strongly, or scarce any travellers, though never so lightly appointed, can find passage among these so many rough and hard rocks, so many vales and pools here and there crossing all the ways, as ready obstacles to repel any inroads of foreign assailants." Again, after speaking of some of the marvellous tales told by Giraldus Cambrensis, of this part of Wales, he adds: "Touching those two other miracles, famed by Giraldus and Gervasius, that on those high Snowdon hills there are two pools, called the Mears, the one of which produceth great store of fish, but all having only one eye; and in the other there is a moveable island, which as soon as a man treadeth thereon, it forthwith floateth a great way off, whereby the Welsh are said to have often 'scaped and deluded their enemies assailing them: these matters are out of my creed," writes Master Speed, intending to wind up with a smart hit: "and yet, I think, the reader had rather believe them than go to see whether it be so or no."\* Times are

changed since then: "I really can't make out what so many ladies and gentlemen come into this rough wild place to see," said a Snowdon farmer to us one day: "if all the mountains were polished silver, I doubt if more fine folks would come to stare at them; and if all the crevices were full of gold, I don't think some of them could pore closer into them . . . there they go, climbing, and toiling, and chipping at the crags, as if they were paid for it; instead of paying, as they do, pretty smartly at our hotels into the bargain. . . . Prospects! Beauty! well, I was once in Lincolnshire, and there *was* a prospect, if you like! My heart! it was all as flat and smooth as your hand as far as you could see in every direction: and such crops! I call that beauty." As Crabbe sings:

"It is the soul that sees: the outward eyes  
Present the object, but the mind describes—  
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise."

The forest spoken of above was chiefly around Snowdon. It was so dense, in the tenth century, that Howell Dha is reported to have offered to any one who would clear any portion of it, the freehold of the land so cleared; notwithstanding, it is said by native authorities, that it might already be the property of any other individual. This was a part of "the good old plan." As late as the time of Henry VIII., a keeper of Snowdon Forest was duly appointed; and it continued to be a deer forest some time later. Now all that remains of Snowdon Forest is the name: its existence is matter of history and tradition.

Every one comes to Wales mainly for the sake of the mountains and the mountain scenery; and whatever is grandest and most characteristic in Welsh mountain scenery is brought together and concentrated in Snowdonia. A month devoted to this district alone would provide food for the intellect and the imagination for years to come. Few tourists are able or willing to give more time than this to the whole of North Wales, and that time is expended in visiting in succession every object that, for any reason, is celebrated; and the arrangements are so made, as to devote to every place and object as little time as it can possibly be examined in. Not so can a mountainous country be fitly explored or understood. It is not merely bare

other to fight, and yet the day would be spent before they could meet to settle the quarrel: a happy thing, Speed thinks, as thereby many a broken head is spared. By the way, it would seem that Giraldus's marvels tempted some to visit Snowdon in search of them, long before touring was fashionable. Thomas Fuller, mentioning the floating island, remarks: "But it seemeth that it either always swimmeth away from such who endeavour to discover it, or else that this vagrant, wearied with long wandering, hath at last fixed itself to the continent." He adds, moreover, that "the one-eyed fishes are too nimble for any men with two eyes to behold them." The rising of a buoyant island to the surface of a lake is by no means an uncommon phenomenon; there may have been one here: its floating away, so as to enable the Welsh to escape from an enemy, may stand out of our creed, as it did out of honest Speed's.

\* Giraldus has some other marvels quite equal to that of these monoculous fishes, belonging to this district; but it is the mountains of Merionethshire which he affirms are so lofty, and yet so precipitous, that two choleric shepherds upon neighbouring summits may, from their proximity, very easily fall at odds in the morning, and challenge each



hills and white waterfalls that are of interest and value. The poetry of the mountains lies more in the ever-changing phenomena that are their inseparable attendants. A mountain is in itself the same to-day that it was yesterday; but the appearance it presents to an observant eye is very different: it has become another, though the same. Many of the circumstances which are most annoying to the mere sight-seer are really what afford the richest enjoyment to one watchful of the varying phases of Nature. The grandeur and the gloom of the mountains and the lakes, the most glorious phenomena of which the mind, in such localities, is cognizant, are transitory, evanescent, fitful. If you would enjoy them, you must wait for them in patience; be abroad at all seasons to observe; and then, often when least anticipated, and in places seemingly the least likely, they reveal themselves to the willing eye and heart. Day and night, summer and autumn, fair weather and foul, every hour and every season has its own charms and utters its own voice. Stormy weather, against which, not unreasonably, tourists generally declaim, is, in truth, a thing to be especially coveted. Never do the mountains and the shadowy valleys so emphatically speak home to the heart as then. Whether it be as the gathering clouds herald the coming storm; or when half the landscape is wrapped in darkness and in tempest; as the lightning is breaking upon the sharp peaks and the thunder echoing along the hollows; when the struggle between sunshine and gloom proclaims that the storm is passing away; or later, when a soft rainbow is spanning the valley—alike is there in the sublimity or the loveliness a power which is never felt amid the quiet beauty attendant on an unclouded sky. And though the mists are hardly to be admired when they envelope both hill and vale in a garment of uniform gray; yet he knows little of mountain scenery, who does not recognize in them perhaps the most valuable of poetic and picturesque auxiliaries. Let but a gleam of sunlight into the landscape, and how beautiful do the mists appear, whether congregating about the summits or rolling along the slopes of the mountains, hanging over the watercourses, or filling the hollow ravines. What knows he of the mountains, who has not wandered alone in some solitary nook,

"When underneath the young gray dawn  
A multitude of dense white fleecy clouds  
Were wandering in thick flocks among the mountains,  
Shepherded by the slow unwilling wind?"

SHELLEY.

But we repeat, thoroughly to enjoy and appreciate this district, it is not enough to keep merely to the beaten roads. Let the tourist wander at will wherever he can find a way, and everywhere he will discover unanticipated wealth. Scenes, whether of grandeur or beauty, or solitary desolation, will be alike recognized as of distinct individuality, complete and perfect in themselves, yet linked by imperceptible gradations into harmony with surrounding scenes.

Capel Curig is another of the chief centres for exploring Snowdonia from. The road to it from the

last station lies through the Pass of Llanberris, and then by the valley of Nant-y-Gwryd, and consequently along much splendid scenery. But the Pass we may suppose to have been already sufficiently seen, and Nant-y-Gwryd Vale will be traversed on the way to Beddgelert. It will be better, therefore, for the pedestrian to make his way from Llanberris over the shoulder or summit of Glydyr Fawr, and thence by Llyn Idwall, or along somewhat more to the right. He will obtain some new and very grand views; those from the summit of Glydyr Fawr are among the very finest in the district; but it is a rough route, and hardly to be hazarded, perhaps, by a timid traveller, or one unused to wander alone about the mountains.

Capel Curig, so called from its little chapel, dedicated to the Welsh saint, Curig, is a wild, lonely spot—a tiny village of half a dozen houses, about half a mile from the Holyhead-road, but having a capacious hotel, where is good accommodation, good fare, and an indefatigable harper. From it, as a centre, an almost endless variety of mountain strolls may be made: moreover, in the rivers and llyns close at hand or within easy distance, there is as good trout-fishing as, perhaps, anywhere in Wales. From the garden of the hotel, or still better from the picturesque old bridge, a little farther on, there is a splendid view of Snowdon, with the double lake—the Llyniau Mymbyr—in front. (Cut, No. 7, ante, p. 346.) The walks beside these llyns, in themselves an exquisite picture, and on the hills which border them, are singularly beautiful.

Moel Siabod, which lies just on the south, may be ascended from Capel Curig: the summit is 2,878 feet above the sea: it is reckoned to be nearly four miles from the inn—a rough climb, but the view on a fair day will repay the labour. On the summit is a tarn; and in a hollow just under the summit on the east, is a curious little llyn, with three islets in it. Either over or round Moel Siabod a way may be found to Dolwyddelan; by the direct road, the distance is about five miles. Dolwyddelan itself is a rude and quite sequestered village. Tourists come into the vale merely to visit the remains of Dolwyddelan Castle,—a picturesque ruined tower, standing on a bluff rock, and encompassed by bold mountains. The castle was in the 12th century the residence of Iorwerth Drwndwn—Edward Brokennose. The disfigurement of his prominent feature was a double misfortune to him; for not only was he thereby rendered less amiable in the eyes of the ladies—no small evil in the days of Welsh chivalry—but he was pronounced to be, in consequence, disqualified to wear the Welsh coronet; to which, else, he would have been entitled, as eldest son of Owen Gwynedd. He retired to Dolwyddelan, to conceal at once his chagrin and the cause of it. His son, famous in Welsh history as Llewellyn the Great, was born at Dolwyddelan Castle. Through the long winding valley the Afon Lledr flows from its source on Moel Lledr,—the huge mountain mass which blocks up the head of the valley. This is not exactly a drawing-room district, but there is much characteristic scenery to



be found by those who will search after it. Running directly south from the village of Dolwyddelan, there is a Roman road distinctly traceable for some miles. There are also other objects of archæological interest in the immediate vicinity. Hereabout, too, are several copper-mines.

On entering the Holyhead road from Capel Curig, and turning to the right with the little river which issues from the Llyniau Mymbyr, you have before you the valley of the Llugwy, a vale well known to the artist and the angler: it leads to Betwys-y-Cocd. The Llugwy is, throughout its short course, a lively, changeful, rapid streamlet; at one moment careering gaily along in broad daylight, presently hiding itself in a narrow glen, or beneath a rich canopy of trees, and again leaping over rocky barriers in sparkling water-breaks or bolder cascades. So it goes on, gathering strength in its way, till it reaches a spot where it flings itself fearlessly down a deep ravine: and thither the tourist must not fail to bend his steps to witness the spectacle.

Rhaiadr-y-Wennol, the Cataract of the Swallow, is not only one of the largest, but, to our thinking, the finest of the waterfalls in Wales: but so much depends on the circumstances under which such places are seen, that we would not have our meaning extended beyond the literal expression; other of the Welsh waterfalls may be even grander; this is our favourite. Except when in flood, the river breaks over the highest ledge

of rocks, in three or four distinct streams, which reunite before plunging into the pool below; then in one wide foaming mass it rushes over the next rocky ledge, and down a long and broad slope shattering into spray, as it descends against the black projecting crags. Its base is veiled by a shifting cloud of mist, over which, as a straggling sunbeam glances upon it, plays the tremulous iris. Fragments of black rock, gemmed with many-coloured mosses, contrast with the translucent water and snowy spray. The sides of the ravine are steep, and grandly formed. Rich foliage impends from them above the chasm, and climbs along the ledges of purple slate. Nought is seen that interferes with the impression of solitary grandeur and majesty; nought is heard but the roar of the falling waters.

This waterfall may be readily compared with one of very different character, but of equal height and extent, though not of equal quantity of water. Let us visit it. You return past Capel Curig by way of the Vale of Llugwy. The valley appeared very beautiful in descending it, but it is much finer in ascending. Lofty mountains are on either hand: on the left is the vast form of Moel Siabod; on the right are the Carneddau David, and Llewellyn; but at every turn, one or the other of them seems to march out directly before you. On passing from the Llugwy, you enter upon a more open and somewhat boggy tract, lying at the base of the bare, precipitous, and broken Trevaen





Mountain; from which, and from the opposite mountain, huge blocks of stone have fallen, and lie scattered over the valley; a stern and desolate scene, rendered, if possible, more so, from the presence of two or three wretched cottages which, far apart, spot the boggy level. This leads to Llyn Ogwen—which, as we shall return to it presently, we may pass unnoticed now.

The Ogwen river, which issues from Llyn Ogwen, flows through a short but close and savage gorge, called the Pass of Benglog, and then precipitates itself over a lofty wall of broken rocks, forming the famous Falls of Benglog—the object of our journey. The entire height is said to be, and no doubt is, above a hundred feet; but it is broken up into a number of separate falls. Nothing hardly can exceed the severe rugged character of the scene. On either hand are the grim black slate rocks, and along the bed of the stream are huge detached fragments of a similar kind: in front tower the lofty sides of the Pass, while the shattered Trevaen fills up the opening, lifting its dark bare peaks to the clouds. Not a tree, hardly a shrub, is within ken: all is barren, naked, shattered rock. Were there a sufficient body of water to unite the separate falls into one mighty cataract, Benglog might most fearlessly compare with any waterfall in the kingdom for a savage grandeur approaching to sublimity. As it is, the Fall appears almost insignificant from the magnitude of its accompaniments. A waterfall around which plays rich and graceful foliage, while the bright wild flowers start from every crevice of the rocky sides, and cluster on the margin of the channel below, may be lovelier and more pleasing when only a comparatively small stream is leaping lightly from ledge to ledge, and all the surrounding beauty is reflected in the deep and lustrous pool, into which the pellucid water gently falls, than when, swollen by storms, the broader bed is filled by a discoloured and almost unbroken flood: but one where all around is naked rock, and all the permanent forms are on a scale of vastness and grandeur, requires that the water shall be of correspondent greatness and force, or a feeling of incompleteness is inevitably experienced. Hence it is, that while Benglog never fails to produce a powerful impression, it is yet unsatisfactory and disappointing—at least in ordinary seasons: we can easily imagine that, during or immediately after a great storm, or on the melting of the snows, it must be, with the surrounding objects, a magnificent scene.

The valley into which the Ogwen flows from Benglog is the celebrated Nant-Francon—the Hollow of Beavers. The scenery along it is very striking. On both sides rise to a great height bare and precipitous crags; in the hollow lies a strip of marshy meadow of brightest verdure, with the stream winding quietly through the midst. As you descend towards Bangor the vale becomes gradually tamer; but upwards it increases in boldness and majesty at every step, as the Pass of Benglog, with the Glydyr and Trevaen Mountains beyond, rise into importance, and at length seem to close in the head of the valley. When Pennant wrote, the road through Nant-Francon was scarcely practi-

cable, while the Pass of Benglog was “the most dreadful horse-path in Wales;” now the great Holyhead road runs through it, and the way is as level as along almost any of the roads out of London: to the loss, unquestionably, of much of the ancient grandeur.

Llyn Ogwen, though not one of the largest, is one of the very finest lakes in Wales. It is encompassed with mountains of bold form and noble proportions, which rise abruptly from its shadowy surface. Like the scenes we have just left, all is barren, desolate, savage grandeur. Not a tree waves on either bank: only here and there a scanty herbage obtains lodgment on the sides of the mountains. The occasional movement of a boat, in which a busy angler is plying his craft, almost alone breaks the perfect quiet, without, however, disturbing the repose of the scene. (Cut, No. 13.)

This Llyn Ogwen we ought, perhaps, to mention in passing, is famous for a trout of small size, but delicious flavour, which is taken in it in large quantities. The tourist may partake of some of them (or of others as good) at Capel Curig; and we suppose it is hardly needful to remind him that it is “matter of breviary,” as Friar John des Entommeures would say, to order a dish of lake trout when they can be transferred direct from the lake to the pan—that is, of course, if he esteem such a dish a dainty.

But to come back to the lakes. A mile or so from Llyn Ogwen, up the Glydyr mountains, there is a smaller lake, Llyn Idwal, which, except in magnitude, is of even nobler character. Of its size, Llyn Idwal is probably without a rival. It lies in a deep gloomy hollow; bare rocks rise precipitously from it, and darken by their heavy shadows and sombre reflections its calm and quiet surface into intensest blackness. On one side the vast rock is split, as though cleft by a giant's blow: it bears the name of the ‘Black Chasm’—*Twl ddu*. There is something almost awful in the stillness, the solitude, and the gloom. The native tradition that the lake received its name from a youthful prince of Wales, who was murdered here by his foster-father, seems but appropriate to the place.

These lesser mountain lakes are an important and characteristic feature of Snowdonia, which the tourist who can wander at leisure over the district ought not to neglect. To notice all of them, if desirable, which it is not, would be quite impossible; for there are in the district some fifty, of various sizes. But a few general remarks may not be out of place. In Wales all the lakes and pools, of whatever size, or wherever situated, are called *llyn*s; but it would be as well if, as in Cumberland, the small mountain lakes bore a different title: there they are called  *tarns*. They are too much neglected by the mountain Rambler, these mountain *llyn*s. Happy would it be if the young tourist would learn to draw from such objects the enjoyment and the poetry they are capable of inspiring. In Wordsworth's ‘Scenery of the Lakes,’ there is a passage descriptive of the Cumberland  *tarns*, so beautiful in itself, and with the change of that one word so exactly applicable to the Welsh mountain *llyn*s, that we

are tempted to extract it, instead of enlarging on the subject in our own feeble phraseology: admirably will it instruct the tourist who has not been used to regard steadily and thoughtfully, the various classes of natural objects, how much of beauty and poetry there is in every piece of Nature's handiwork, if contemplated in the light of a trustful imagination. He says:—"The mountain tarns can only be recommended to the notice of the inquisitive traveller who has time to spare. They are difficult of access and naked; yet some of them are, in their permanent forms, very grand; and there are accidents of things which would make the meanest of them interesting. At all events, one of these pools is an acceptable sight to the mountain wanderer; not merely as an incident that diversifies the prospect, but as forming in his mind a centre or conspicuous point to which objects, otherwise disconnected or insubordinate, may be referred. Some few have a varied outline, with bold heath-clad promontories; and, as they mostly lie at the foot of a steep precipice, the water, where the sun is not shining upon it, appears black and sullen; and, round the margin, huge stones and masses of rock are scattered; some defying conjecture as to the means by which they came thither; and others obviously fallen from on high—the contribution of ages! A not unpleasing sadness is induced by this perplexity and these images of decay; while the prospect of a body of pure water, unattended with groves and other cheerful rural images by which fresh water is usually accompanied, and unable to give furtherance to the meagre vegetation around it, excites a sense of some repulsive power strongly put forth, and thus deepens the melancholy natural to such scenes. Nor is the feeling of solitude often more forcibly or more solemnly impressed than by the side of one of these mountain pools: though desolate and forbidding, it seems a distinct place to repair to; yet where the visitants must be rare, and there can be no disturbance. Waterfowl flock hither; and the lonely angler may here be seen; but the imagination, not content with this scanty allowance of society, is tempted to attribute a voluntary power to every change which takes place in such a spot, whether it be the breeze that wanders over the surface of the water, or the splendid lights of evening resting upon it in the midst of awful precipices.

There, sometimes does a leaping fish  
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;  
The crags repeat the raven's croak  
In symphony austere:  
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,  
And mists that spread the flying shroud,  
And sunbeams, and the sounding blast."

We now turn towards Beddgelert, the next and last of the Snowdonian centres of exploration. There we shall not need to sojourn long: indeed, having already examined with sufficient tediousness examples of the chief classes of objects which are characteristic of the Welsh tour, we may hasten over the remaining ground

without staying to bestow on any thing or place more than a passing and cursory glance.

On leaving Capel Curig you proceed along Nant-y-Gwryd, and by the Llynü Mymbyr—a vale of whose beauties we have already spoken. When Gorfhwysfa is reached, the tourist will not do amiss to make it, for a few moments, his 'resting-place;' for that is the meaning of the name of the eminence. From it there is a fine peep into the Pass of Llanberris. Onwards is the Nant-y-Gwynant,—a vale that lies quiet and peacefully under the shadow of the mighty Snowdon: a pleasant vale as a man might desire to wander about at leisure, and penetrate at will into its recesses. Up high on this side it is that the grim black Cwm Dyli lies—one of the deepest cwms on old Snowdon—nursing in its ample bosom Llyn Llydaw, the largest and finest of the giant's tarns. The huge mountain, with its dark red precipices, is a noble object as seen from many parts of this vale. The stream that comes down from Llyn Llydaw forms a cataract in its descent, then flows along the bottom of Nant-y-Gwynant, and presently expands into one of the very loveliest little lakes in Wales. Llyn Gwynant is not above a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile broad, but is of the richest character. The mountains around are of fine and pleasing form; the banks of the llyn are gently varied and clad in many places with luxuriant foliage; the water is clear and silvery; the whole aspect is one of soft, graceful, and placid beauty. Just below the fine woods of Plas Gwynant is another lake, Llyn-y-Dinas, also very beautiful, but not equal to Gwynant. By the river-side, along here, there are many admirable passages of river scenery, with the vast mass of Snowdon rising up as a noble background.

On the right, a short distance below Llyn Dinas, will be seen a rocky eminence: this is Dinas Emrys, and is affirmed to be the spot whereon Vortigern attempted to erect a tower, and met with such strange hindrances, and where he was sitting when the two dragons, white and red, came out of the lake and fought before the British king till the red dragon was beaten and forced to take to flight. Then the king, being troubled at what he saw, called unto Merlin, son of the Devil, and commanded him to declare what these things portended; and Merlin, seeing in this combat foreshadowed the misfortunes that were about to befall his country—for though his father was a demon, his mother was a very worthy Welsh princess—lifted up his voice and wept, and made haste to tell the king all those things which are written in the book of the prophecies of Merlin, as contained in the Chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth.

The first view of Beddgelert, as you approach the village on this side, is certainly very picturesque. Before you is the clear shallow river, spanned by the rude old ivy-clad bridge, with a tall clump of dusky trees beyond, and the bulky form of Moel Hebog rising high above all, its summit partaking of an aerial hue, while the lower slopes are black and strongly defined against the bright south-western sky. By the bridge are



the irregular unpretending houses of the villagers; and if it be morning or evening, most likely there will be seen down by the water-side a group of old village wives and young children, come there to fetch water, or to dabble their clothes in the clear stream, and to exchange some village scandal. (Cut, No. 14.) But Beddgelert hardly maintains its promise; in itself it is neither picturesque nor beautiful: yet as it has an hotel of general popularity among Welsh tourists, and there is a great deal both of picturesque and beautiful scenery in the vicinity, it is not at all surprising that it is a general halting-place.

Here was once a residence of the famous Llewellyn the Great; and it received its name—if song and story may be trusted—from the circumstance in his history which painters, and poets, and story-tellers, have so much delighted to commemorate. The reader will doubtless recollect the tale. The prince, returning one day from hunting, was met at the door of his house by Gelert, his favourite hound, smeared over with blood. On entering, he saw his child's cradle overturned and empty, with blood upon it and about the room. Supposing the dog had destroyed his son, he drew his sword and slew him. Hardly had he done so, when he heard the child's voice, and then discovered that the faithful hound had really killed a wolf which had attempted to seize the child. The prince erected a church upon the spot where he killed his dog, and raised a tomb over the creature's remains. The village which grew up around the church in time received the name of Bedd-Gelert—the grave of Gelert; and so perpetuated the memory of the faithfulness of the animal and of the rashness and remorse of the prince. In a field behind the village the grave is still pointed out: a couple of stones mark the spot, which a few trees overshadow; a path leads to it from the 'Goat' Inn. In the village itself, it has been said, there is little to be found. Once there was a considerable monastery there; but no vestiges of it are left. Near the inn is a small waterfall.

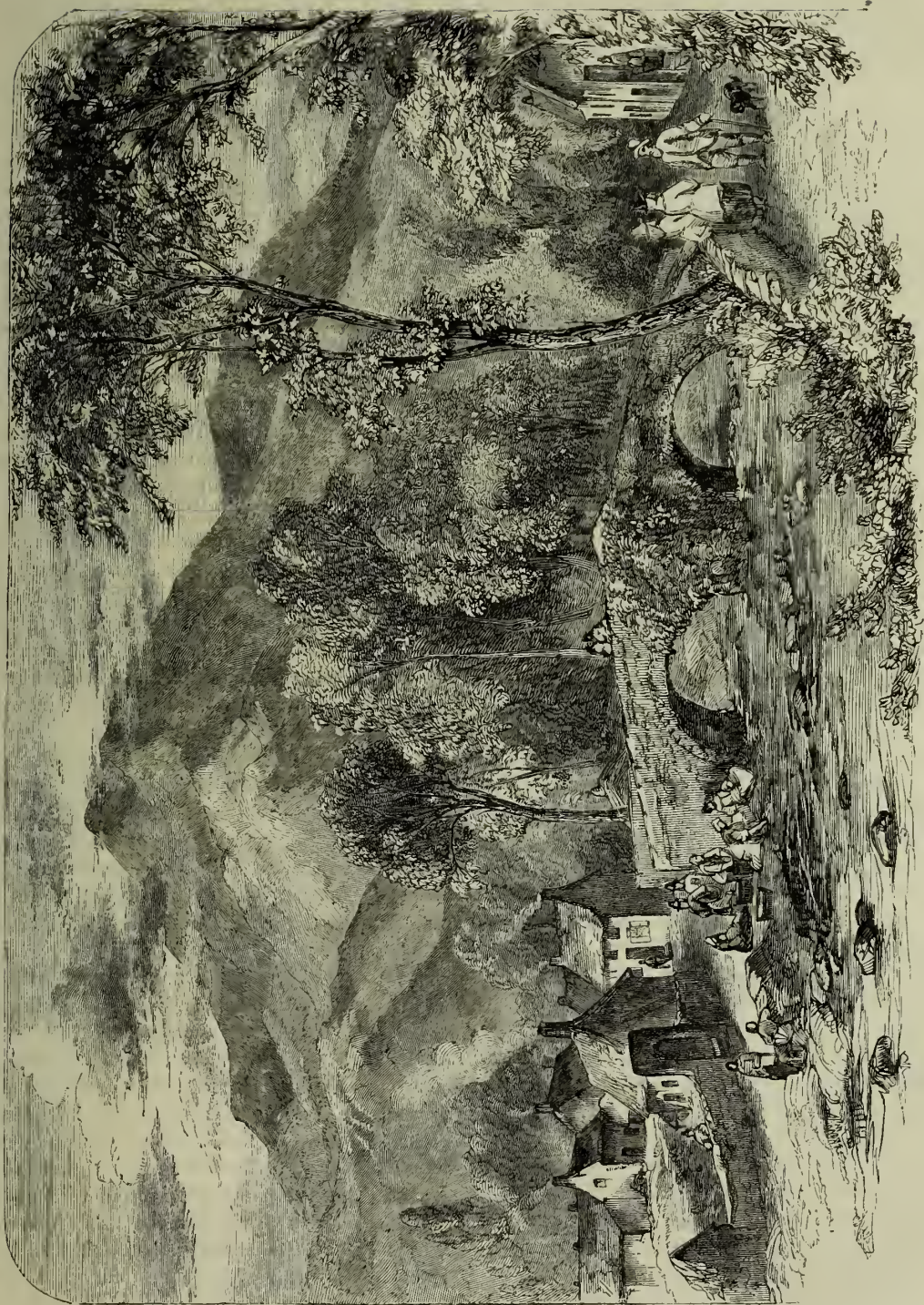
A day may be agreeably spent in a ramble to Nantle Pools and Carnarvon Bay. You take the Carnarvon road, along which are some good views, though the scenery generally is not remarkably interesting. About three miles up this road, near the rock which is called Pitt's Profile, from a fancied resemblance it bears to that great statesman, is the place whence the ascent of Snowdon from Beddgelert is generally made: we should prefer that on the other side of the village, near Llyn Gwynant. Somewhat farther, on the left of the road, will be noticed a small circular lake, Llyn-y-Gader, and soon afterwards the bye-road which leads over to Nantle Pools. But it is certainly worth while to proceed a mile farther to Llyn Llewellyn, a fine lake, somewhat above a mile in length, and encompassed with wild craggy mountains. Some way farther is Nant Mill, where is a singularly picturesque waterfall; and still farther, about four miles from Carnarvon, is Bettws Garmon, whence may be found a road over to the coast, or by the low mountains to the Pools. The

more picturesque route, however, is unquestionably that before-mentioned.

Here, on the western side of Drws-y-Coed Mountain, will be observed a small tarn, called Llyn-y-Dywarthen, in which we have been told there is a buoyant mossy islet, that occasionally rises to the surface: this has been thought to be the floating island Giraldus speaks of; which is quite possible, as there is frequently some foundation for popular stories; and the stories of Giraldus were mostly gathered from the natives. The Nantle Pools are three or four miles further, by a mountain road. The Nantle Valley is close and narrow, yet a good deal varied in character, and in places affords some remarkably fine views. It is comparatively little visited; but, to the pedestrian at any rate, it affords much more interesting and characteristic scenery than many of the more popular and beaten tracks. The swelling mountain sides are bold, and often grand. Nantle Pools, as they are usually termed by Englishmen, but which the Welsh call the Llyniau Nant-y-llef, are only separated by a narrow slip of land, through which the connecting streamlet flows. Seen together, and in connection with the surrounding scenery, they are very beautiful. The finest view of them is from the lower end, where Snowdon is seen rising in all his majesty in the distance. In some respects this is without an equal among the Welsh llyn scenery. Wilson is always said to have painted his view of Snowdon from this spot; but if the painting belonging to Sir R. W. Vaughan be meant, we confess to having fancied, when looking at it, that it must have been from the other side of the mountain—from the Llyniau Mymbyr, at the back of Capel Curig. Be that as it may, this is a very fine view, and the whole neighbourhood abounds in fine views. Here, too, are extensive slate-quarries; and the blasting of the rocks causes some fine reverberations among the mountains and over the lakes. About the mountains are two or three copper-mines. There is a considerable population in this wild, sequestered valley, consisting almost entirely of miners and quarrymen, and those connected with them.

This, and the return by a somewhat different route, will perhaps be quite enough for a day's stroll, especially if the road be occasionally quitted, as it will be, of course, by any one used to mountain walks. This side of Carnarvon Bay may be very well visited from Carnarvon. But it should be visited. It is best seen from the water. Delightful is the sail in Carnarvon Bay and some distance out to sea. The semicircular bay would be considered, in itself, very beautiful; but with the magnificent amphitheatre of mountains, including the Rivals (Yr-Eifl) and the Snowdon range, it is without rival in this country for picturesqueness. During the summer, excursions are occasionally made from Carnarvon in steam-vessels to the end of the promontory: allowing the passengers to land, and remain for awhile ashore on Bardsey Island—the island famous for its ancient monastery and fabulous population of saints. Ten, or, as some say, twenty thousand saints





14.—BEDGELENT.



were buried in it. The coast-scenery is, in parts, very striking. The same might be said of the coast of the noble Cardigan Bay, on the other side of the promontory, but it must remain unnoticed here.

#### FFESTINIOG.

It is hardly needful to point out other walks around Beddgelert: we will renew our journey. About a mile from the village commences the famous Pass of Aberglaslyn. It is a narrow gorge between lofty precipitous rocks. The cliffs of bare purple rock rise to an immense height—some five or six hundred feet—on either hand; a rapid stream runs along the bottom in a channel full of scattered blocks of stone which have fallen from the heights above. The winding of the Pass precludes a distant prospect, and adds to the savage character of the scene. As the evening draws on, and the deep hollow lies in the heavy shadow, while the highest portions of the rocky wall are illuminated by the declining sun, the appearance is exceedingly grand. But it is still more grand—in truth, magnificent—if seen by the light of a full autumnal moon. In the broad daylight one is apt to feel a little disappointment after having heard so much of the sublimity of the Pass. The excellent level mail-coach road that is carried through it, has, in truth, taken off a good deal of that appearance of the terrible which the earlier tourists used to emphasize.

At the end of the Pass is Pont Aberglaslyn, a bridge which spans the stream where it breaks finely down the sloping rocky channel. The banks are high rocks, of most picturesque character, and richly varied with trees and shrubs which find lodgment in the crevices. It is a charming scene: the more so from its contrast with the grim bare Pass just quitted, whose rugged crags, indeed, form a striking feature in this picture. The lover of river scenery will do well to scramble down the bank, and make his way for a little distance along the bed of the river. (Cut, No. 15.) The appearance of the scene varies a good deal according to the quantity of water in the river; when “roaring in spate” it is a furious torrent; but commonly it is a gladsome, changeful, transparent streamlet. With anglers it is a favourite for both trout and salmon.

The mail-coach road leads to Tremadoc, a modern town, built by W. A. Madocks, Esq., whence its name, which is equivalent to Madocks' Town. Mr. Madocks carried the great embankment across Traeth Mawr, and recovered about seven thousand acres of land from the sea: the embankment was only partially successful, as the sea soon found a way through it, and the land remains marshy, but a good part of it is cultivated. Before the embankment, when the sea covered Traeth Mawr, it is said that the view up it was of surpassing splendour. Traeth Mawr at full tide presented the appearance of a great lake, some five or six miles long and a mile across; on each side were precipitous mountains, and the head of the lake was encompassed by a magnificent array of mountains, rising tier above tier,

and crowned by the lofty Snowdon. If in the kingdom it had a rival, it must have been sought for in Scotland. The mountains of course remain; but in place of the blue water is a sickly-looking marsh, and an air of formality has been imparted to the whole scene; but the unquestionable utility of the undertaking must outweigh any regret that may be felt for the change. Tremadoc, Port Madoc, and the works around have a busy appearance.

The nearer and pleasanter road from Pont Aberglaslyn to Maentwrog is to leave the river on the right and to keep the road, which winds under the mountains: but this way Tremadoc will not of course be seen. There is a good deal of rich and varied mountain scenery along this road, but it is needless to particularize. A hardy walker would prefer to make his way over the mountains, taking either the summit or shoulder of Moelwyn: the views are grand, but the way is rough. Just before reaching Maentwrog, is Tan-y-Bwlch, a spot celebrated for its beauty. The mansion is the residence of the Ockleys, who permit access to the grounds under certain restrictions.

The Vale of Ffestiniog is very beautiful. It varies greatly in breadth and character; hardly anywhere, perhaps, grand, but beautiful in every part. The mountains rise high on both sides, but slope gently away; the vale is soft, verdant, cultivated, and fertile. All along are scattered villas with their cheerful grounds, farm-houses, which seem to be inhabited by prosperous tenants, and cottages, either clustered in little hamlets, or standing singly and apart. The stream which flows through the midst, at first but small in size, in the course of a few miles opens into a broad river, and from that passes rapidly into an arm of the sea. A good deal of nonsense has been talked, about Ffestiniog being quite Italian in character—a Frascati, a Tivoli, another Tempé, nay, even a St. Helena! and one hardly knows what besides. The plain truth is, that it is a thoroughly Welsh valley, and a very lovely one too. It is about as much like an Italian or a Greek scene as a Welsh peasant is like one of the Abruzzi or an Albanian.

The village of Ffestiniog is seated on the summit of a high hill, at the head and a little on one side of the vale. It is quite a little place, with a neat church and school-house, which have been recently erected on the highest piece of ground; a couple of inns, and a few poor houses. The scenery all around is full of interest. Besides the vale and the divergent valleys there is in every direction a good wild mountain tract to ramble over, and one that may be traversed without danger by the most inexperienced mountain traveller. Not far from the village are the famous Falls of Cynfael. The stream is one of the wildest and most romantic of Welsh mountain streams. It comes rattling down the mountain side in right joyous mood, till it enters the long close dingle, where it has to surmount many a bold barrier, and force its way through or over many a shattered mass of stone. There are a couple of falls, both of great beauty and wildness; neither rocky bank,

mossy stone, nor feathery tree is wanting, and there is a sufficient volume of water to give a character to the fall worthy of the accompaniments. The stranger will find himself often wandering involuntarily down to the Rhaiadr Cynfael. In one part of the glen will be noticed a great misshapen block of stone, standing high out of the centre of the stream: it is Hugh Lloyd's Pulpit, so called because when that famous Welsh worthy was about to summon a certain personage, who, though sufficiently ready to come when called, is rather a dangerous one to have dealings with, he used first to ensconce himself safely on this seat, where, surrounded by the stream, he was secure from the clutches of the ancient, if he should happen to provoke him overmuch. From this seat Hugh would discourse to him for a whole summer's day at a time. There are other traditions connected with the stream, which the tourist will be able to collect and piece-up for himself. We are tired of telling them.

From the mountains beyond Rhaiadr Cynfael there are very extensive and noble prospects. From Y-Foel Fawr the mountain prospect is particularly fine. The wide-ranging rugged chain on the opposite side of Ffestiniog, of which the triple peak of Moelwyn is the culminating point, is seen in all its grandeur, stretching away to the sea, while the giant Snowdon chain rises surge-like beyond and over it. More to the left, Cardigan Bay, with the low mountains bordering it, is a glorious object, as it lies glittering under the cloudless sky. On the other side is another mountain-tract which is crowned by the lofty Cader Idris. About these mountains are a good many small llynys. Just on the other side, towards the Dolgelley road, may be seen several objects of archaeological interest. There are three or four barrows; the British fortress, Castell-Tomen-y-Mur, whose site is easily traceable; and the station, Heririmus, a little to the south-west of it, which is not quite so apparent. Moelwyn, the huge mountain-mass on the west of Ffestiniog, may be ascended without much difficulty: the summit affords prospects better known and more celebrated than those from the Foel Fawr chain, of which we have spoken. North of Ffestiniog there are also bold and lofty mountains, and about them are a good many llynys: In the vicinity are extensive slate-quarries: a railway for the conveyance of the slates to the ships, runs through the Vale of Ffestiniog.

Bala Lake will of course be visited: and as we did not turn aside to it when at Corwen, perhaps Ffestiniog is the best place to visit it from. It is a capital walk of about sixteen miles by a good mountain road; but the tourist may very well lengthen it a few miles by turning occasionally to the mountain side. The best way is to go down to Rhaiadr-Cynfael, and then proceed beside the stream to Pont Newydd (New Bridge). We need not repeat what we have just said of the beauty of this part of the Cynfael; but we may recommend the tourist not to miss that portion of it which is near Pont Newydd; for though it is not often visited, there are along here some as choice passages of the

scenery characteristic of Welsh mountain streams as Creswick ever painted. From the bridge, keep by the river (on the left of it) to Cwm Cynfael, and then look ahead for another waterfall—not like Rhaiadr Cynfael, for here the little stream comes right down the steep mountain-side for a considerable distance, leaping from rock to rock in a narrow dark cleft or gulley. It is a bare wild spot, but, under favourable circumstances, both striking and romantic: no one will regret having followed the guidance of Cynfael thus far. This fall bears the name of Rhaiadr Cwm. By the road it is about three miles; by the way we have pointed out it may be a mile further from Ffestiniog; but no one who has the least feeling for river-scenery will hesitate a moment which route to choose, or be likely to measure the distance. Somewhat less than a mile to the north of Rhaiadr Cwm is a lonely lake, called Llyn-y-Morwynion, the Lake of the Maidens, from the maidens who attended that naughty dame, Blodewedd, the treacherous wife of Llaw Gyffes, having been drowned in it. Blodewedd herself escaped drowning, being changed into an owl; whence that bird of ill omen has ever since borne her name. The curious wanderer may even now see standing down by Cynfael side, the slate-rock through which Llaw Gyffes thrust his lance in order to reach her paramour. And so there is a fragment of another tradition about Cynfael, though we have just declared we would repeat no more: however it is only a fragment: if the reader wish to read the whole story, he will find it told at length in the 'Mabinogion,' that old Welsh story-book, which Lady Guest has translated into such graceful English, and illustrated with so choice and rich a collection of notes.

We need not describe the road further: it is mountainous all the way; and towards the latter part it runs between the mountains Arenig and Carnedd-y-Filiast; the former 2,809, and the latter 2,127 feet above the sea. If the pedestrian choose to keep the right-hand road when near the eighth milestone from Bala, and then bear up the mountain side, he may visit Llyn-Arenig, a circular mountain set in a frame of rough crags. He may also gain some wide views by the way.

The road leads into the town of Bala, which lies at the lower end of the lake. Bala is a good-sized and populous Welsh town, but is not a place in itself to interest the visitor. Bala Lake—in Welsh, Llyn Tegid—is the largest in Wales. As its dimensions are sometimes over-stated, it may be as well to give them accurately. The lake is nearly straight: a line through the centre measures rather more than three miles and a half: the broadest part is nearly five-eighths of a mile across. In size, therefore, it will not take rank alongside of the larger of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland—to say nothing of Scotland. And it will hardly bear to be compared with them for grandeur. Yet it will certainly remind the traveller of the secondary lakes of Cumberland, and not unpleasantly. Bala, especially from the lower end, is assuredly very beautiful. The broad dark lake, and the soft graceful





15.—PONT ABERGLASLYN.

frame of mountains, with the verdant slopes, the woods, a church or two, and a few villas and humbler houses, all repeated in the depths of the serene water, clear and perfect as they appear above, save where lines of silver stream across the blue expanse, form a picture which cannot be looked on without delight, or remembered without pleasure. A road is carried quite round the lake, and the circuit should be made: it will yield a grand diversity of prospects. Some of the very finest views of Bala are those obtained from the east side, looking towards Arenig. If it be perambulated, and afterwards a boat be taken upon the lake for an hour or two—and especially towards evening or by moonlight—Bala will not only be thoroughly seen, but certainly remembered. Seen from the heights at a little distance, the lake, lying nestled in the bosom of the mountains, has quite a new and most beautiful appearance.

Several streamlets flow down from the mountains, and enter the head of Bala Lake: the largest of them is known as Dwfrdwy, and is generally considered to be the head stream of the Dee; but it is difficult to imagine how that can be, unless, as old writers (and

Camden among others) affirmed, the waters of the Dee passed through Pimble Mere (for so English writers used to call Llyn Tegid), without mingling with it. The river, which flows out of Bala Lake, is the Dee; and the vale along which it flows is known as the Vale of Edeirnion—by many considered to be one of the most lovely of the Welsh valleys. Bala Lake and the Dee here are both well known to anglers. In Bala great numbers of a fish called the *gwyniaid*, so named, it is said, from the whiteness of its scales, are taken; they are much esteemed for their delicate flavour. Bala is a good fishing station. Besides the lake, there are numerous mountain-llyns in the vicinity, which yield fair sport to a skilful artist.

We must not quit the banks of Bala without reminding the reader that they are classic ground. Llywarch Hen, one of the most famous of Welsh bards—the author of the ‘Triads,’ translated by Mr. William Owen—spent the last years of his life here, seeking to solace himself under his misfortunes; and perhaps finding comfort in repeating them. Llywarch had been a soldier before he became a bard: he took up his pen only when he laid aside his lance. When he wrote,



he was "old and he was alone." There is something majestic in his statement of his grief:

"Four-and-twenty sons, the offspring of my body;  
By the means of my tongue they were slain:  
Justly come is my budget of misfortunes.

Wretched is the fate that was fated  
For Llywarch on the night he was born,  
Long pains, without being delivered of his trouble."

His sorrows did not abbreviate his days much, if the tradition may be credited which makes him to have lived to the age of a hundred and fifty years. It is said that a spot in this neighbourhood is still shown as the place where he died, and that it bears his name. If the reader have not formed an acquaintance with the ancient Welsh triads, this translation of Llywarch Hen is the best he can turn to: it is full of real poetry.

Which is the best place to visit the famous cataract Pistyll Rhaiadr from is not easy to say: from no place is it very accessible. From Bala there is a way to it over the Bearwyn mountains; but the distance is above fourteen miles of a rough mountain road. If the Vale of Edeirnion be descended, the road from Llandrillo, over the mountains, may be taken: the distance is some nine miles. The nearest village on the Denbighshire side is Llanrhaidr, which is only about four miles from the fall. Pistyll Rhaiadr, the Spout of the Cataract, is formed by the little river Rhaiadr, which falls over a mountain side at the end of a close valley. It is a wild and lonely spot, and the waterfall has a most remarkable appearance. The water is said to fall the height of 240 feet. The rocky scarp down which it tumbles is bare, black, and precipitous, and contrasts well with the woody hollow; but there is a want of water, unless after stormy weather; and altogether it is hardly so fine an object as, from its height, would be expected. There is a little inn close by; and the neighbourhood, we imagine, would be worth devoting a day or so to.

#### DOLGELLEY.

The road from Bala to Dolgelley it would be tedious to describe; and, indeed, we believe the tourist would find it best to avail himself of the coach which runs during the summer months between these places. From Ffestiniog there is a very interesting road by the coast. Dolgelley is, like most Welsh towns, nought in itself. The houses are mean, irregular, and hardly picturesque; the streets are narrow and dirty: it has a considerable population, and some trade. The manufacture of flannel, once carried on to some extent, has declined; but of late the weaving of finer woollen cloths has been tried with success.

The interest of the place to tourists, however, consists altogether in its admirable situation as a centre from which to examine the beauties of this part of Merionethshire. Old Camden was moved to declare that Merioneth was matchless alike for the loveliness of its

women and the beauty of the country; and what was indisputably true in the days of Elizabeth is no less certainly true in those of Victoria. So every native asserts; and the stranger, though his means of judging are unhappily but limited, seldom hesitates to admit and corroborate the assertion. Great is the pity, therefore, that we can make but brief tarriance in this land of loveliness; but as we have indicated what is to be looked for, the visitor will not complain. We lingered too long at Ffestiniog and Bala to stay long here.

In whatever direction the stranger turns, he will find beauty on every hand: and the little town itself, though anything but beautiful when in it, is really a beautiful object when seen from a distance. More than in most parts of the mountainous districts, the ancient woods seem to have been preserved around Dolgelley: hence there is what is always so beautiful and cheerful,—a succession of rich prospects, formed by the combination of grand old trees with mountains and running streams. This may be witnessed to perfection by turning towards Nannau, the seat of Sir R. W. Vaughan: a spot famous for its almost matchless scenery, ancient hospitality, old traditions, and almost equally for its modern splendour. The park is extensive, broken into hill and dingle, well stored with venison, lively streams run through it, and it abounds in those

"Old patrician trees  
And plebeian underwood"

that so distinguish English parks; what kind of scenery it may exhibit, therefore, when the distant and finely-formed mountain summits—and old Cader is among the number—are added, will readily be conceived. Passing through Nannau, or taking the road, the next visit will be made to the waterfalls. The first of them, Rhaiadr Ddu, the Black Cataract, is about four miles from Dolgelley, on the road to Maentwrog: it stands within private grounds, but access is granted to it; a path has been formed to the bottom, whence it can be best seen. The fall is said to be sixty feet; there is a tolerable sheet of water; the rocks around and above are crested with luxuriant wood; and the scene altogether is striking and beautiful. Two or three miles farther is another fall, Pistyll-y-Cain, the Spout of the Cain. Here the water is precipitated from a height of 150 feet; but the stream is comparatively small, the rocks are flat and regularly stratified; and though there is wood, it, too, seems to partake of the prevalent formality. However, it might not always appear so, and Pistyll-y-Cain is at any rate sufficiently remarkable to deserve a visit. Not far from it is another but less important fall, the Rhaiadr-y-Mawddach, so called from the river by which it is formed. The neighbourhood is very picturesque.

This road to Maentwrog is not, as will be seen, lacking in interest: yet the road by the sea is the preferable one, as Barmouth and Harlech may be thus visited. We must run rapidly over the ground to Harlech. The road lies along the north bank of the Maw river, or Afon Mawddoch. A mile below Dolgelley a boat may be



had, and the passage to Barmouth be made by water. It is a pleasant sail at full tide, but the scenery from the bank of the river is so fine that the tourist should go one way on foot. At Llanelltyd, two miles from Dolgelley, a little to the right of the long bridge, are the ruins of Kymmer Abbey: they are very slight, little more than a battered gable; but with the surrounding scenery, especially if made to form a foreground object to Cader Idris, abundantly picturesque—at least a clever painter would see how to make a good picture of them.

We have noticed in the book of a lady-tourist the remark, that in the journey between Barmouth and Dolgelley "it is difficult to decide as to which bank is to be preferred, both offering so much to be admired." In a coach it may be difficult (though, by the way, there is no coach-road on the south bank, and any road on that side to or from Barmouth will be found rather roundabout), but on foot the difficulty would quickly vanish. The scenery along the south bank cannot but be pleasing, but it cannot be more—along the north it is of almost indescribable beauty, and of the richest variety. After awhile (we are supposing that the tourist has chosen the time of full tide, else there is a muddy swamp) the stream expands rapidly into a broad and noble river; the banks are richly wooded; and looking across the river, southwards, you have the glorious range of mountains, of which Cader Idris is the chief, and which is of course invisible from the opposite bank; whence you see a comparatively tame tract. About Glyn-dwr, eight miles from Dolgelley, the river makes a bold bend, and appears like an inland lake, of above a mile and a quarter broad, and several miles long. From the heights just by, you have a well-wooded foreground, then this fine sheet of water, and beyond, towering high above the lesser mountains, the magnificent form of Cader Idris. There are several other views hardly inferior. The views, too, up the river are very beautiful; while downwards, the estuary of the Mawddoch, with the sea beyond and the high banks on either hand, is extremely fine.

Barmouth is a watering-place; whether as flourishing as it used to be we really do not know. It is a strange little town. The houses are oddly dotted about, here and there, in all sorts of queer and awkward situations; some by the beach, some on the hill-side almost on the top of each other, some in every out-of-the-way nook and corner. And they are as odd-looking as odd-placed. The town stands at the confluence of the river; in front stretches a long waste of shifting sand. The sand fills the roadway, fills the houses, promises to fill up the town. It is nevertheless a pleasant place, after its kind. There are boarding-houses and a library; baths and a good beach; also a pier. There is a capital hotel, wherein is a strenuous harper. There are young ladies and ladies of a certain age; and there are gentlemen of the kind who commonly dawdle about at watering-places: and all are ever laudably watching for some new arrival, some new scandal, or some new thing, that may afford them some new occupation or

topic of conversation. What more can the watering-place lounge desire?

Very dull is the road between Barmouth and Harlech: every body says so, and every body is doubtless right. Yet there is the sea on one hand, and on the other is many an opening in the too monotonous mountain-slopes, which might well tempt aside a leisurely wanderer: and there are moreover many villages, Llan somethings or other (there are at least half a dozen of these Llans between Barmouth and Harlech), with their humble churches and churchyards, with the curiously inscribed grave-stones, calling you aside to rest or to moralize. There is, in truth, a good deal of quiet rustic character about some of these villages, and we cannot help thinking that he must be a somewhat fastidious person who finds this road quite intolerable. A little way past Lord Mostyn's house there are a couple of cromlechs at a short distance from the road.

Harlech Castle was built by Edward I.,—as native historians assert, on the site of an old British fortress. The situation is a strong one—and, what is more important at present, a picturesque one. The Castle stands on a lofty cliff, whose base was at one time washed by the sea, though now a marshy tract intervenes. The building is nearly a square, of two hundred feet each way, with round towers at the angles, and on each side of the chief entrance. On some of the towers slight fragments of the light turrets which rose from them yet remain. The castle is quite ruinous. Seen from the marsh below, its appearance, raised aloft on the edge of the steep rock, is very striking. But it appears even finer from the summit of the rocks just outside the road wall, a hundred yards or two before you reach the castle: there the building and the cliff on which it stands are both seen to perfection, while beyond is the broad Traeth Mawr, backed by a low dark range of mountains, above which are the cloud-capt peaks of Snowdon. (Cut, No. 16.)

Harlech Castle must unquestionably have been a very formidable place to assault when first erected, and before villainous gunpowder was used in a siege. From the sea, with such a rock to scale, it was almost impregnable; while on the land-side there was a huge fosse cut out of the rock to get over. The walls were stout; the round towers with their turrets so constructed as to cover every approach. It was taken on several occasions, but it stood out long enough to sustain the credit of the architect no less than the garrison. It was besieged and taken by Owen Glyndwr: and it was maintained by him for four years. During the War of the Roses it was held by a sturdy Welsh captain, Davydd ap Jefan ap Einion, for Henry VI., and was only surrendered when the garrison were nearly starved. Queen Margaret for awhile found refuge here. In the great civil war, Harlech Castle maintained its old loyal reputation: it was the last castle in North Wales to yield to the Parliament. It was dismantled not long after.

The ruins of Harlech Castle are worth going over, though not so interesting as those of some of the other

castles we have visited. There is a magnificent view from them on a fair day. Far above the intervening mountains rises the Snowdon chain; and sometimes, when the valley is filled with a light vapour and the base is invisible, the black peaks stand out as though self-supported in front of the pale sky. But always, unless obscured by cloud or mist, that mountain view is a noble one. The town of Harlech is a small poor place; but the old-looking scrambling houses about the outskirts, with an occasional glimpse of one of the castle-towers, might tempt an artist, like our old favourite Prout, to draw forth his sketch-book. There is a good inn here for any one who may choose to make this a halting-place; and there are some things worth staying to see, if there be abundant leisure. There is a narrow valley and pass, called Cwm Bychan, and Drws Ardudwy, some four or five miles distant, which are said to be remarkably fine. But we have not seen them; nor a waterfall there is somewhere within two or three miles of Harlech, which we have heard highly spoken of. The antiquary will find a great many tumuli, cromlechs, a stone circle, and other British or Celtic remains, within the compass of a few miles from Harlech. The road from Harlech to Maentwrog is certainly much finer than from Barmouth to Harlech. On arriving at Traeth Bach, the estuary of the Dwyryd, it becomes really fine, and increases in beauty more or less up to Maentwrog.

#### MALLWYD.

Should the visitor determine to ascend Cader Idris, he may obtain a guide (and it is a kind of mountain that perhaps needs one as much as most) at Dolgelley, from which place the ascent will be best made. We have not been on the summit, only over the shoulder, of Cader, the weather having been perverse each time we have been in the vicinity. The base of Cader Idris is less extended than most of the greater of the Welsh mountains, and the climb is therefore probably a rather laborious one; as indeed it is generally said to be. But the view from it is generally praised; and it is no doubt worth ascending. It is nonsense to say, as many do, that it is enough to ascend one mountain in a district to understand the character of the scenery. It may be as much perhaps as it is convenient to do; for mountain-climbing takes up a great deal of time, and can only be done (by the stranger) to any good purpose in fair weather. But nothing is more certain than that every great mountain has features all its own; that each is quite unlike every other; and that the labour will be abundantly recompensed to him who has time to make the ascent. The height above the sea is 2,914 feet.

Cader Idris signifies the Seat of Idris: according to the tradition it was the favourite observatory (for he was an astronomer) of that very great personage. How great a person he was, any one may see who passes along the Machynlleth road which winds round the base of Cader Idris. A lake will be noticed, by which

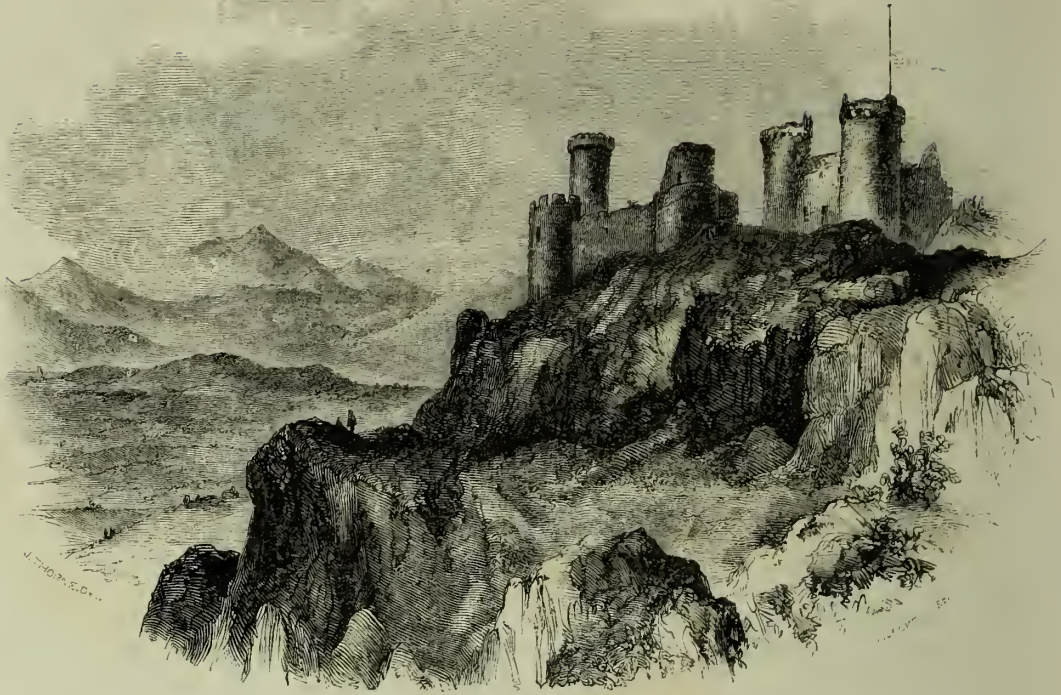
are three large blocks of stone (as one might in these degenerate days term them), the largest being about twenty feet long, nearly as wide, and a dozen feet high. The lake is called Llyn Trigrainwyn—the Lake of the Three Pebbles. The stones were shaken by Idris out of one of his shoes: they had got into it one day as he was walking over this pebbly country, and he found them a little inconvenient.

Tal-y-Llyn is the name of a little village at the foot of the lake, which is generally called Tal-y-Llyn, but whose real name is Llyn Mwyngil. The village is, from its situation, singularly picturesque. By the bridge there is a small chapel: together they make a pretty little picture, as seen across a corner of the lake. Tal-y-Llyn Lake is barely a mile and a quarter in length, and nowhere half a mile broad; yet is it, beyond dispute, one of the most beautiful in Wales. Looking downwards, it is soft, placid, and exquisitely beautiful. From the foot it is no less grand. The banks are gently winding and varied; there is sufficient foliage about to relieve the barrenness of the craggy mountains; and in the distance is the majestic form of Cader Idris, here exhibiting most effectively his walls of bare rock, black cwms, and lofty peaks. It is a splendid scene, equally delightful and impressive, whether beheld before the Snowdon district be visited, or after it has been thoroughly explored. The lake is greatly resorted to by anglers, it being famous for yielding abundance of a very delicate trout; and Colonel Vaughan, the proprietor of it, affording every facility to the gentle brethren. Cader Idris is a noble-looking mountain, from whichever side he is beheld. The sketch from which the wood-cut was engraved (Cut, No. 17) was taken from Brafch Coch, an eminence at the end of the valley through which the Machynlleth road is carried from the head of Tal-y-Llyn.

The road from this spot to Machynlleth—a very pleasant one—is carried alongside but generally at some height above the Afon Dulas, a stream that is in parts an admirable example of a Welsh stream which has fairly escaped from the mountains. We found some delicious scenery along its bed. It falls into the Afon Dyfi just before Machynlleth is reached. Machynlleth is a moderate-sized Welsh town, with some respectable shops, a couple of good-sized inns, and a considerable trade. But it lies too much on one side for the tourist of North Wales, and there is nothing in it to make it worth his while to go out of the way to visit it. His best plan will be to go to Mallwyd, if he wish to look at this part of the principality.

Mallwyd is a very quiet little village, not much visited by tourists, but a favourite station for artists and anglers. It is indeed an excellent centre from which to visit some delightful scenery, or to enjoy some good fishing; and the inn is quite the pleasant comfortable hostel which both sketchers and fishermen know so well how to appreciate. The village is seated on the Afon Dyfi, just in the loveliest part of its course; and, though in Merionethshire, just on the borders of Montgomeryshire. The river-scenery





16.—HARLECH CASTLE.

here is especially beautiful; there are waterfalls and there are rapids. More than a few of the sweetest pictures of Welsh scenery which find their way to the exhibitions, entitled, 'A Welsh Stream,' 'A Quiet Spot,' 'Scene in Wales,' and such-like titles, which English landscape-painters delight in, have been painted from sketches made here, and in many instances have been painted here. The mountains around are not so grand, nor so fine in form, as those we have left, but they are pleasing and characteristic. Several places within a few miles are worth visiting. Dinas Mowddwy, a couple of miles on the Dolgelley road, is a decayed borough-town of mud cottages, not unpicturesque in itself, and seated in a very picturesque spot. There is capital river-scenery here too. If the Afon Dyfi be ascended for a few miles farther, it will guide the tourist to some remarkable scenery. Such is that of the rocks and craggy heights, and deep hollows, at Llan-y-Mowddwy, and forwards towards the Arran Mowddwy Mountain. Down the Afon Dyfi the tourist might extend his walk to the poor but picturesque village of Cemmaes—where, by the way, is a curious old farm-house; and close by it a noticeable half-timbered edifice. The waterfalls about Mallwyd we need not direct attention to, because any one who stays there is sure to stroll over to them.

But we must hasten on. We have left ourselves no time to conduct the tourist through Montgomeryshire; indeed we fancy he will find it the best way to make Mallwyd his last resting-place, and from thence proceed direct by coach to Shrewsbury. This he can

very well do, for the mail from Aberystwith and Machynlleth passes through Mallwyd daily, and during the summer there is a 'tourist's coach' besides. The country between Mallwyd and Shrewsbury is very beautiful, but it is of a tamer kind of beauty than that which we have lately been conversant with, and consequently does not do to loiter over. Many of the villages look very tempting as you whisk through them; many a valley looks right pleasant as you gaze down it from some gentle eminence. But on the whole there will be little cause to regret that the ramble did not include this district. The only town which is passed through on the way is Welshpool—a rather large and evidently flourishing place, with wide clean streets, and a completely English aspect: the Severn is navigable as high as Welshpool. Near this town is Powis Castle—a pile which has a striking appearance at a distance, much more so than close at hand. It stands in a noble park, in the midst of a fine country, and commands very extensive prospects. We are reminded by the title of this mansion, that this part of Wales was anciently called Powis, and afterwards West Wales, in contradistinction to North and South Wales. The old town of Montgomery lies too much out of the ordinary route of tourists; and though an interesting little place in many respects, and though seated in a beautiful locality, it has hardly attractions sufficient to induce any one to diverge so far from the main road at the end of a long journey.

We had intended to look round Shrewsbury, but it is now impossible to do so. A pleasant old town





17.—CADER IDRIS, FROM BRAECH COCH.

could hardly be desired to stay at for a day or two. It has quaint old streets, bearing quaint old names,\* and lined with the quaintest of old houses. There is not such a collection of the old-English half-timber houses to be found in any other town. Something of what the houses are like may be seen from our cut of the market-place: but they abound in every street. (Cut, No. 18.) The chief building there shown is the Market-house, erected in 1595. There are other corporate and public buildings worth looking at, both old and new. There are some fine old churches (whose lofty and graceful spires it is quite a comfort to catch sight of, after having for so long a time seen only the mean and ugly religious buildings in Wales), with admirable monuments, both ancient and modern; and some rich antique painted-glass windows, together with some new ones not unworthy to be placed alongside of them—the work of a townsman; and there is a fine and famous old grammar-school, showing on its boards a long list of honoured names, with that of Sir Philip Sidney at the head. There are inns, too, in the vicinity; some fine old mansions (and the stranger should visit Whitehall, for a good example of the dwelling-house of a wealthy but not extravagant commoner of the days of the Virgin Queen—and when visiting it, should go round to the back to see a magnificent walnut-tree, old as the house, though not mentioned in the books).

\* The Wyle Cop, Murivance, Pride Hill, Dog Pole, and so forth.

There are also choice walks all around, with historical associations, to relate which would take us “a full hour by Shrewsbury clock.” And there is outside the town a tall column, erected to commemorate the achievements of the Shropshire hero, Lord Hill; from the summit of which a capital view may be had of the town, and of the beautiful country by which it is surrounded. We like Shrewsbury so much, that we should hardly know how to dismiss it with this hurried notice, if it were not that we can direct the visitor to Mr. John Davies’s ‘Guide through the Town of Shrewsbury,’ which is almost all that a local guide-book ought to be. The stranger will find in it whatever he can wish to see in the old town pointed out and explained by a really well-informed guide: and the numerous wood-cuts which it contains will serve as sufficient notes by which he may at any time recall the forms of the principal objects. It is the best local guide-book to the architectural antiquities of a town we have seen, except Parker’s ‘Hand-book of Oxford.’

We hoped to have been able to devote a brief space to some remarks on the people of Wales, but our limits are so nearly exhausted, that we can only just touch one point of the subject. It is impossible for the most heedless person to visit Wales without being struck by the appearance and character of the inhabitants. The dress and language are both so different from those of the peasantry of England—and if any attention be given to their manners, *they* will be found so different too—



that it is impossible to avoid taking some note of the Welsh people. The *language* is what first and chiefly excites notice. In the guide-books it is commonly said that the English tourist will experience little or no inconvenience from his ignorance of the Welsh tongue. And if he confine himself to the main roads, and address himself almost wholly to inn-keepers and waiters, this is quite true; and many tourists, from doing so, rather hastily conclude that English is pretty generally understood. But let him depart ever so little from the beaten track, and he will at once discover that this is a delusion: only a small proportion of either old or young will be found able to answer him if he address them. The capability of the children to speak English is the real test of the progress of the language. It will be well to notice what a thoroughly well-informed native of the principality, who has devoted considerable attention to the subject, says. In his recent elaborate work, entitled 'Wales, the Language, Social Condition, &c., of the People,' Sir Thomas Phillips observes:—

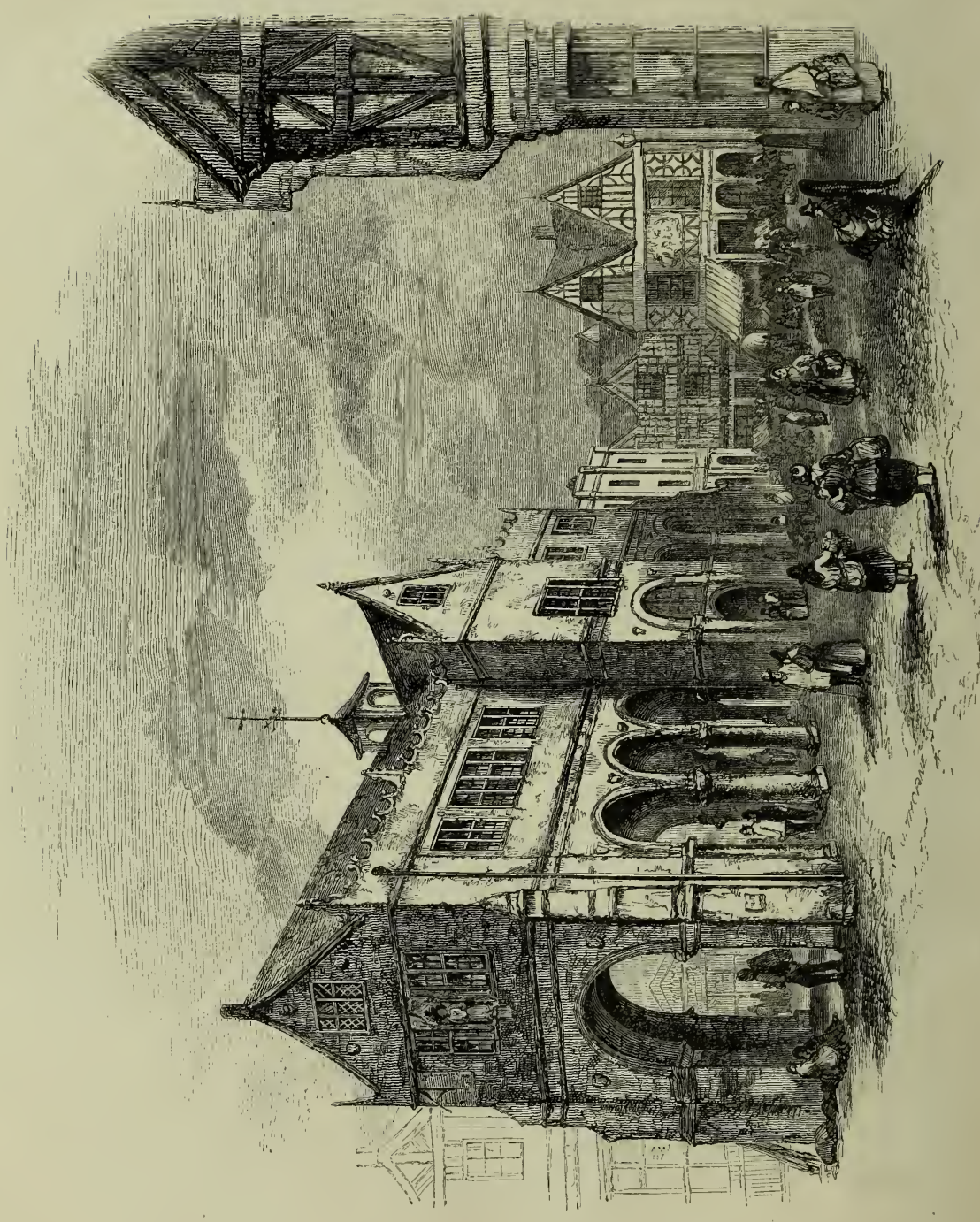
"Nearly six centuries have elapsed since the first Edward crossed the lofty mountains of North Wales, which, before him, no king of England had trodden, and in the citadel of Carnarvon received the submission of the Welsh people; and more than three centuries have passed away since the country was incorporated with and made part of the realm of England; and although for so long a period English laws have been enforced, and the use of the Welsh language discouraged, yet, when the question is now asked, what progress has been made in introducing the English language? the answer may be given from Part II. of the 'Reports of the Education Commissioners,' page 68. In Cardiganshire, 3000 people out of 68,766 speak English. The result may be yet more strikingly shown by saying that double the number of persons now speak Welsh who spoke in that language in the reign of Elizabeth."

This is a great fact: and to our thinking a very sad one. No people can ever be thoroughly one in interest and feeling while they are separated by a difference of language: and no man of thoughtful habit will, we imagine, venture to say that it is not in every

way desirable that the people of Great Britain shall be so united. At what a disadvantage every Welshman is placed who can only speak his own tongue is at once apparent whenever any one attempts to raise himself above the condition of his birth; and assuredly, Welshmen do not desire to be for ever confined to their native homes and original condition. In the Welsh language there is no living literature. The early Welsh writings did probably, as has been said by continental as well as British authors, exert a great influence on the literature of Europe. But those works are now only preserved for the antiquary. Antique romances can have no active interest with the people of the nineteenth century. There are some translations into Welsh, but they are of course naught. There are numerous living writers in the language, but their productions are almost wholly religious or political—when not antiquarian. And the religious and political writings are sectarian and partisan. There is no living standard literature: and what it is to be without that, an Englishman can imagine when he reflects on what his language would be worth if Shakspeare and all succeeding writers of eminence in every class of letters were erased from the national memory, and their deep soberizing influence lost from the national mind. Is it no misfortune that a large portion of our fellow-countrymen should be, by difference of tongue, prevented from having access to those treasures of knowledge and wisdom? And a similar remark applies to every kind of knowledge as well as literature. What information in science, or the arts, in agriculture, or indeed in anything, can be obtained in Welsh?—and what cannot be obtained in English? Unless he learns English the Welshman cannot elevate himself—nay, cannot maintain himself on a level with Englishmen of the same grade in society—it is impossible he should do so. He may, indeed, if he have sufficient energy, learn the language when he has come to perceive the need of it; but what a monstrous thing it is that an English subject, living in this island, should have to acquire in after-life the English language as he would a foreign one, and consequently only half acquire it at last. Those who have influence in Wales should consider these things.

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